Esquire

MARCH
1936

A. N. C.

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

ARTICLES

JOHN DOS PASSOS
F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
PADRAIC COLUM
DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE
FRED C. KELLY
PAUL KEARNEY
CARLETON SMITH
WM. MOULTON MARSTON
CREIGHTON PEET
EMIL LENGYEL
QUENTELL VIOLETT
DANIEL P. MANNIX

FICTION

ARNOLD ZWEIG
GEORGE MILBURN
C. S. FORESTER
ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE
BILL ADAMS
LOUIS ZARA
HEWITT L. BALLOWE
MORTON THOMPSON
EDWARD L. McKENNA

POETRY

WM. ROSE BENÉT

SATIRE

NORMAN MATSON
WOLFE KAUFMAN
LAWRENCE MARTIN
RUSSELL DAVIS

SPORTS

HERB GRAFFIS
RALPH CANNON
JAMES W. BENNETT
HOLMES ALEXANDER

DEPARTMENTS

VAN WYCK POTTER
BURTON RASCOE
GILBERT SELDES
FRANK BLACK
MEYER LEVIN
MURDOCK PEMBERTON

CARTOONS

E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
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HOWARD BAER
RODNEY de SARRO
PAUL WEBB
GEORGE PETTY
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(COVER)

INDEX ON PAGE 5

FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

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STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
RICHARD E. WATHEN

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that taste's
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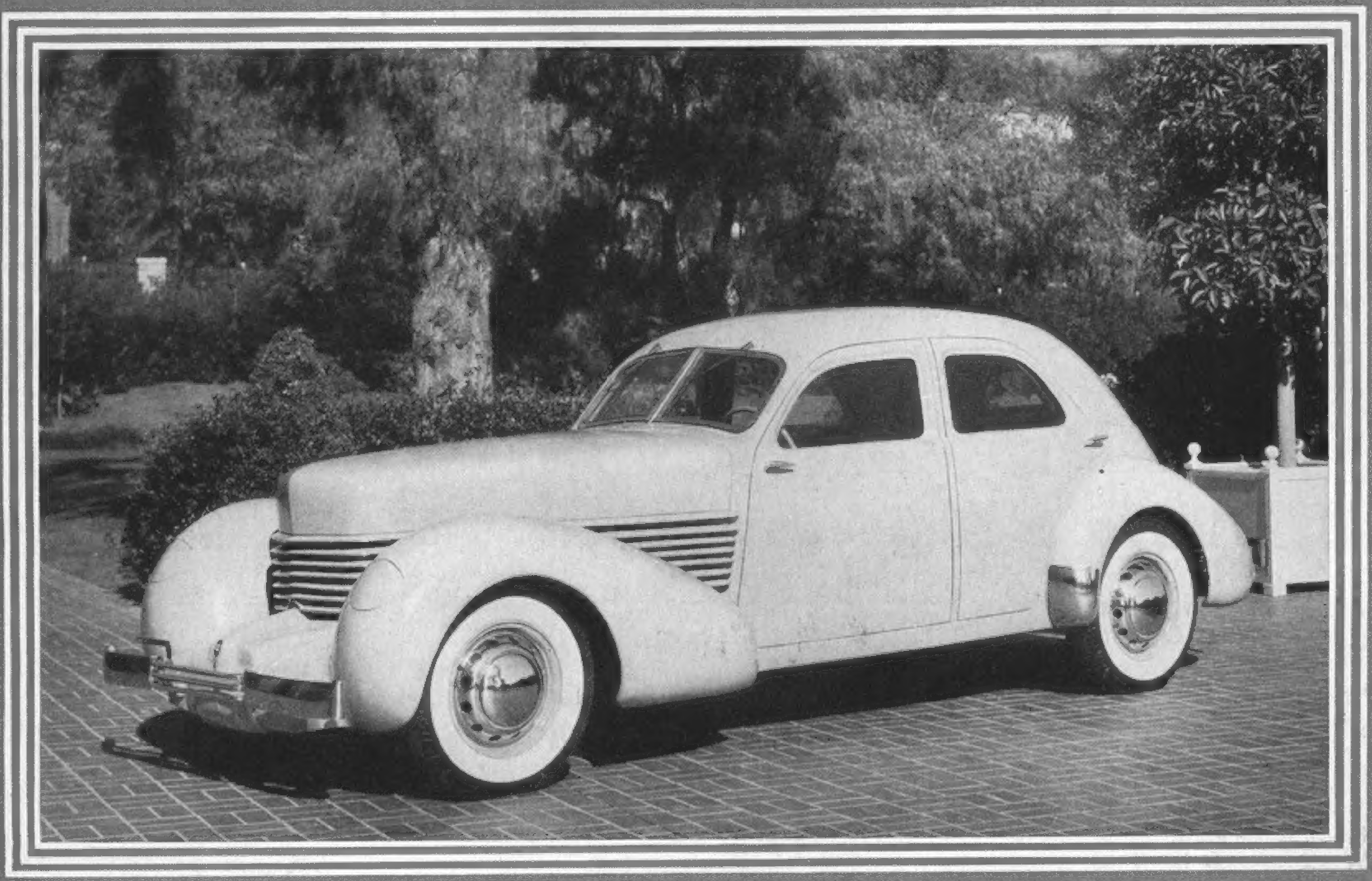

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Edited by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
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Contents for March, 1936

ARTICLES

Page
Pasting It Together ... *by* F. Scott Fitzgerald 35
The Sporting Chance ... *by* Daniel P. Mannix 38
Art and Isadora ... *by* John Dos Passos 41
Conversational Sample ... *by* Fred C. Kelly 47
Wanted: A Few Small Rackets ... *by* Creighton Peet 53
Erratic Torpedoes ... *by* Colby G. Rucker 66
Enjoyable Days at Sea ... *by* Quentell Violett 69
Woman As Creator ... *by* Carleton Smith 75
In the Dog House ... *by* John Jay Daly 81
Portrait of a Torch ... *by* Charles H. D. Robbins 83
Sourdough Pilots ... *by* Lt. H. B. Miller 87
Women Are Good Drivers ... *by* Paul Kearney 92
Kennicott, Knight of the North ... *by* Donald Culross Peattie 94
Michael Finn, Mixer ... *by* Richard Condon, Jr. 99
Blasting the Waves ... *by* Robert H. Higgins 108

DEPARTMENTS

***Correspondence:* The Sound and the Fury** ... 6
***Contributors:* Backstage with Esquire** ... 26
***Theatre:* Revue of Reviews** ... *by* Van Wyck Potter 31
***The Lively Arts:* Before It's Too Late** ... *by* Gilbert Seldes 72
***Potables:* Good Wine Needs No Bushwah** *by* Murdock Pemberton 97
***Books:* Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf** ... *by* Burton Rascoe 100
***Movies:* The Candid Cameraman** ... *by* Meyer Levin 105
***Records:* The Music Box Review** ... *by* Frank Black 150

FICTION

Old Man of the Sea ... *by* Arnold Zweig 32
Ordeal of a Sailor ... *by* Bill Adams 36
A Spell of Moonsickness ... *by* Hewitt L. Ballowe 44
A Candle for St. Christopher ... *by* Arthur Davison Ficke 60
Blind Man's Buff ... *by* Louis Zara 76
The Last Three Seconds ... *by* C. S. Forester 78
The Stick of Gum ... *by* J. M. Hopkins 84
Apprentice of Manly Art ... *by* Morton Thompson 89
The Post Office Flag ... *by* George Milburn 90
Wings on My Feet ... *by* Edward L. McKenna 112

SATIRE

Page
So Pink the Professor ... *by* Lawrence Martin 42
Talking About Writers— ... *by* Wolfe Kaufman 59
She Couldn't Get Steady Work ... *by* Russell Davis 64
Mervin's Bargain ... *by* Norman Matson 102

PERSONALITIES

Prince Starhemberg ... *by* Emil Lengyel 50
The Furiousest Man (Fiorello La Guardia) *by* Wm. Moulton Marston 56
George Moore, Esquire ... *by* Padraic Colum 62
A Dizzy Dame from Texas ... *by* Murdock Pemberton 107

PICTORIAL FEATURES

Cover Design ... *by* James E. Liedloff
(Direct Color Process by Rosenow)
Feminine Face Cards, No. 3 ... *Mask by* H. Liedloff 40
'Chasing in the Shires ... *Painting by* Leslie Saalburg 46
Rowdy-Ditty of Horizontal Man ... *Illustrations by* John Groth 88
Trees Against Miami Sky ... *Photo by* John Kabel 106

POETRY

Rowdy-Ditty of Horizontal Man ... *by* Wm. Rose Benét 88
(Illustrations by John Groth)

SPORTS

Base-Ballyhoo ... *by* Ralph Cannon 48
Dying to be Athletic ... *by* Herb Graffis 55
Wrestling: China Fashion ... *by* James W. Bennett 70
Amateur Gentlemen ... *by* Holmes Alexander 117

TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches
by Von Frankenburg, Saalburg, Fellows, Roberts, Goodman and Sudaka, beginning on page 119

Art Directors: John Groth, Eric Lundgren

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous essays is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of *Esquire.* It is never done knowingly.

Amenities of the gift-giving days

There was the young man in the Straits Settlement, twelve thousand miles away, who sent us a draft to cover a gift subscription for his girl in Ohio, plus enough to pay the cost of sending her flowers. The flowers had to be several special kinds, too, to spell the proper message in the language that flowers have. We got his letter on Christmas Eve. She got her flowers and her magazine and gift card in Ohio in the morning. There was the young man in New York who sent in seventeen gift subscriptions to go to friends and relatives in England. The order came into Chicago on the morning of the thirteenth. The last boat to effect delivery for Christmas day left New York on the fourteenth. The seventeen subscriptions made the boat. There was the ensign's wife who wanted very much to send a gift subscription to her husband in Honolulu but was afraid she had thought of it too late. The Clipper left Alameda on the twentieth with the Honolulu husband's Esquire aboard, and reached Hawaii on the twenty-first. Delivery was deferred until the psychological moment on Christmas Eve. There was the lady in a Boston suburb, believe us, who called up long distance on Christmas morning to say that Santa Claus had forgotten to remember the gift subscription she had ordered for her husband. A wire to our Boston office fixed that. And imagine her astonishment, an hour later, when an otherwise empty express truck rolled up to their door with her husband's Esquire. But these little stunts of service, and thousands of others like them, were only the front-line activities, back of which was a vast army of detail. To handle the holiday rush the Circulation Department was bolstered up as if to repel invasion, with a quintuple-expansion of personnel for the season, and with the installation of a great deal of very complicated and expensive machinery. From Thanksgiving Day on, that department worked on three eight-hour shifts daily. We wandered in there, just to give a look, along toward three o'clock one morning, and were promptly shooed out, like a drone from the swarm of workers, but not before we had caught a quick glimpse that was a revelation of efficient concentration, intent but unflustered. Despite every precaution against endangering morale through prolonged attention to over-specialized tasks, there were some casualties. Over the six-week grind, five girls were sent home in cabs, weeping. They said the addressing machines were driving them nuts. But all domestic orders received up to December twenty-third were delivered by Christmas—it was a case of the show must go on, the mail must go through, don't fire 'till you see the whites of their eyes, and things like that.

Comes the winter of our discontent

Ah, but what turns green in the spring? Christmas jewelry! And what curdles the milk of human kindness in a Subscription Department, the morning after the completion of a good job well done? Complaints, complaints, and four thousand late Christmas gift orders received in the morning mail on December twenty-sixth, and complaints, complaints, migahd, complaints. Every day, from Christmas to mid-January, the late subscription orders have been coming in, many of them arriving three or four days later than the very letters of complaint inquiring about them. And who gets blamed? Many of the orders received after Christmas were dated as early as December eighth and ninth. Maybe the local magazine agent who took the order carried it around in his pocket for three weeks. Maybe, though it seems less likely, the order lay around the office of one of the metropolitan catalog agencies, through which most local agents clear their subscription orders. Or maybe Mr. Farley just didn't hire enough extra help. But who takes the rap? Not Mr. Local Agent, not Mr. Metropolitan Broker, and not Mr. Farley. Oh no. When Yule comes round again this year, who'll be remembered by last year's disgruntled would-be donors of gift subscriptions as the villain of the play? No one but Esq! That's the unfair part. And that's all we're kicking about.

As for all the other unfinished business

Mr. T. E. Fergusson, of Shreveport, La., has called our attention to the fact that we've never run the year as well as the month on our cover. Can't imagine why we never tended to it before. Maybe it was because the experts said we wouldn't last a year. Anyway, it's on there now . . . We finally caught up with S. Choirboy, as you'll see on page thirty-one. But his story doesn't check, somehow. We can't find a record of any Van Wyck Potter at Harvard between 1905 and 1910. We tried to look him up in New York, too, but could never find him in. He's as elusive as he's cantankerous . . . We ran out of copies of the January issue, after the largest press run in our history. We record astonishment that the magazine's circulation is over four hundred thousand . . .

ESQUIRE
March, 1936
T. M. Reg.

Esquire is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, President; Arnold Gingrich, Vice-President; Alfred Smart, Secretary and Treasurer. Editorial, Circulation, Business and Production Departments, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, Dec. 15th, 1933, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase, but no responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage to unsolicited materials. Advertising offices, 366 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. Subscriptions for one year payable in advance, in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Central America and South America, $5.00; Canada, $5.50; elsewhere, $7.00. Notices of changes of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

Vol. V, No. 3
Whole No. 28
T. M. Reg.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

BENEFIT OF CLERGY

The campaign is on. NOTICE! NOTICE! NOTICE! For clergymen only! No longer will it be necessary to embarrass yourself at newsstands. No more knowing smiles of the postman depositing ESQUIRE at your front door. No more sleepless nights for fear that an early caller will see your mail before you have taken it in. ESQUIRE will now come to you in a plain wrapper. Just mail the enclosed notice with five dollars to ESQUIRE. There is no extra charge for the plain wrapper. We regret that the continued demand for Petty and that Hemingway's constant value to *Fury* make ministerial discounts impossible, however, with the increase of advertising for women it is hoped that such discounts will be possible by 1937.

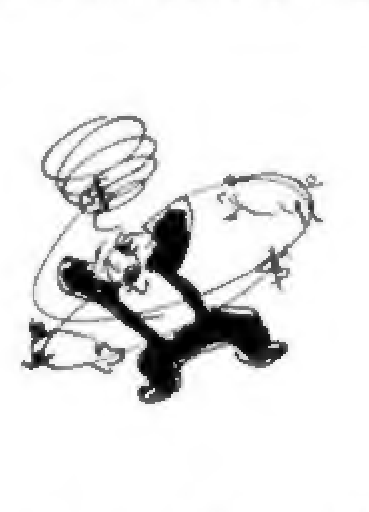
Such pictures as "I don't know his name, but I got his license number" are "tops" in anyone's sense of humor, if he has any at all, but smut ought to be left to the twenty-five cent magazines. It may be that even smut is a matter of viewpoint. I do not consider you to be a frequent offender.

I'll bet it makes you mad to have a clergyman write to you and not even consider you to be a frequent offender in smut. This, after all your trying to be bad! It must be the last straw. Come on, fellow clergymen, the women have started the noble Crusade against ESQUIRE, it is now up to us to polish off the only magazine in America that has the smell of leather. I neither smoke nor drink any of your too much advertised beverages, but how I love ESQUIRE. It must be a complex.

Very truly yours,
(REV.) ERNEST H. SOMMERFELD
Winston-Salem, N. C.

CUCKOO WITH COMPLIMENTS

My compliments to Mr. J. C. Furnas, who contributed one pearl among the chestnuts in his latest *Cool and Calculating*. I refer of course to his problem about the poker players, which was the only one of the melange which I had not seen (and worked) long ere this. For the edification of his soul, let Mr. Furnas work out some of the problems herein enclosed, starting first with the simple little problem of the target ship steaming at a constant speed on a steady course, while around it steams a firing ship at twice the speed of the target ship, the firing ship keeping always at a fixed distance from the target ship. All we want in this instance is the equation of the curve traced by the firing ship. In case that is branded as too mathematical, there is the one about the three men, John, James, and Jacob, who bought pigs, as did their wives Mary, Maude, and Minnie (the wives not given respectively). Each paid as much per pig as the number of pigs he or she bought. John paid $11 per pig more than Mary did, and James paid $23 more per pig than did Maude. Each husband paid $63 more than his wife. How many pigs did each buy, and who was married to whom?



That one should take him about ten minutes at the most. Next there is the problem of the bewildered man looking for an address on a street where all the houses were numbered in odd numbers, 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, etc. All he had to go by was the fact that the sum of the numbers on all the houses to the left of the house he was looking for was equal to the sum of the numbers on all the houses to the right of the correct house. He thought he had it when he stopped in front of the fourth house, since 1+3+5=9, but unfortunately he then saw there were more than five houses on the street, and he then remembered that he had also been told that the number *on* the correct house was greater than 100. How many houses were there in the row, and what was the number on the correct house? And what is the lowest number that fulfils the conditions?

I won't perpetrate the famous (or infamous) cocoanut problem, since I'm sure he knows it already. But can he construct for me a model of a geometric figure having one surface and one edge? If not, I'll be glad to mail him one.

Lastly, by way of relaxation, I tender, with my compliments, the following teaser about the Seven Cuckoos.

THE SEVEN CUCKOOS

Professor Graeme Atta is a curious old bird. He is frequently engaged in abstruse researches on ornithology, and, indeed, he has written many important monographs on the subject. His wife acts as his secretary, but accuracy in detail is not her strong suit. Quite recently Graeme Atta, who delights in writing to his correspondents in their own languages, wrote to seven of his European friends, with the intention of sending them monographs on birds in which they were severally interested. But his wife surpassed all her previous records of inaccuracy, with the result that each of his correspondents received a letter which was obviously intended for one of the others, and a monograph in which he was not particularly interested and which was not the one referred to in the letter which he received.

Kukushka, who was interested in the Eagle Owl, received a letter in Norwegian and a monograph on the Flamingoes of the Camargue, which should have been sent to Professor Coucoue. Coucoue received a letter in Italian and a monograph on the Avocet, which was intended for Dr. Koekoek, the distinguished Dutch scientist, who received a letter in Spanish and a monograph on the Arctic Bluethroat in which Kukker, who received the monograph of the Eagle Owl, was more particularly interested. Professor Cuculo, who was interested in the Bee-eater, received a letter in German, and Herr Kuckuck, who was interested in the Honey Buzzard, received a letter in French.

WHICH OF GRAEME ATTA'S CORRESPONDENTS RECEIVED THE MONOGRAPH WHICH WAS INTENDED FOR PROFESSOR CUCLILLO, AND IN WHAT LANGUAGE WAS THE LETTER WRITTEN WHICH WAS RECEIVED BY CUCLILLO?

Very sincerely,
Washington, D. C. R. E. LIBBY

CALM AND EARNEST . . .

Assuming that your wife is of course a good woman, one can wonder how you keep her from seeing the cartoons in ESQUIRE. If she is decent, she will abhor them and it would seem that you would have a little delicacy in revealing so publicly your own evidently salacious taste.

Your sub-title, "The Magazine for Men," calls for some qualification. As it stands it is too broad. More appropriately it should read, "The Magazine for Putrid-Minded Men." Unhappily there are millions of these, demanding obscenity. But is not the literature of pornography already sufficiently ample without adding ESQUIRE to the list? Why not address your magazine to the millions of clean men who loathe this kind of thing and who would like to see humanity lifted to a higher level instead of being retarded in its progress?

Some day the record of your life will be drawing to its close, and you will have retrospect remaining. If the contemplation of your achievements in purveying filth shall prove to be a matter of satisfaction to you, you are welcome to it.

I do not delude myself with the expectation that the above will do any good. With the customary sneer it will be passed off as one more outburst of "sound and fury" from a poor boob who still believes in ideals.

But when you have had your sneer, in your inmost soul you will secretly know that it cannot be dismissed in any such fashion.

The above is heat, a-plenty.

But, calmly and earnestly, Mr. Editor, cut it out.

San Francisco, Calif. R. LARKIN

. . . HOT AND BOTHERED

I'm beginning to think that these good-for-nothing moaners are getting you down. Every month you get cleaner and more proper. What's the matter, have you no confidence in yourself, are you going to become one of those magazines that start out with a broadminded outlook, full of originality and fun, and then because some damn crank can't take it, change into a lousy conventional trash sheet like all the others?

Now is that nice, I'm asking you? What do you expect your public to think when you desert us like this? Here you start out to please us, and then what, you fail us. They'll call you a quitter, that's what they'll call you.

Come on, get up your dander, what the hell, sure you'll shock some of the ignorant, but what of it, maybe they'll get wise to themselves. Besides it will do them good. And if they don't like it they know what they can do.

The majority likes you and in this world they're the ones that count . . . so come on, Give Sunshine!

With "Great Expectations," I remain,

Now and forever,
Douglaston, N. Y. J. TYLER BENHAM

IL PENSEROSO

All I can say is that I HAD respect for your magazine until I read the article *The Plight of the Opera*, by Carleton Smith.

In my opinion it was a very ill chosen time to publish such an article, especially when the Metropolitan Opera is trying so hard to make a come-back. To me, Edward Johnson is doing a fine piece of work, and just because one stupid, narrow minded individual wants to be funny that is no reason for printing it.

As for me if I never see your magazine again it will be too soon.

Sincerely,
New York City FREDERICK MARKS, JR.

L'ALLEGRO

At last, some one has said boldly what every one knows about that stuffy old dust-hole known as the Metropolitan Opera House.

I attended the opening wake Monday night—good entertainment on tap everywhere except on the stage. Thank God ESQUIRE has no sacred cows.

Cordially,
New York City DOUGLAS N. MCCORMICK

SYMPOSIUM AT SMITH RE: STYLES FOR MEN

Of late there have been many articles by men in leading women's magazines giving the ladies the inside dope about what kind of clothes they should wear, what sort of personalities appeal, etc., all in a very nice way, of course. We appreciate this advice and with reservation are taking it to heart, in return for which we would deem it very sportsmanlike if you gave us a chance to tell the college men of the country how feminine opinion is running in regard to their idiosyncrasies of style, etc.

We are unanimously agreed that the first important point is that our men shall be men, with all the intelligence, strength, and responsibility that lies behind the word. We do not mean brighties, or rugged individuals, and we are not all clinging vines, but masculinity *means* something to us besides "maleness."

Holding that point firmly in mind, let us proceed to details.

Norfolk jackets, tweeds, and flannels, mixed or otherwise are the top, but sloppy socks and bow ties are *out*.

We like plaid woolen socks, ties to match, bright (good-looking—no blazing array of miscellaneous colors) mufflers and camel's hair coats. Grey English mackintoshes are the goods. Soft hats, pork pies, in brown preferably (God save us from mulberry and olive green!). Derbies are worse than nil—no man in college, and darn few out of college, can wear them without looking like a haberdasher's dummy. Let chesterfields go the way of all derbies!

Now this question of shirts. Those of violent colors should be relegated to dusting the piano. Pin stripes are good, in blue, mulberry, or green, but *always* conservative. White always good, blue almost always.

We haven't found a woman in the college who doesn't think that a man looks his best in conventional black tails. Anybody who wears midnight blue goes to Hollywood, but not with us! (With apologies to your recent fashion page.)

Peg-top trousers give us an uneasy rising feeling in the throat. We trust you know what we mean.

Now for a few more personal details. People that don't shave, and that darn well, should read the ads. You won't believe us about the dirty finger nails but here are several who can swear to them. Please, please, lads, *No Mustaches!*

Crew cuts we like, (people with hair in their eyebrows remind us of Katharine Hepburn, and that George Raft patent leather brand gets nowhere).

A few last pet gripes and we will rest the case, hoping that we will benefit as much by the foregoing tips as the young gentlemen who are sports enough to take them.

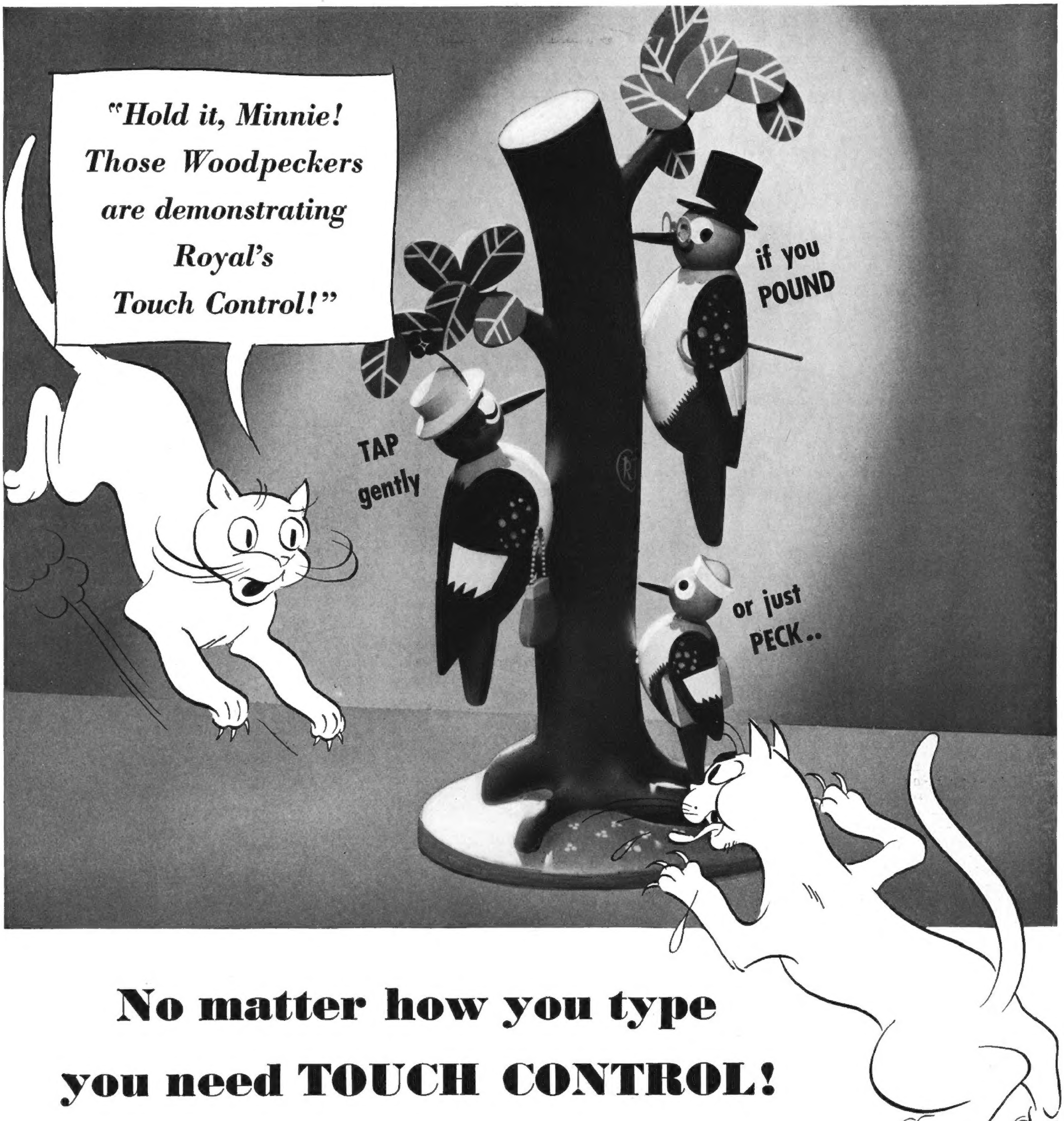
No "line" is infallible, and if anyone thinks he has found one, woe to him, poor soul! Stock phrases such as "Hello, Gorgeous," and "Where've you been all my life" seem to stick in the minds of some of the uninformed. Men who think intelligent, or at least, amusing conversation is for them to listen to, and for other people to make, should have been left under the cabbage leaf, or wherever.

For a last word may we say that we like Mitcham lavender on the handkerchief, and PIPES!

And so we close, hoping this is for our mutual benefit.

Northampton, Mass. FIVE AT SMITH

Continued on page 8


"Hold it, Minnie! Those Woodpeckers are demonstrating Royal's Touch Control!"
if you POUND
TAP gently
or just PECK..

No matter how you type you need TOUCH CONTROL!

This paragon of portables awaits you—at your nearest dealer! See it! Try it! Realize (happily) that you can type easier than you can write by hand!

Pound, tap or just peck—it makes no difference! Touch Control, a sensational improvement, exclusive with Royal, permits you to instantly adapt the key tension of the New Royal Portable to your individual finger pressure—to type smoothly, the moment your fingers first meet the keys!

There are many other revolutionary features; such as Finger Comfort Keys, New Streamline Design, Full Dust Protection—all Royal achievements!

Three models, three amazingly low prices—$37.50 (specially designed for younger students), $49.50 and $62.50. Each is sold complete with handsome carrying case. Small monthly payments, if desired.

Royal Typewriter Company, Inc.
2 Park Avenue, New York City

NEW ROYAL PORTABLE with TOUCH CONTROL

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

IN VIOLINO VERITAS

One night last week, I sat at a table right in front of Isham Jones' Orchestra at the Hotel Lincoln. I noticed that while most of the musicians turned the pages of their music at regular intervals, one of the violinists kept flipping his sheets every few seconds! Overcome by curiosity, I arose and looked over his shoulder. He was fiddling away and reading Esquire at the same time!

He winked at me and indicated a picture by Petty that was occupying his attention at the moment, while his violin sobbed, "I found a dream."

Very truly,

New York City Samm S. Baker

RITA MOURNS A FRIEND

I'm more interested in and impressed by the advertising than anything else about a magazine because it gives me a fairly good idea of what sort of guys the editors must be. Up until lately Esquire has seemed to be the sort of magazine I'd publish if I had a chance and consequently I've loved it and let it get away with whatever murder it could. But I can see the finish right now and I will not sit in on the death of such a grand rag. If it is going to be smothered with cold cream, let somebody else watch it.

Look over some of your back numbers. Liquor ads are usually good and almost always attractive; travel ads are interesting and productive of a yen; men's ads just plead for comfort, trimness and a little color in men's clothes, drab enough to stand the pleading as they undoubtedly are; the cigaret and cigar ads are colorful, funny or have something worthwhile about them. So far, so good.

Now look over any women's magazine and see if you want to get mixed up in those drooling messes. Do you want to aid and abet the sale of kiss-withstanding lipsticks, seductive perfumes, deep pore creams, woe-reducing tablets, vital statistics controllers and weight reducing pills?

Sex is a good idea but women's advertising will succeed in taking all the fun out of it. Men's advertising tries to sell something useful; women's advertising harps on being gorgeous until it is sickening. If advertisers would try to teach women to send their clothes to the cleaners oftener, wash their faces and necks oftener, retire from the front lines of man-catching when they're old enough to fall apart, do the best they can with what they have and forget about themselves and miss a bridge party when they feel rotten, then the advertisers would deserve more consideration.

So, I guess there's nothing for me to do but go without a magazine entirely. I had been considering Esquire as the last citadel of honest publishing —a magazine that said what it wanted to, whenever it wanted to, and the heck with anybody who didn't like it. But if your dear old advertising department is going to push you onto the bandwagon along with all the other fellows who haven't the guts to express an original idea or call a spade anything but a pancake turner, I'm ready to give up and God bless you.

But there's a mourning band around my heart.

Sincerely,

New York City Rita Mack

RIPOSTE TO EZRA LB.

This here is aimed at the REDOUBTABLE Ez. £ who refers to the Douglas system as a sort of PANACEA for ills of American business. He is KIND enough to make reference to the Alberta elections as INDICATING something or other. They do, ez, they do! They indicate that the people of this SPARSELY settled prov. of ours have been gulled by definite promises of national DIVIDENDS, and even Maj. Douglas is not sure that these will be PAID.

He has given the Alberta govern. some very ambiguous reports, much like his books, but has not yet really SAID anything. We are waiting here hopefully however for our first basic dividend, which may come ACCORDING to Premier Aberhardt of Alberta in the eighteen months in which it was promised. If the 25 bucks a month are not distributed inside that time I feel godam sorry for Bill Aberhardt, B.A., which is the trouble, Mr. lb. with those who go NUTS over systems of economic reform & fergit the axioms of economics. Like fergitting the law of gravity.

For inst. if I get something for 0 (national dividend) it represents purchasing power, yes or no?

This purchasing power must be used to be of value, yes? Ultimately what will happen to it? It will be taxed back, since that is the only method whereby the government can recall money issued, yes or no?

Therefor what it takes it must also have given and also vice-versa, so its Six of One and HALF-A-DOZEN of the other. Also why does not Maj. Doug's scheme represent inflation?

However just to show that I'M not in love with BANKS and the present system, yr kind remarks re USURY are O.K. but in our reforms why can't we take over first THINGS first? How in hell can a govt. issue basic dividends under present financial system when the control of the $ and the £ etc. is in the hands of the banker?

We shld all realize however that we're facing a real problem and WE'LL see a lot of Fun . . . My Social Credit FRIENDS in this looney country think I'm nuts and maybe I am at that, WHO am I to oppose most of the people of ALBERTA and Maj. Douglas and Mr. Ez. £ as well as all those other birds you mention?

But I still DO.

Sincerely yrs,

Vegreville, Alberta E. R. Horton

IT'S THE OLD OIL

Yesterday, a salesman for a firm of oil brokers sat in his Ford coupe just outside of Bradford, Pennsylvania. It was very cold, snow was pelting down heavily, the sky was black, and the wind was terrific. What was this man doing? Midst all the turmoil he was reading the January 1936 issue of Esquire. Do I know the man? You bet; it was myself.

If this be not tribute to Esquire, by what name shall we term it?

Yours very truly,

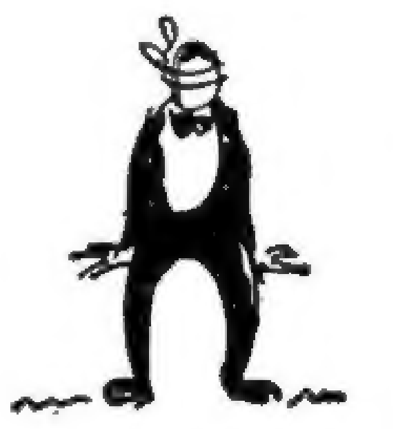
Philadelphia, Pa. J. H. Hembling

ALFRED LUNT FOR CHOIRBOY

I

Perhaps I become one of the usual run of gullible gurnards who were "taken-in" by that beautiful build-up in the February issue, labelled "Stage-door Stenchbomb" when I write this letter. At least I have what satisfaction there is in knowing I am not alone.

Be it as it may, I offer you a solution to your dangling dilemma of the identity of the "Stinking Stagebomber." How would Alfred Lunt play the part of S. Choirboy? After all, his home is proximate to the prosaic town of Waukesha; his knowledge of the stage and its jargon is beyond doubt. His reason for remaining anonymous in his bombardment of the stage is obvious and the European references might easily have come from a coward influence, too—(Puhleese!) as might the literary, lampooning largesse that you say is his.



Naturally, you may have some evidence at hand which will refute such a selection. However, from the evidence given, this sleuth has evinced this possible portrayal of S. Choirboy.

Yours,

In Choir Ingly,

Stoughton, Wis. Bo Vea

II

As I read along with you in quest of S. Choirboy, I was, of course, completely in the dark until you mentioned that after a number of letters reached you from New York, one of them popped in from Waukesha, Wisconsin. It was then that I thought I saw the light. I will put down my deductions and let you do the investigating from here on in. Here they are;

1. One Alfred Lunt (you know; Lynne Fontanne's husband) might conceivably know something about the drammer. He occasionally performs in New York, I hear.
2. Said Alfred Lunt was born at Genesee Depot, Wisconsin, or near there on a farm, if my information is correct. He attended Beloit College at Beloit, Wisconsin and did his first theatricals there.
3. Said Alfred Lunt makes visits to his old home territory every once in a while.
4. Hold your breath now; this is the clincher. Genesee Depot is very close to Waukesha, Wisconsin. In fact, I think that it is possible that mail from there might be postmarked Waukesha.

Anyway, that is my story. I may turn out to be a defective instead of detective, but I think this is a better idea than suspecting Roundy Coughlin of the Wisconsin State Journal in Madison.

Now, as a reader of Esquire since its very birth, I will expect to be informed by you if my deductions prove to be correct. S. Choirboy will probably prove to be Elmer Tuggle who was touring through Waukesha when he mailed the letter.

Cuba City, Wis. E. J. O.

A. WOOLLCOTT FOR CHOIRBOY

From the way you describe his writing in your February editorial, who could S. Choirboy be but A. Woollcott? Now that he is out of the *New Yorker*, and now that he's off the air, it is not beyond credence that he might choose this peculiar method of seeking an odd job, and not so odd either, for wasn't he a dramatic critic, and a particularly venomous one too, before his cereal days (or do I mean mush?) on the air? Anyway, why don't you ask him—isn't it a good hunch, right or wrong?

Sincerely yours,

Cleveland, Ohio Lester Travis

AND UNUSUAL TOO

As for John Dos Passos, I too could a tale unfold: a man went away to war and he came back again and he met a girl and they went to a night club and she went home. And he went home. God, how interesting.

Berkeley, Cal. Albert Andross

WE'RE AFRAID ESQ. WOULD BE SIMPLER

One thing has always mystified me. How is it that you fellows of the editorial and production staff work in Chicago while the advertising business is carried on in New York? (Probably it's easier to choose between the devil and the deep blue sea.) All joking aside, though, since Esquire certainly has the tone of a New York magazine, wouldn't it be much simpler if the whole force worked in New York? Please don't misunderstand me, I'm merely asking for information to satisfy my curiosity.

Most sincerely,

Grove City, Pa. Edward Hassell

ESSAY ON BEAUTY

So you call it beauty? You published Erskine Caldwell's *Return to Lavinia* because you found it beautiful.

I found it SLOP.

And by slop, Mr. Editor, I do not mean the comparatively clean swill which one feeds to swine, but that sewage which is carted in pails from plumbingless bed rooms.

With a handkerchief to my nose,

Anything but yours,

Seattle, Wash. Clare Lonergan

THAT'S WHAT *YOU* SAY

Just so that you Esquire boys don't go completely nuts, for such a calamity would indeed be a calamity, I've decided to confess all. You want to know who S. Choirboy is? Well, I am S. Choirboy in person. That's that.

The reason I kept you boys in a fog, as if that weren't too late, was because I wanted to keep your minds occupied with something harmless before you plagued your readers with your completely nonsensical froth. You see in that way I felt, if only in a negative sense, at least I was leashing your magazine from being completely destructive. If you know what I mean. Doubtless you don't.

Who am I? Oh, I'm a dramatic critic for a couple of weekly newspapers because that's one way of getting tickets and because I'm nuts about the Theatre. That is what little there is of the Theatre. My chief claim to fame is that when a press rep refuses to give me tickets for his show because I am not George Jean Nathan, I buy my own seats and pan it to holy hell. That leaves me worse off than before I started. But I'm having lots of fun.

Very truly yours,

Brooklyn, N. Y. Vernon E. Delston

(which incidentally is not my real name)

Editor's Note: Possibly S. Choirboy in person, but certainly not in diction.

Continued on page 172

FOUR ROSES
A BLEND OF
STRAIGHT WHISKIES
Blended by
FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INCORPORATED

Forecast for tonight: bright and warmer

LET the February wind bluster. Let it rub its icy fingers over your window pane. Inside, you can make the weather bright and warmer—*with a cheering drink made with Four Roses!*

As you sip, its goodness will comfort and relax you right down to the tips of your toes. Though it's still February outside the window, it's June as far as you're concerned.

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"And this doesn't surprise us in the least. Even our most conservative patrons welcome the niceties in tailoring and appearance, the convenience and the feeling of security made possible by the Talon closing."

* * *

Each day the predictions of Mr. Durant come closer to fulfillment. For each day 50,000 more Talon fasteners are made especially for trousers—to give them better appearance—to bring men greater convenience—and security!

474 leading manufacturers—including makers of all nationally-known brands—have already adopted this fine tailoring improvement. And retailers all over the country are featuring it more and more, in suits of every style—at every price!

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Hiram Walker

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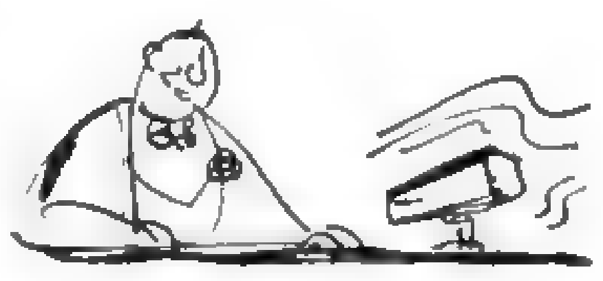
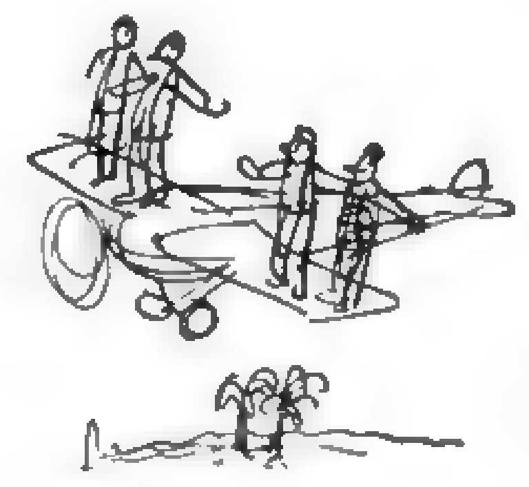
STETSON, the world's most famous hat, now ready in advanced Spring styles at Young's 29 Smart Hat Shops. See these distinguished creations. Every detail in their making . . . fine fur felt, luxurious trimmings, genuine leathers, and sparkling styling . . . emphasize their beauty. See these new STETSONS at Young's this week.



From shaving to shaking, it's all done with motors. The latest contribution to the "more abundant life" and the New Leisure, originally invented to save wear and tear on the bar-keeps during the rush of cocktail hour, is a motor-driven cocktail shaker. It's equipped with an automatic time control to assure just the exact amount of shaking for perfect blending. You can speed it up or slow it down. It has two shaking motions—one that is identical to that achieved by hand, the other effecting a horizontal slide that throws the liquid from one end to the other, in bromo seltzer manner. Four suction cups on the bottom hold it securely to any firm base. At-home bartenders should find this a desirable possession.

A most recent addition to the myriad of zipper-equipped articles is a swimming trunk, abbreviated in the current fashion, using this stream-lined hook and eye on either side, facilitating to the maximum the already simple donning and removing of this last barrier to nudism.



Sunshine fashions get a winter workout in Florida each season. Fashion observers watch Florida, just as politicians watch Maine. Many of the styles that will be fashionable at local beaches and resorts this summer will achieve their first popularity on Floridian strands during the winter season. Miami's most important apparel emporium is doing it up brown. (Incidentally, our Fashion Department tells us that Riviera styles last summer indicated that this is an important color for bathing trunks, pullovers and beach shirts.) This outfit chartered a plane and took a number of important fashion arbiters down to their seasonal opening, in order that they might observe summer fashions at their point of inception. They established a new high in fashion shows when they staged a spectacle of this type in the plane going down.

We've had any number of letters from distraught gentlemen in quest of succor for their falling locks. Here's welcome news! An outfit that has had considerable success with the use of an electrical head massaging machine, heretofore confined in operation to its own establishment, has reproduced this for manual operation at home. The implement is a simple rubber cap, inside of which there are four hundred rubber fingers. You'll have to take their count. We didn't check. A pair of handles on the top permits you to manipulate it in the manner they instruct. A healthy scalp should result from such highly efficient mechanical massaging. For further information on this subject, see old Doc Goodman's article back in the November issue, entitled "One Hair on the Head" or, in the recent February issue, "Seven Stages to Bald Pate" by Freeman Gosden.

From Hollywood comes word that they've gone "gaga" over an adult size, combination scooter-bike. This contraption is set going by the motion of the rider's body, and an eccentric rear wheel gives the rider the sensation of "posting". It seems about time to revive the Keystone cops, and the old Ford that had wheels of this kind.

The ink had hardly dried on our last month's column when another combiner, completing his incantations, disclosed to us a devilishly deceitful hair brush. What is practically a week-end case is cleverly concealed in the back of the brush, which opens by slight pressure of the finger at the side and reveals a shaving brush, safety razor and blades, and a metal tube for a shaving stick. A comb is concealed in a slot between the bristles and the back. You can carry your tooth brush in your vest pocket.

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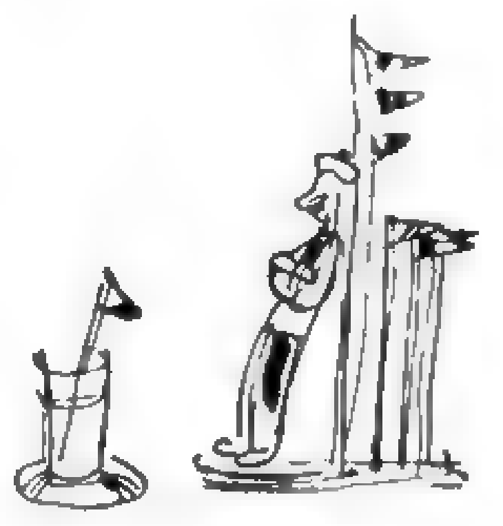
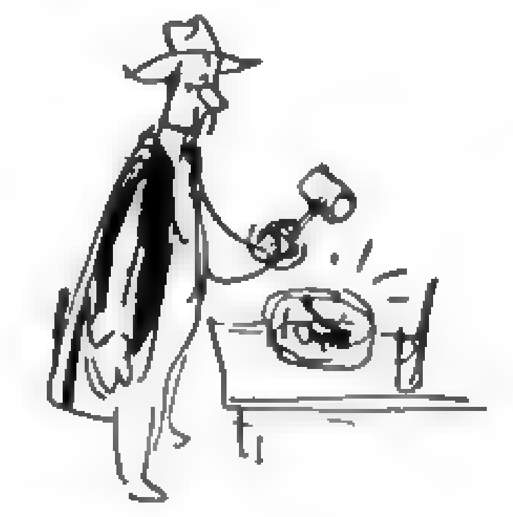
Drinking accessories of nautical inspiration continue to be presented on the evident assumption that yachtsmen have an appreciation of other liquids, as well as water. Miniature life preservers that serve as coasters, a hawser-bound tray with cleat handles, and a sailor leaning against a mast in which colorful signal flags are placed, removable for use as glass designators—are all accessories with a salty tang for cocktail serving at eight bells in the afternoon watch.



Evidently not having exhausted all possibilities for decorative canape servers, the designers have turned to crustacean forms, creating a life size lobster of wood, with the usual holes in which to place tooth-picks bearing the aforementioned edibles.

A new, extremely light-weight, oil-silk type of fabric makes its appearance in jacket and trousers, with particular appeal to early season golfers who may encounter considerable inclement weather. The jacket is cut in the manner of a windbreaker, with a zipper closing the front, while the trousers are sufficiently roomy to cover a pair of slacks. A new and exclusive feature of the fabric is that it will not stiffen in extreme cold.

Appearing somewhat in advance of the northern julep season is a canvas bag, accompanied by a specially constructed hammer, intended for ice mashing. The hammer is hollow, so that it may be used to bale the ice from bag to glass. Year-round, julep-drinking Kentucky Colonels should order one immediately.



If you prefer smoking cigarettes through the intermediary of a holder, as many people do, you'll be vitally interested in an epoch-making improvement in the construction of these devices. Flat springs are pushed out from the end of the tube in sleeve-like fashion to grab the cigarette and tuck it in securely. When you're through smoking, the same mechanism ejects the butt. The construction of the gadget is such that the cigarette can become loosened only when you wish it to, thus precluding the possibility of its being accidentally dropped on your hostess's best rug.

The "untouched by human hands" idea has now invaded the field of headwear. We've never given it much thought ourselves, but it seems that the leather sweat-band in a man's hat touches a lot of heads in the course of trying-on, before it reaches that of its eventual owner. A hat leather, untouched by human heads, is now possible by the use of a hygienically treated inner band of cellophane, which fits inside the leather and preserves its immaculate state. If you take the hat you're trying on for "keeps", you tear out the cellophane band.

Disciples of John J. Audubon will like to provide their feathered friends with a relief depot during the winter months when birds find it hard picking. If you're charitably disposed in this direction, you can secure a cage-like affair of closely meshed wire, permitting the birds sufficient room to peck at a block of suet without wastefully scattering their favorite diet.

If bird-loving is confined to the ornamental in your life, you can satisfy your sense of the decorative by enclosing a cultivated chippy in a bird cage made of glass rods, very much in the modern manner.

We've seen a very horsey tray on which avid worshippers of the appropriate will delight in serving a stirrup cup. This tray has a pair of stirrups for handles, while a miniature post and rail fence serves as a gallery.

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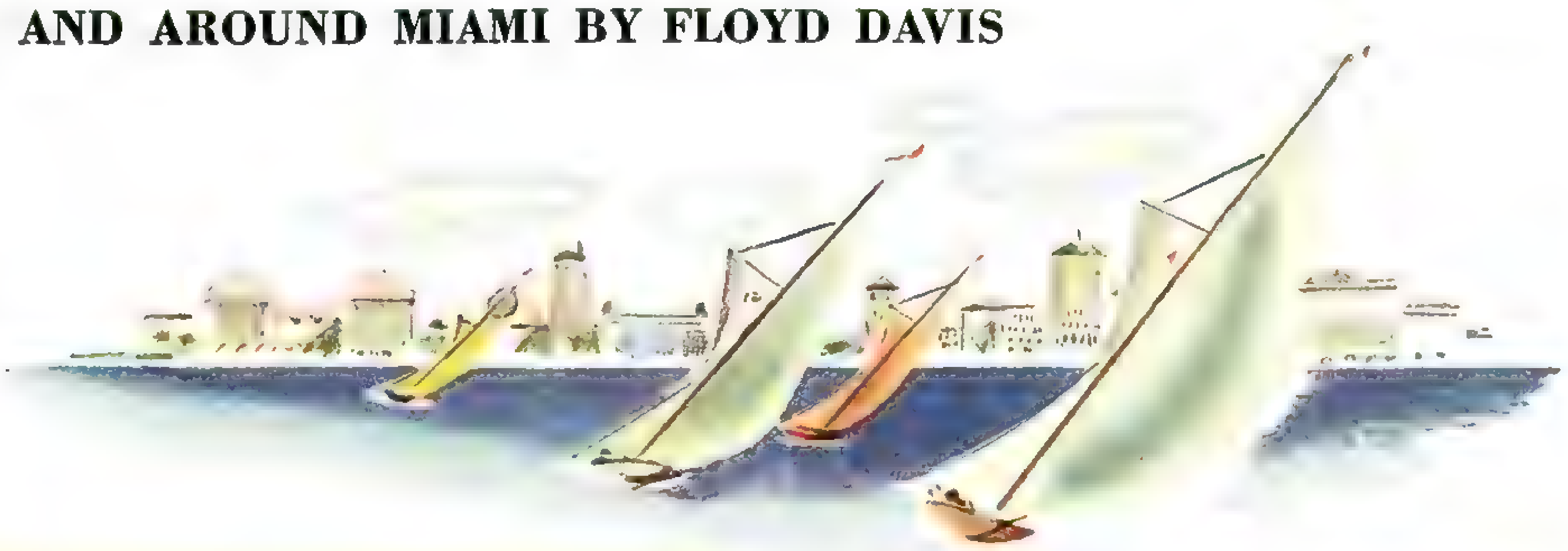
OPENED FOR MEN EXCLUSIVELY is the new *Ogilvie Method* Salon at 50 E. 42nd St., N. Y. C., to better our service to the many men who have been coming to our salons for years. Here is the same complete and scientific equipment and personnel that has made *Ogilvie* world-renowned as scalp specialists—here men only are admitted. Come in for consultation without obligation or write for *free* booklet on methods and preparations for the hair.

FLORIDA HIGHLIGHTS

SKETCHED IN AND AROUND MIAMI BY FLOYD DAVIS

THE NATION'S SOCIAL CAPITAL moves South. And social leaders coming for rest find themselves caught in a furious round of revelry... the gayest season Florida has seen since the Twenties.



MIAMI'S SPORTING calendar is studded with sailing events, which reach their climax in the annual St. Petersburg Race, held late in March.

THE MOTORING THRILL THAT'S STILL UNMATCHED

TWO YEARS AGO, DeSoto introduced the famous Airflow car... predicted that *all* cars would follow its lead.

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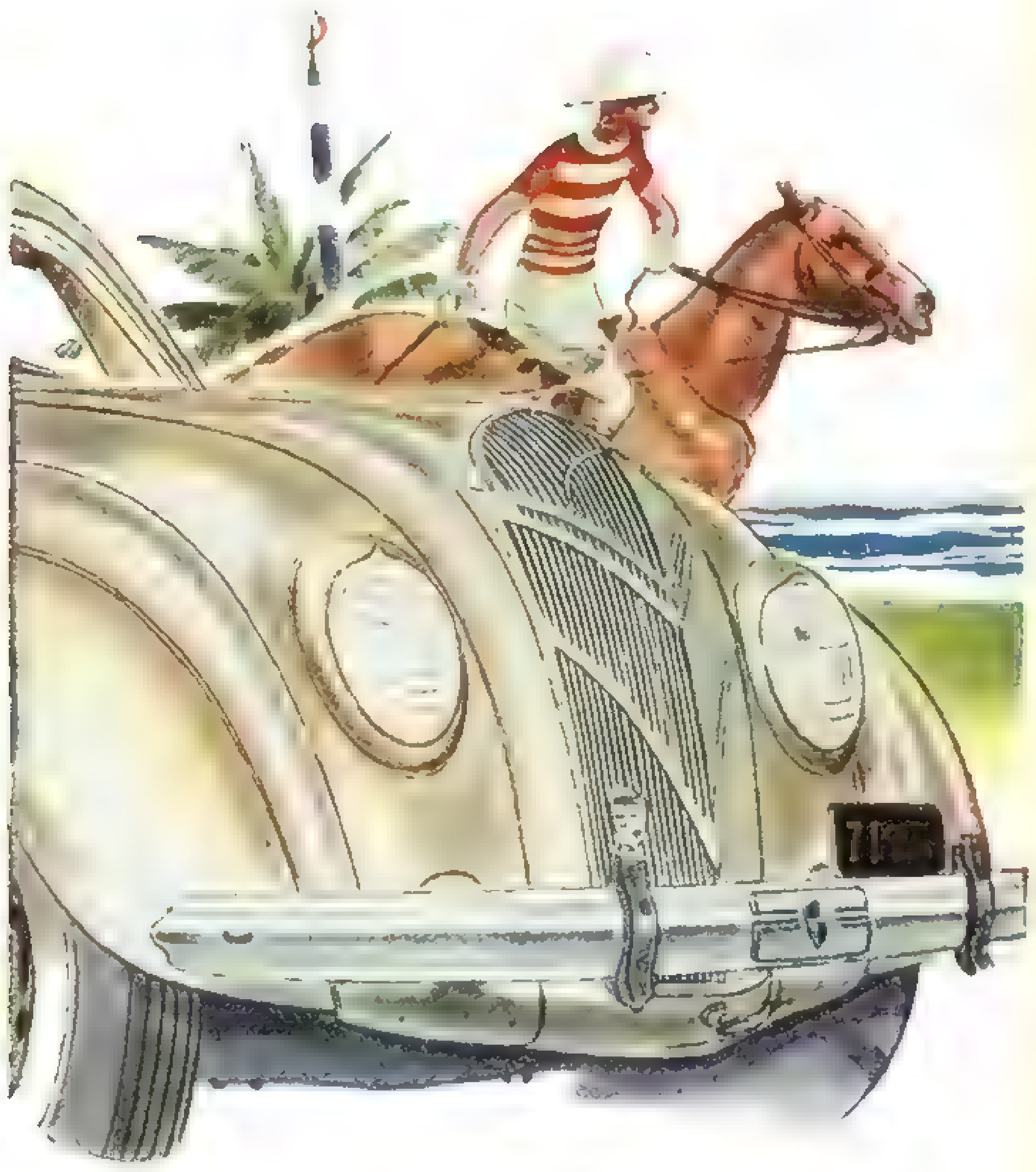
DE SOTO Product of the Chrysler Corporation

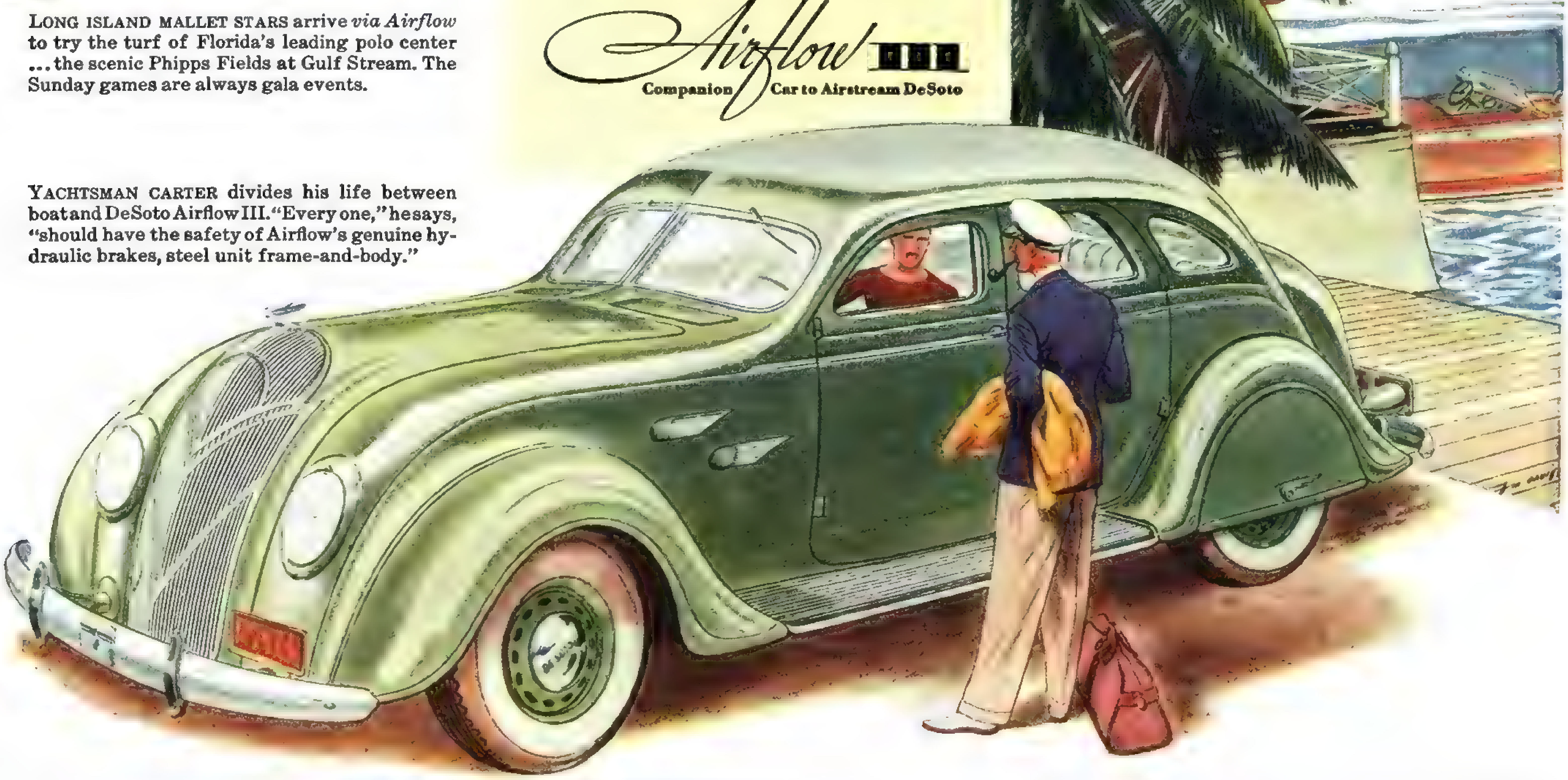
Airflow III

Companion Car to Airstream DeSoto

DANCING AT THE DEAUVILLE...and demonstrating the mode in wide-cut evening frocks. Slippers are in vivid reds, greens and blues.



LONG ISLAND MALLET STARS arrive *via Airflow* to try the turf of Florida's leading polo center ... the scenic Phipps Fields at Gulf Stream. The Sunday games are always gala events.



YACHTSMAN CARTER divides his life between boat and DeSoto Airflow III. "Every one," he says, "should have the safety of Airflow's genuine hydraulic brakes, steel unit frame-and-body."

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this perfect fit and comfort

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Distributors of "Lastex" vest back materials to merchant tailors.

Lastex... THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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Your first sip of "Black & White" tells you why it has been specially selected for you — and offered by the Import Division of America's largest distilling organization.

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HOWARD LALLY
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HOLLAND BEER
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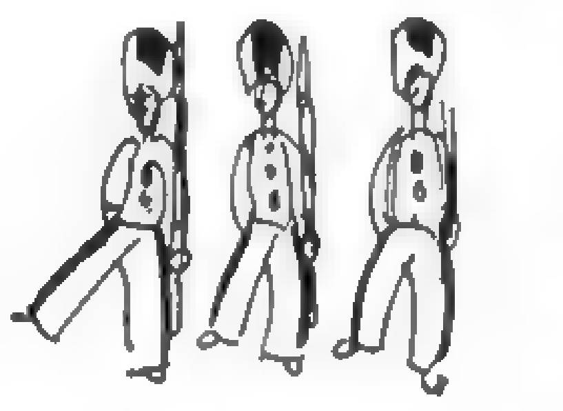
BAR
•
ONE
FIFTH AVENUE
at 8th Street

Mothersills
MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY
STOPS TRAVEL SICKNESS by SEA, AIR and TRAIN

A grand affair was the return of old master Nikita Balieff holding forth with his old guard in the Continental Room of the St. Moritz Hotel, Sixth Avenue and 59th Street. A great deal of caviar has flowed down the Volga since that night we first heard him stutter out his broken English in the old Forty-ninth Street theatre to one of the most distinguished audiences ever assembled. His English is still the same and loyal to him are some of the performers and numbers that made him endeared to America —the Wooden Soldiers (ranks depleted from desertions or death, we can't say) the "Night at Yards" and the pathetic relics of the nobility working as the "Street Singers". This last number is one, fortunately, that improves with age. Ron Perry is an orchestra leader up from the south that seems to be gaining a following as rapidly as he loses that ole southern accent. His rendition of the current scourge, about the music going round and round, awakes louder echoes from the audience than any in town. Which should stand as a record of some sort.



Our out-of-town correspondents are helping us along until that new car is delivered (oh anything from a Ford to a Cadillac will do). The Ritz-Carlton at Atlantic City, wires that patrons are having a fine time on their merry-go-round which "takes nine minutes per revolution". Shame! it took the Russian revolution longer than that and they only drank vodka. To Eddy Bradd's band, the visitors dance the year 'round at the Ritz, bathing beauties on the beach or frosty combers . . . Another enthusiast asks us to mention the Washington Tavern at Roslyn, L. I. This is opposite the clock Tower on the main street and is one of the favorite spots of the north shore. The chicken is above reproach and the lemon chiffon pie (whoops, but this is the correspondent's recommendation) is more masculine than it sounds. Personally we don't touch a pie that doesn't have a denim or sole-leather covering. Anyway at the tavern Edna, the innkeeper's daughter, will greet you and show you where George Washington slept on some of those nights.

First note of spring: If you have relatives that don't drink and want a nice place, try the tea room on the roof of the British Empire Building at Rockefeller Center. Tea is but forty cents and carries with it all the swell English biscuits and thin bread sandwiches. The view alone is worth the price of admission. Its veddy, veddy British but nice nevertheless from the charming chatelaine to the page boy. Certainly not to be missed if showing off the town.

Daruma, up stairs at 1145 Sixth Avenue (on the other side of the street from the Hippodrome, one block north) is one of the oldest and best of the sukiyaki places in town. There are always sailors around, which is a good sign. The fried shrimps are something for epicures. The standard dish of course is the sukiyaki, cooked on your table on a gas burner. They have a way of bringing the vegetables and meat in on a plate, arranged as carefully as a French painter's still-life, which whets your appetite. It makes a pleasant change.

Serge Walter has been brought in to play the piano at the cocktail hour in the Cloister Bar at the Marguery, 270 Park. This may drown out what Quentin says to pretty Anita but it is welcome to the other newsmen and executives there daily . . . Harriet Hilliard, back from Hollywood, has joined Ozzie Nelson at the Silver Grill of the Lexington Hotel. Nelson is still the idol of most of the prep-school hoofers and their finishing school dates . . .

Continued on page 20

SALON MADRID
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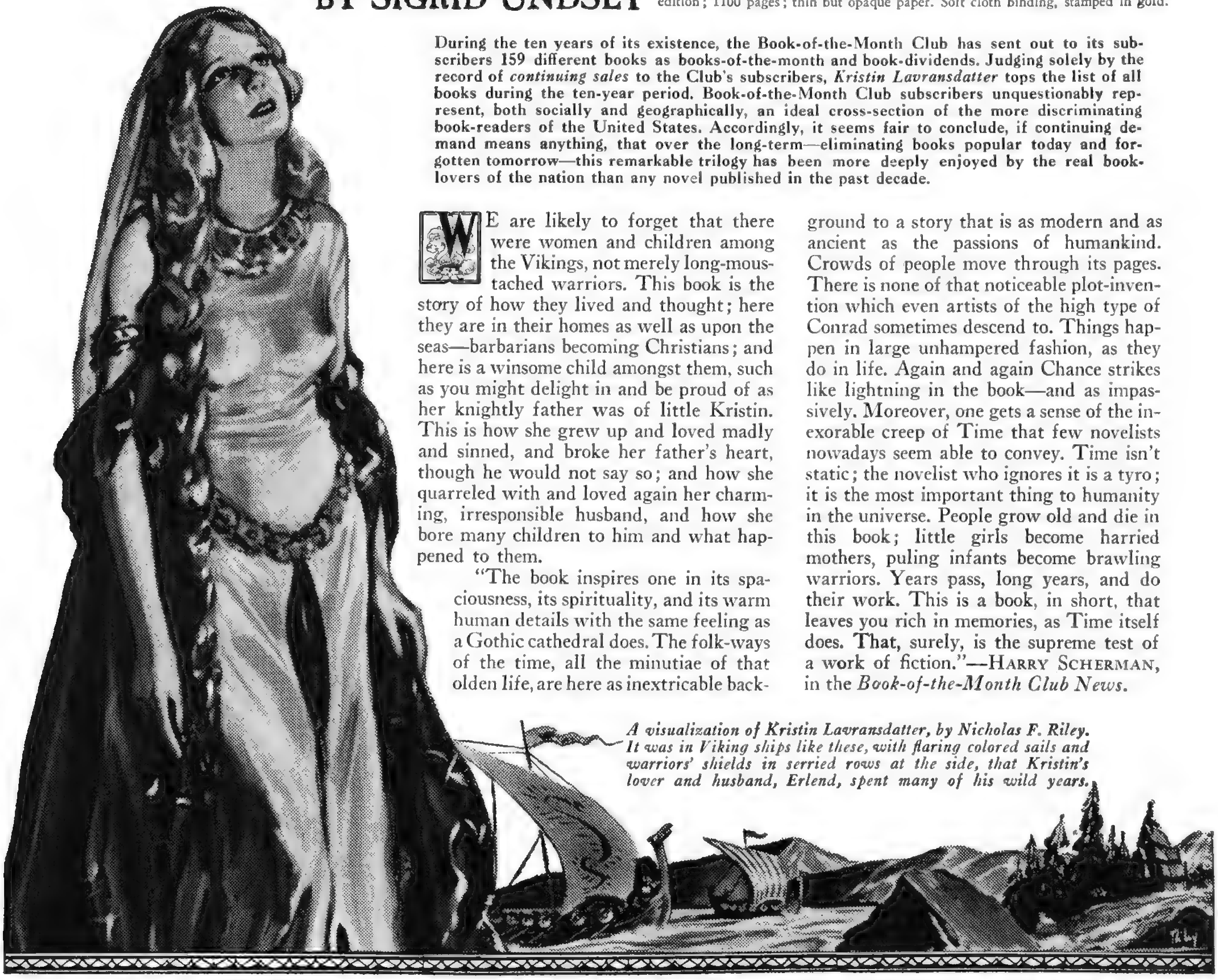

During the ten years of its existence, the Book-of-the-Month Club has sent out to its subscribers 159 different books as books-of-the-month and book-dividends. Judging solely by the record of *continuing sales* to the Club's subscribers, *Kristin Lavransdatter* tops the list of all books during the ten-year period. Book-of-the-Month Club subscribers unquestionably represent, both socially and geographically, an ideal cross-section of the more discriminating book-readers of the United States. Accordingly, it seems fair to conclude, if continuing demand means anything, that over the long-term—eliminating books popular today and forgotten tomorrow—this remarkable trilogy has been more deeply enjoyed by the real book-lovers of the nation than any novel published in the past decade.

WE are likely to forget that there were women and children among the Vikings, not merely long-moustached warriors. This book is the story of how they lived and thought; here they are in their homes as well as upon the seas—barbarians becoming Christians; and here is a winsome child amongst them, such as you might delight in and be proud of as her knightly father was of little Kristin. This is how she grew up and loved madly and sinned, and broke her father's heart, though he would not say so; and how she quarreled with and loved again her charming, irresponsible husband, and how she bore many children to him and what happened to them.

"The book inspires one in its spaciousness, its spirituality, and its warm human details with the same feeling as a Gothic cathedral does. The folk-ways of the time, all the minutiae of that olden life, are here as inextricable background to a story that is as modern and as ancient as the passions of humankind. Crowds of people move through its pages. There is none of that noticeable plot-invention which even artists of the high type of Conrad sometimes descend to. Things happen in large unhampered fashion, as they do in life. Again and again Chance strikes like lightning in the book—and as impassively. Moreover, one gets a sense of the inexorable creep of Time that few novelists nowadays seem able to convey. Time isn't static; the novelist who ignores it is a tyro; it is the most important thing to humanity in the universe. People grow old and die in this book; little girls become harried mothers, puling infants become brawling warriors. Years pass, long years, and do their work. This is a book, in short, that leaves you rich in memories, as Time itself does. That, surely, is the supreme test of a work of fiction."—HARRY SCHERMAN, in the *Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

A visualization of Kristin Lavransdatter, by Nicholas F. Riley. It was in Viking ships like these, with flaring colored sails and warriors' shields in serried rows at the side, that Kristin's lover and husband, Erlend, spent many of his wild years.

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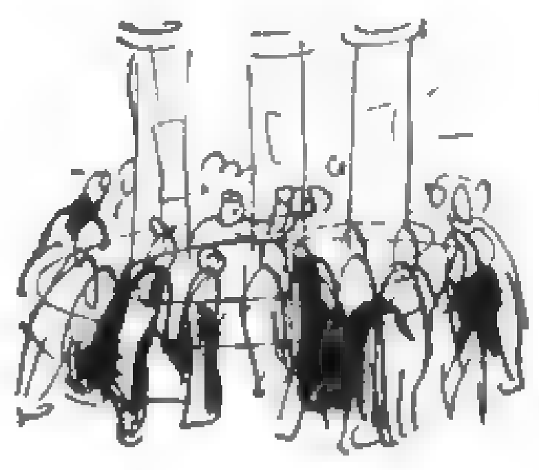
The Biltmore may have heard all about colored mirrors and strips of chromium but they will have none of it. Opening a new bar the first of the year they displayed the old fumed oak of our pappy's days. One or two modern lights were a gesture to progress but the rest was the sort of equipment that makes 80 per cent of the commuters late for dinner every night. The space is vast and allows you to play a sort of ring-around-the-rosy about the center bar. We predict it will still be the suburbanite wives' greatest enemy.



We came in for a couple of openings that had merit in one way or another. It was our first visit to Chateau Moderne, 42 East 50th Street, a quiet place of considerable charm where the food is good and the music popular. We are two ways about mentioning the young lady who made her debut that night. She has a great deal of inherited and acquired talent but should not rely on that alone as she could do for some hard work and training along this new line, a difficult one at best.

The Hall of the Austrians, 245 East 82nd Street, is one of our favorite Viennese restaurants. Here you get native dishes, from seventy-five cents up and domestic or imported beers. The white wines are excellent. A small but spirited orchestra will play you "Tales From the Vienna Woods" on slightest provocation or any other of your nostalgic favorites.

If you are interested in where we had the most exciting night of the month, listen to the tale of the Savoy Ball Room, Lenox Avenue and 140th Street. This is no tourist joint ribbed up with dusky singers of hot songs for the out-of-town firemen but a dignified gathering place of the local residents for their various affairs. Sometimes protest meetings are held there or charity benefits but usually it is turned over to the natural enjoyment of people who were born with rhythm and who wouldn't know a complex from a watermelon. There are two bands, so that one of them is playing all the time, and the block long floor is never deserted. No hard liquor is served, the folks come here to dance. And do they dance. Whatever the mode in dancing, you will find it done a little better here than any other place in town. Just now it is "trucking", an open work sort of forward pass that can not be picked up by amateurs and is never done exactly right by Nordics. Half the dancers on the floor are a hundred percent better than Fred Astaire, if that gives you an idea, and two or three couples might teach the De Marcos a step or two. We advise you go Saturday night as there are contests then and after midnight the rivalry brings out some stepping that is worth going miles to see. We noted some tails and tilted noses coming in as we were leaving but hope that too many of the upper "clahs" don't make it a fad.

El Chico, at 80 Grove Street, is one of our favorites in the authentic foreign restaurants. It is the most elaborate of the lot with a big floor show of native talent. These singers and dancers are not to be confused with the local girls who rent a pair of castanets, take a few lessons and then assault the public. Director Collada's talent is usually just off the boat and comprises some of the leading favorites of Madrid. As for food, you can get both kinds. We like the Spanish ourselves and this of course should be taken with a native wine. Some of the Argentine and Chile wines are excellent, a sort of sauterne with a delicate bouquet.

Continued on page 22

SERT ROOM
Dinner Dancing
Supper Dancing
King and Cugat Orchestras
At Supper
Georges and Jalna—Dances
Evening dress
EMPIRE ROOM
Dinner and Supper Dancing
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Because:
1. *It has the comfort and luxury of a 125-inch wheelbase*
2. *It has fine-car engineering throughout*
3. *The advertised prices ($835 to $995*) are the sedan prices!*

"ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED MOTOR CARS"

If you really want the greatest value for your money when you buy a car in the price class of the Nash Ambassador, follow the simple guide above.

Wheelbase length is the real key to genuine big-car size, comfort, safety. But naturally, size alone does not insure fine-car engineering. It's important to remember, too, that an advertised price is often for the smallest coupe in the line—not for a sedan.

The Nash Ambassador is not a scaled-down model of a larger existing car. These are the largest, finest sedans in the entire Nash line for 1936! They have a 125-inch wheelbase! Compare that with other leading cars in this price class in the chart at the right.

The Nash Ambassador has the famous Nash "Twin-Ignition" engine and all of the long-life engineering features usually found only in the most expensive cars. It gives you big, double-acting hydraulic brakes, too, and a rugged, all-steel body with steel top!

There has been no "skimping" in upholstery, in fittings, or in those innumerable refinements that you have a right to expect in a fine car. The new Ambassador is even more luxurious, even roomier, even more beautifully designed inside and out than models formerly priced around $2,000! It's safer and stronger, too!

Yet the prices of these big, luxurious sedans start at $835 and end at $995! If you have always hoped to own a Nash Ambassador, this is the year to buy it! Any Nash-LaFayette dealer will arrange for you to drive it. The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

***FEATURES** Twin-Ignition Engine . . . All-Steel Body, Steel Top . . . Super Hydraulic Brakes . . . Luxurious Interiors . . . Nash Automatic Cruising Gear, at slight extra cost.*

How the Nash Ambassador compares with its 4 leading competitors

CAR	WHEELBASE	PRICE RANGE 4-DOOR SEDANS
Nash	125 inches	$885 to $995
Car A	118-122 "	$885 to $1090
B	118-121 "	$875 to $1045
C	115-121 "	$820 to $935
D	120 "	$1115

***CAUTION:** An advertised price is often for the smallest coupe in the line—and not for a sedan!*

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125-INCH WHEELBASE SEDANS $835 TO $995 (**at the factory. New Nash "400", Standard and DeLuxe models, $665 and up, f.o.b. factory. LaFayette $595 and up f.o.b. factory* NEW 6% C.I.T. TIME-PAYMENT PLAN AVAILABLE)

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There is a legend in the places of the world where men care what goes into their stomachs, that if you follow Julian Street you will come to a very happy end. Consequently when we saw him slinking down East 60th the other day and turn into number 19 we determined to follow. And it was a great hunch. The restaurant Mascotte is one of those places that you would probably miss unless you had been told about it. Quiet, dignified and without ballyhoo, it serves a small clientelle of discerning folk. If you can scrape up the funds you had better try it before you die. It is an experience of an epicure's lifetime. Baptiste Demarie, one of the two pupils of the famous Escoffier located in America is the chef. What he can do with a leg of actual baby lamb defies description. And the soup, we are willing to wager, can not be duplicated this side of Paris. Before that we had a hot canape, and after the lamb, a field salad. Then at the end a zablione that was a tippler's dream of heaven. Try and persuade Bernard to mix it for you as he does at home. And remember that this has no relation to the affair you get in Italian restaurants. With the lamb we had a Cheateau Haut Brion, 1924, a vintage we can remember for many months. Remember, though, that this is no place for those who like to dine at soda fountains. Maybe that luncheon can be bettered. We doubt it but of course with our tummy devoted to our readers, we are open for conviction.

Did we tell you that we had exhausted the supply of Swedish Restaurants? If we did we were mistaken. But we are not sorry, for the Gripsholm, at 324 East 57th Street, is one of the very best. Ragnar Asplund, points with pride that his place is really Swedish and not Danish, as some of them are and that he does not depend for a living on a can-opener. We are glad to assent and urge you to take your fill of the smorsgabord (God, we're tired of looking up the spelling of that word) and then not fear the rest of the dinner. For that is excellent too. We downed a duck and ended up with the pancakes and topped that with caloric, straight. For wine we tried the Vosne-Romanee, 1929, a Burgundy that should go down in your memory book. If Chambertin is the prince of wines, as the French say, Vosnee-Romanee is one of the dukes.

Before we take off our white tie we might as well mention the best dressed crowd of the month. We found it at the Persian Room of the Plaza where the ropes go up early and where no one leaves until the last hope has been exhausted of getting another dance number from the De Marcos. We were struck by a sudden fear the other night that these two might be working themselves out of a job, falling under the curse of these times—the machine. Some bright inventor will probably decide that he can make a contrivance that will duplicate their perfect rhythms and then where will they be? They are almost too good, if you know what we mean. A touch of human error now and then, on the part of performers, helps to keep the onlookers from dying of their inferiorities. Eddie Duchin and his orchestra are the perfect set-up for the swank younger clientelle and the new decorations—well they are adequate. (We couldn't keep our title of Old Sourpuss if we didn't register one complaint: why don't muralists who go in for the Persian study Persian prints. Where did they get that green?) The Plaza we have known now for many a year boy and man and we have never known them to lag or fall under the blight of most hostelries. If we ran a joint we would certainly send in spies to find out their secret.

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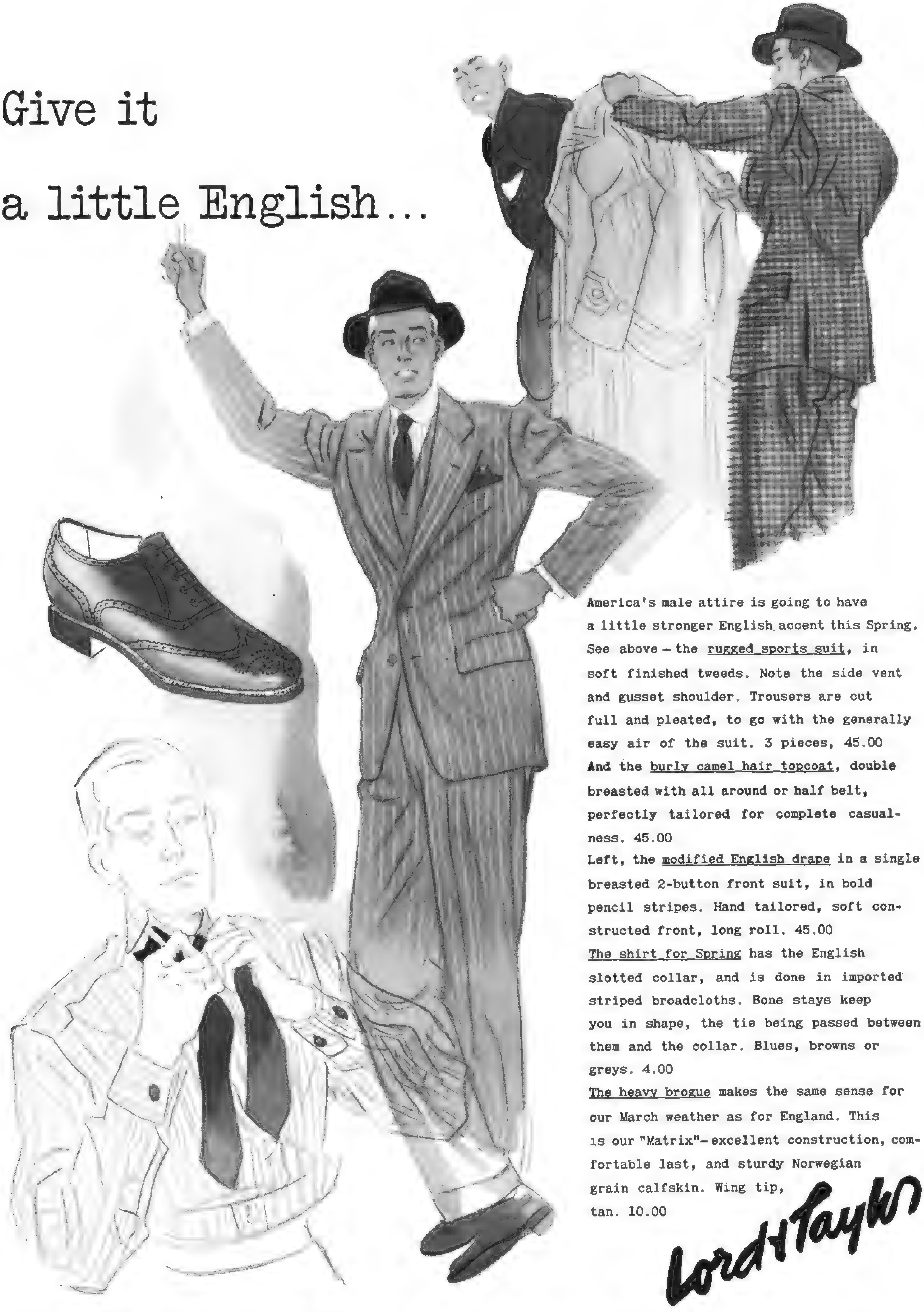

America's male attire is going to have a little stronger English accent this Spring. See above — the rugged sports suit, in soft finished tweeds. Note the side vent and gusset shoulder. Trousers are cut full and pleated, to go with the generally easy air of the suit. 3 pieces, 45.00

And the burly camel hair topcoat, double breasted with all around or half belt, perfectly tailored for complete casualness. 45.00

Left, the modified English drape in a single breasted 2-button front suit, in bold pencil stripes. Hand tailored, soft constructed front, long roll. 45.00

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Emil Lengyel is the author of several books, including *The Cauldron Boils, The New Deal in Europe, Cattle Car Express, A Prisoner of War in Siberia,* and *Millions of Dictators.* He says: "Although I wholly disapprove of Europe, I pay annual visits to it which I enjoy mainly because of the prospects of my return to a safer and saner America. Call it naturalized jingoism if you like." His article, *Prince Starhemberg,* is on page 50.

◆

Padraic Colum is a member of the Irish Academy of Letters. He started writing in Dublin when that city was a literary center, with Yeats, A. E., George Moore, and Synge among his elders whom he frequently met, and James Joyce and James Stephens among his contemporaries. It was during those days that he wrote *The Fiddler's House* and *Thomas Muskerry* for the Abbey Theatre. He has been in America for several years. His latest book is *The Legend of Saint Columbia.* His portrait of George Moore appears on page 62.

◆

Lieut. H. B. Miller was graduated from Annapolis in 1924. He has been flying for the past ten years in the usual duties of naval aviation—catapulting from battleships, carriers, instructing at Pensacola, and now scouting from a heavy cruiser, the *U. S. S. Northampton.* He says he has had the great good fortune to make several three-point landings on editorial desks in the last six years, mostly in the line of fiction and non-fiction for boys. Last summer a cruise to the Far North gave him an opportunity to see the grand work Alaskan pilots are doing. Hence, *Sourdough Pilots,* page 87.

◆

Russell Davis says: "I've been through the usual schools, taught them a little, and the rest of the time hung around the house here answering the phone and cutting the grass. I have never worked on a newspaper, killed meaty animals, been in an airplane, married. Not even a narrow escape from death to my record. When I was seven years old a girl whom I very much loved hung me a Maybasket and pulled the bell and ran. I chased her but she could run faster than I and so I never caught her." This will give you a rough idea of *She Couldn't Get Steady Work,* on page 64.

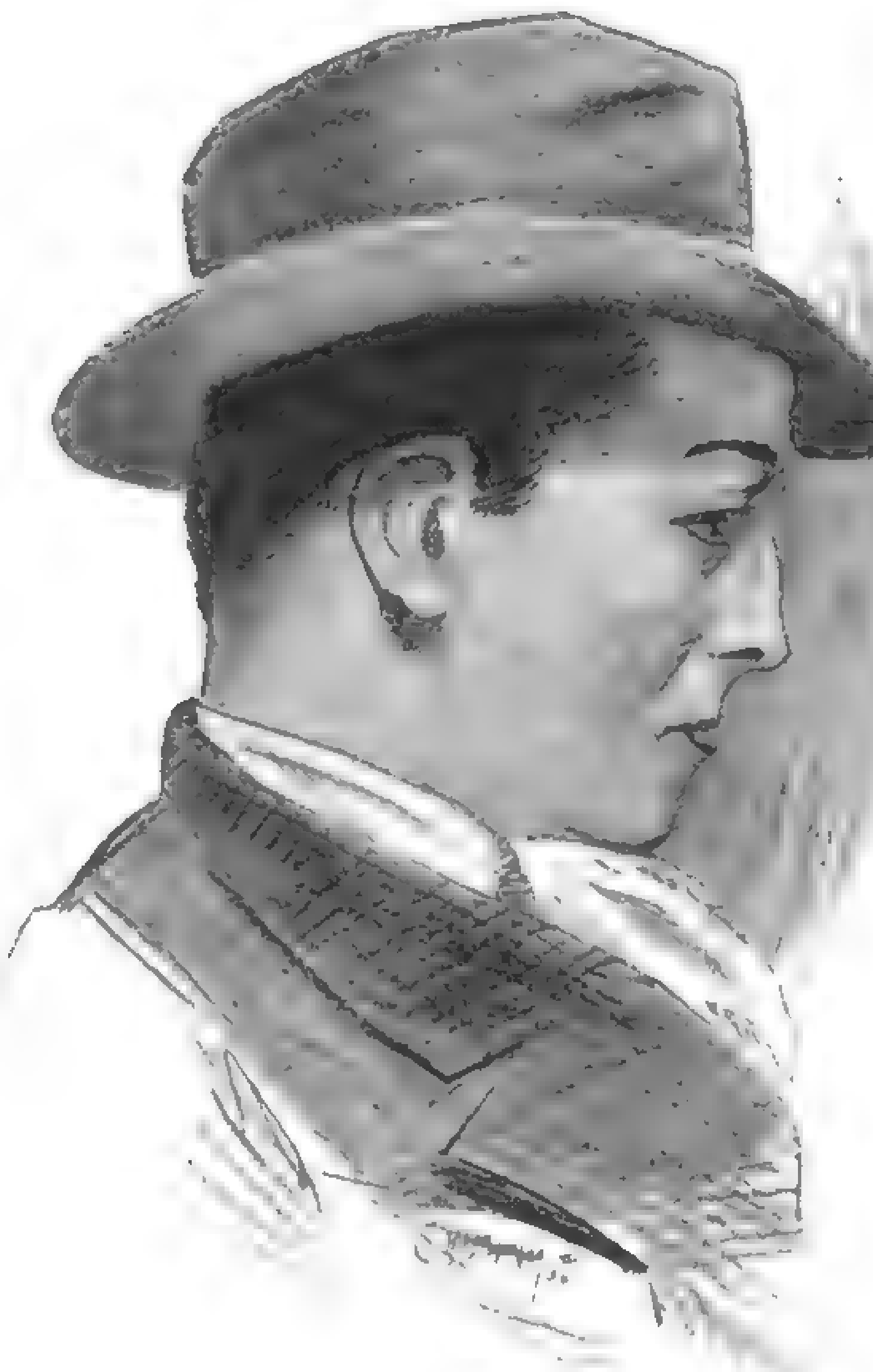
◆

Morton Thompson, (*Apprentice of Manly Art*—page 89), is a columnist and reporter on the *Hollywood Citizen-News.* One of his fellow reporters, explaining that Morton stutters when he talks about himself, sent us the following biography: "He was born in New York City, went to Columbia University, graduated to the *Bronx Home News.* He worked briefly on the *New York Herald-Trib* and *Graphic,* then went west, taking over a couple of small papers at first, so he could give himself a steady job. He's 29, he's married, he's got two babies. He likes to hunt and fish and is a crack shot with a rifle. He talks about grand opera as if he knew what it was all about, has a pretty fair barroom tenor, and once was caught taking singing lessons. He buys first editions when he can afford them. He's probably the world's worst poker player. He has a sense of humor."

◆

Lawrence Martin, (*So Pink the Professor*—page 42), is a professor of journalism at Northwestern University and a frequent contributor to Esquire.

Lawrence Martin



J. M. Hopkins

Discovery of the Month is **J. M. Hopkins,** whose first published story is *The Stick of Gum,* which appears on page 84. He sent the story to us at the suggestion of Ernest Hemingway, whom the scorekeeper hereby credits with an assist. (Incidentally, E. H. begged off this month, being too busy with other work to do his usual piece.) Mr. Hopkins sent in this dope for our Situation Wanted department: "I was born in Louisiana; attended Louisiana State University now and then, scheduling journalism; and walked silently past the coffin of Huey Pierce Long. My unfinished education—to be never finished—has been somewhat liberal, and though it has taught me how to live life, it neglected to teach me to earn a living. It has been my unfortunate experience to have never held a job more than three months. I have had only three jobs during my twenty-two years. I could be an excellent newspaper man, given the experience, but no editor seems likely to give me the experience. My most outstanding characteristic is the inability to get a newspaper job. I am a Christian and a Catholic, to my deep regret. I intend to someday make my living by writing a *good* prose, and I dare not think of the unemployed interval between. I read the philosophers and lived through it, but lost ambition; and now my main desire in life is to write something that I shall be proud of later on. I have not succeeded, but with luck I shall. Of living authors I like Ernest Hemingway's prose best."

◆

Richard Condon, Jr., (*Michael Finn, Mixer*—page 99) was born in 1915. He attended no college, and learned about Mickey Finns as a waiter on a world cruise. This is his first published work. He says: "In the past two years have held such jobs as: miniature golf professional, elevator operator, bell boy, night clerk in Bermuda, bookkeeper, photographic model, night cook in Detroit, painter in Chicago, sea going waiter and copywriter. Like all other young men I'm sure I'll go very far. To look at I'm tall and bewildered with the kind of a chassis that will probably be fat at forty."

◆

Colby G. Rucker (*Erratic Torpedoes*—page 66) says: "I am thirty-two years old, was graduated from the U. S. Naval Academy in 1924, and am at present Executive Officer, of the *U. S. Submarine Bass.* I was married to Marcelyn Boyden Buxton of Baltimore in 1932 which, there being no children, is still the most important occasion in our family annals. I try to divide my time equally between my ship and my home, but find this most difficult in the face of the operating schedule and the old custom which decrees that an executive should 'only go ashore with the sheet anchor.' My home in San Diego has a watch tower which gives an uninterrupted view of the bay and ocean."

◆

Quentell Violett (*Enjoyable Days at Sea*—page 69) was born in New York in 1898 and educated at Westminster School and Yale-Sheffield. He has served in the Yale Batteries, the U. S. Signal Corps and with the Leinster Regiment in Malabar, India, where he was wounded three times. He has visited more than thirty countries, speaks five languages, has sailed three oceans and a dozen seas, has published several articles in newspapers, has been married once and divorced.

Donald Peattie is married to Louise Redfield Peattie, novelist and grand-niece of Robert Kennicott, of whom he writes on page 94. For many years he has passed much of his time at the old country home of Kennicott's boyhood, studying its biota, a unique preserve of American wild life near Chicago. His book, *An Almanac For Moderns,* was hailed by Burton Rascoe in our pages as "destined to become a classic." And just to show you how right we always are, it received the first annual gold medal offered by the Limited Editions Club as the book written by an American author within the past three years most likely to become a classic. It was followed by *Singing in the Wilderness,* a Salute to John James Audubon. Mr. Peattie is now writing a book on the lives of the great naturalists, to be published by Simon and Schuster.

◆

George Milburn (*The Post Office Flag*—page 90) was born at Coweta, Indian Territory, in 1906, but is *not* a descendant of Pocahontas—in fact he's a mixture of Irish, Spanish, Scotch and German. He started college at seventeen, but didn't get beyond the second year. The wanderlust got him, and he bummed his way about the country. Poverty forced him to do some writing—a series of stories that belong to the saga of an Oklahoma small town. In 1928 he re-entered college, lived by proofreading and writing jokes for *Judge,* married the prettiest co-ed he could find, and started writing again. Some of his Oklahoma stories were published in *Folk-Say,* and his collection of hobo ballads in *The Hobo's Hornbook.* He has also written *An Oklahoma Town* and *No More Trumpets.*

◆

John Jay Daly is the author of *In the Dog House,* which we solemnly class as an article on page 81. He claims the distinction of being one of the few Washington newspapermen born in Washington. He was dramatic editor of the *Washington Post* for eight years, but gave it up "when the theatre went the way of the world." He says: "Have been in the newspaper game for the past 20 years and have worked on the smallest and largest papers in America. Have covered stories in Mexico, England and Germany. Am the author of *A Toast to the Flag, The Night After Christmas,* and other poems. Married and have two children, a house, a mortgage, a garage, and a dog house—with no dog."

◆

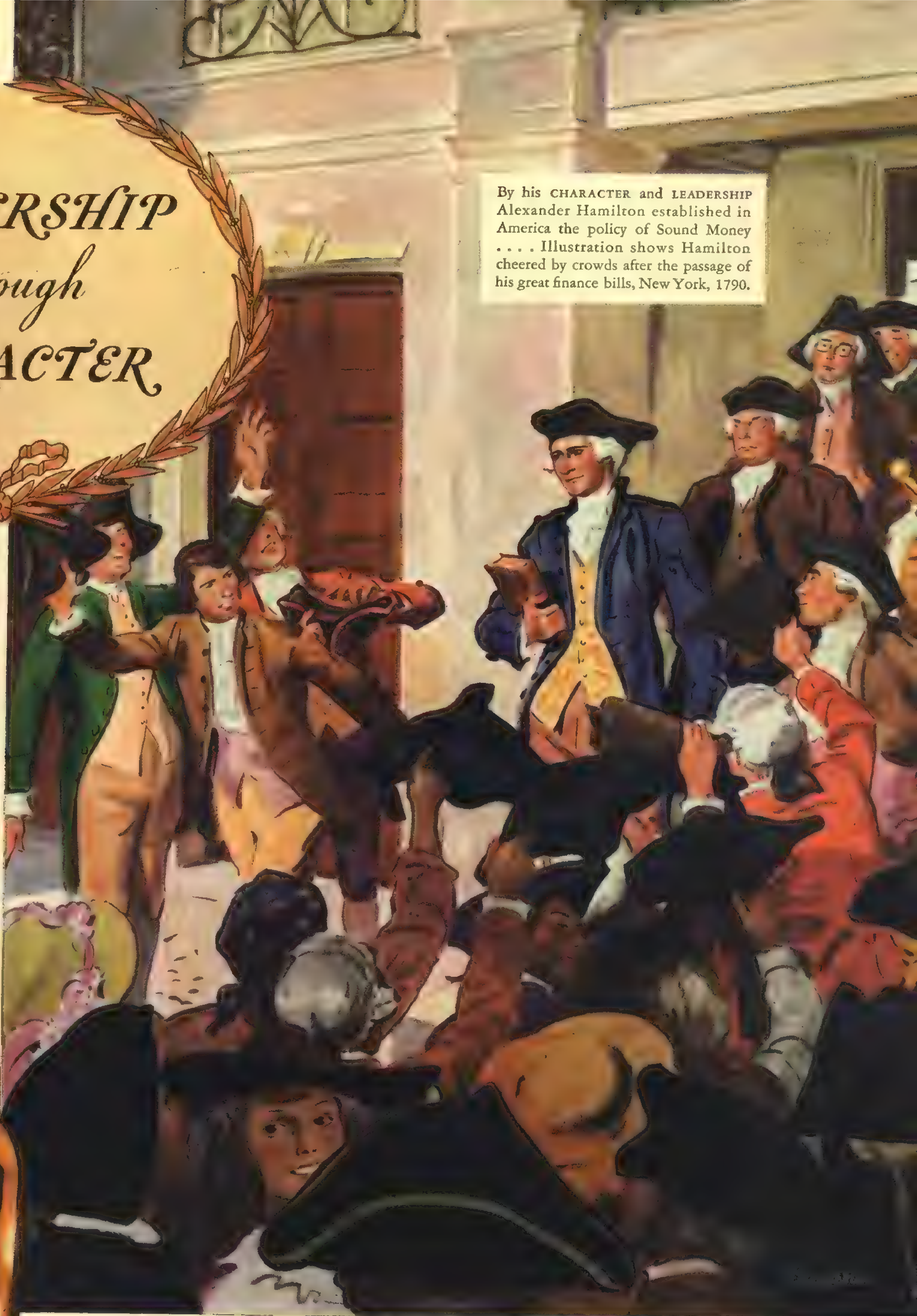
Charles H. D. Robbins says: "I graduated from Princeton in 1925 and have since been acquiring a slightly different type of education in the newspaper business. For some years I have been on the staff of the *American Weekly.* Before that, I did district for the *Philadelphia Inquirer.* I have written one novel and thrown it away. I am working on another which I don't think I shall throw away. I have had various inconspicuous things published in various magazines (names submitted on request). And finally, I once helped edit an anthology of verse and in that way succeeded in getting some of my own verse published." His *Portrait of a Torch* is on page 83.

◆

Louis Zara, home boy who made good with his novel, *Blessed Is the Man,* stopped work on his next book long enough to write *Blind Man's Buff,* which you'll find on page 76.

Louis Zara

LEADERSHIP through CHARACTER



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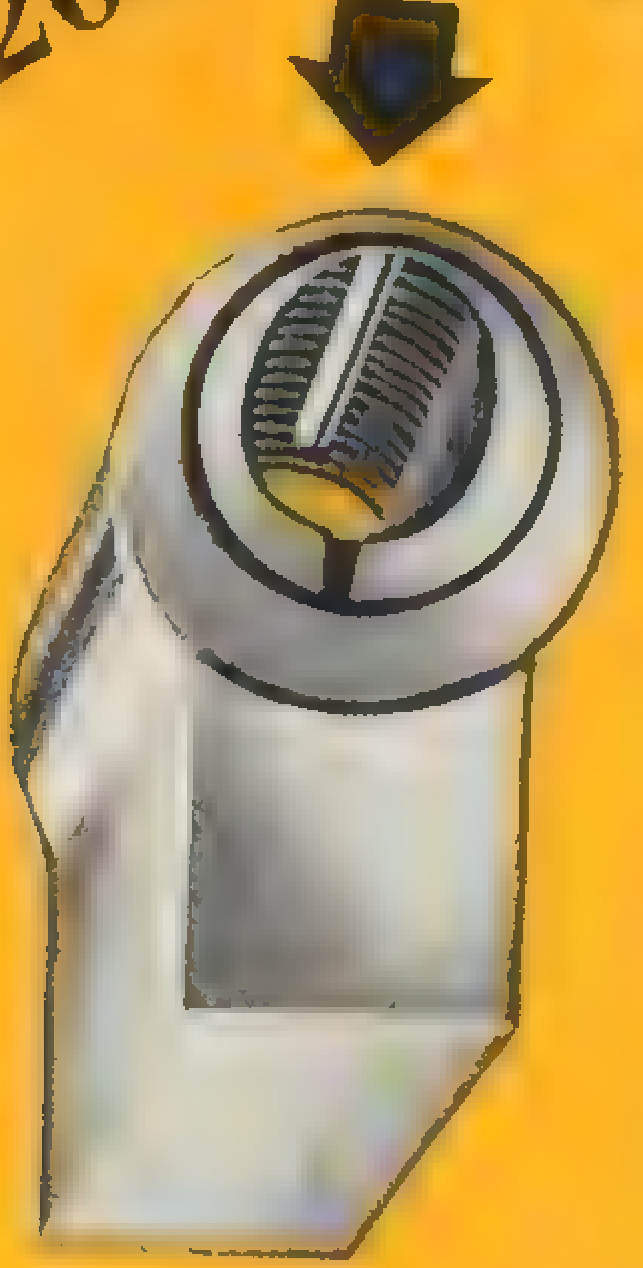

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Issued August 14, 1934.
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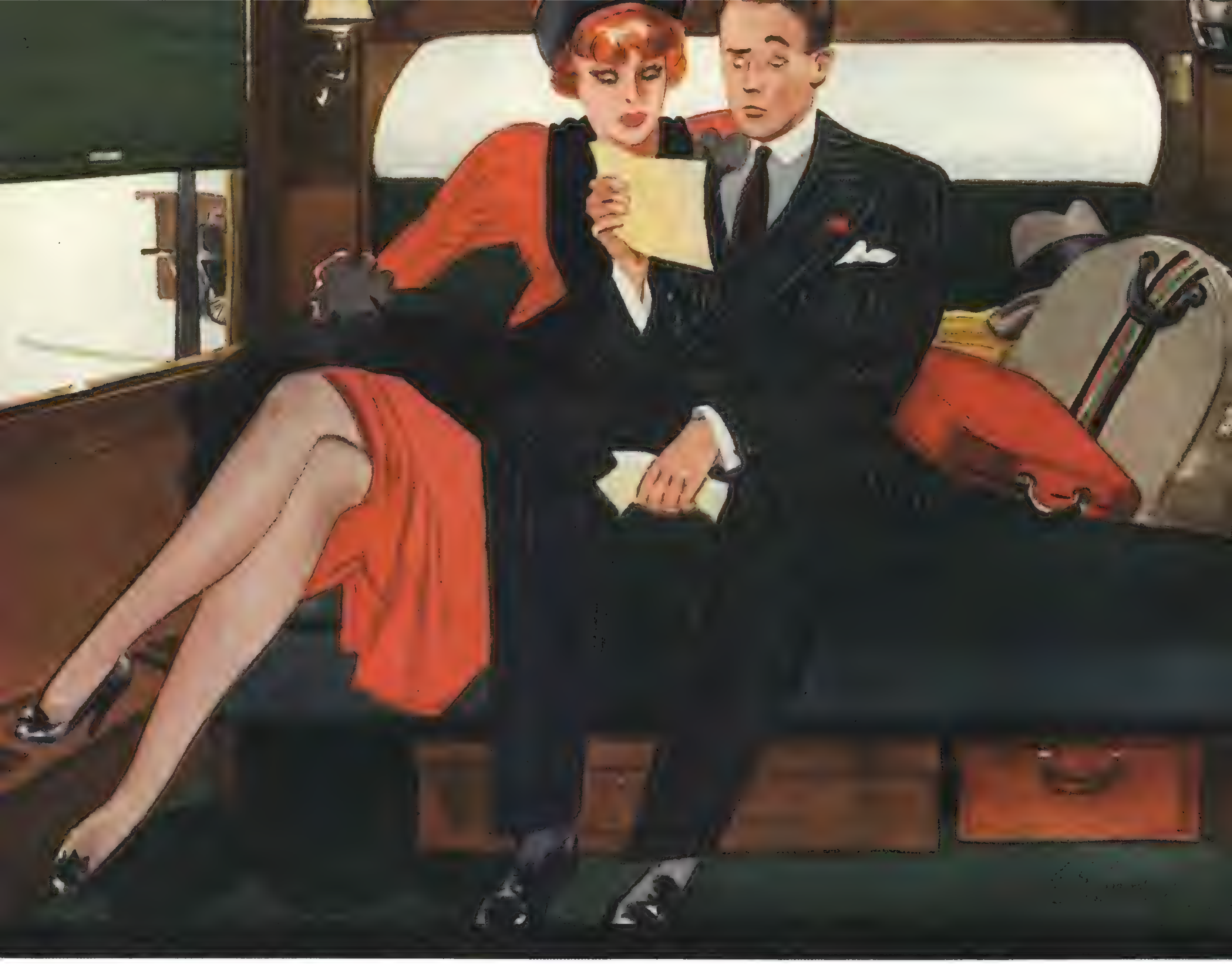

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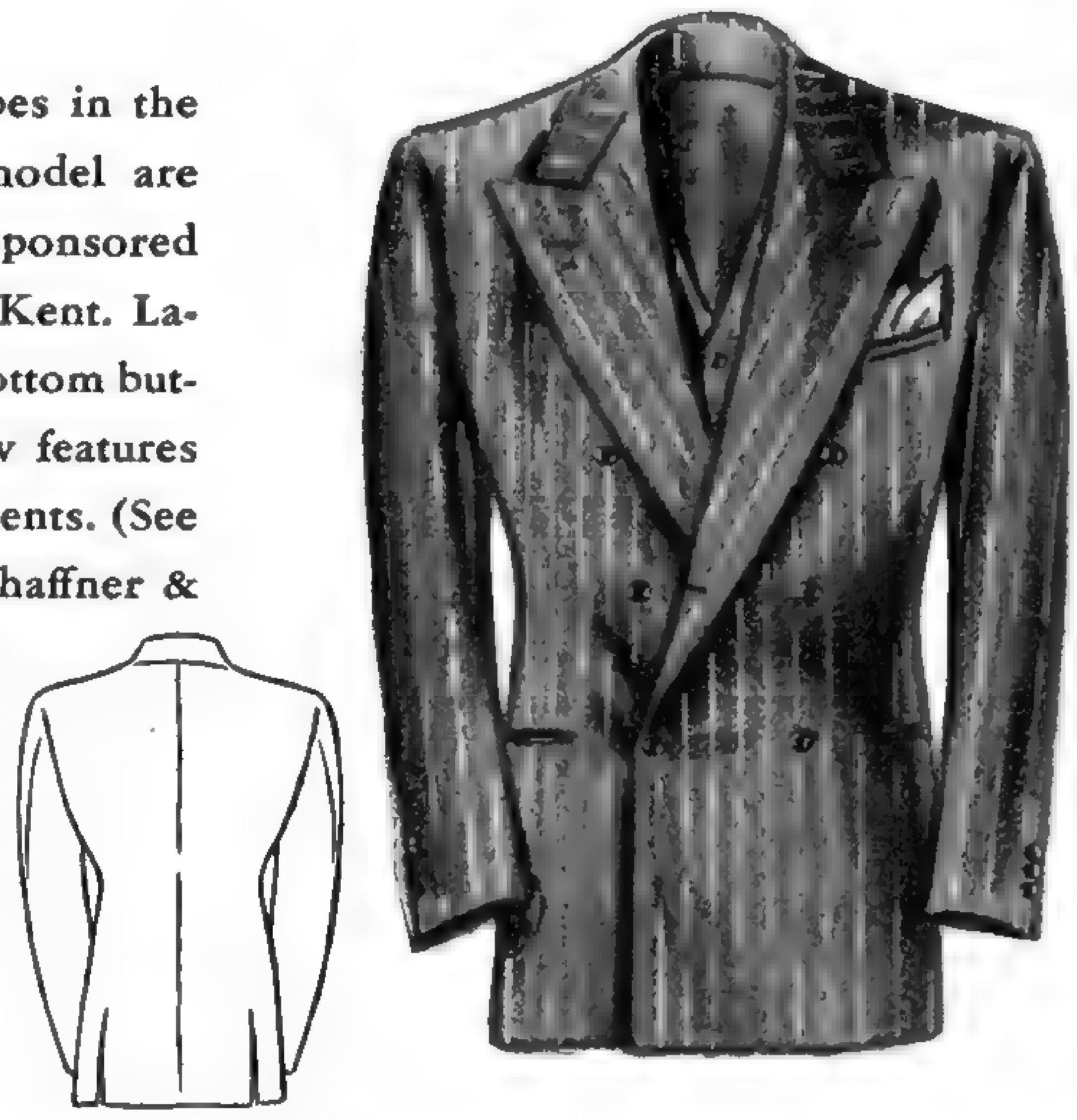

PERHAPS if the author of this telegram had paid as much attention to his wife as he evidently did to his clothes, he might still have both. Without knowing the lady and no reflections intended, it is true that Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes never clashed with his personality, never talked back, never made him uncomfortable at home or in public, and that they kept their good looks a long, long time. That's why men accustomed to the style and comfort of Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes feel lost without them. And that's why they are featured in fine stores throughout the country.

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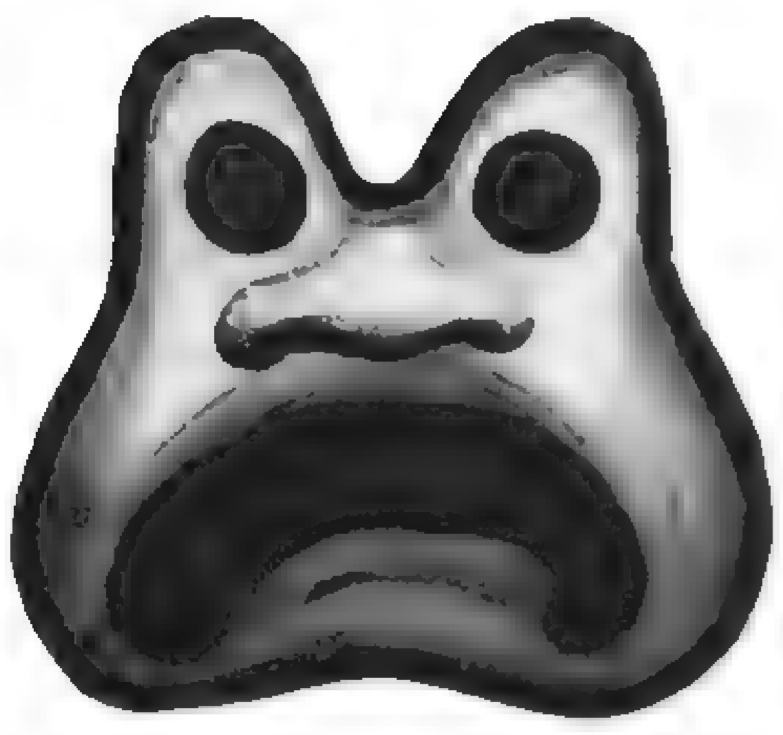
Revue of Reviews



In which S. Choirboy vivisects a few theatrical pundits, only by way of introducing himself

by VAN WYCK POTTER

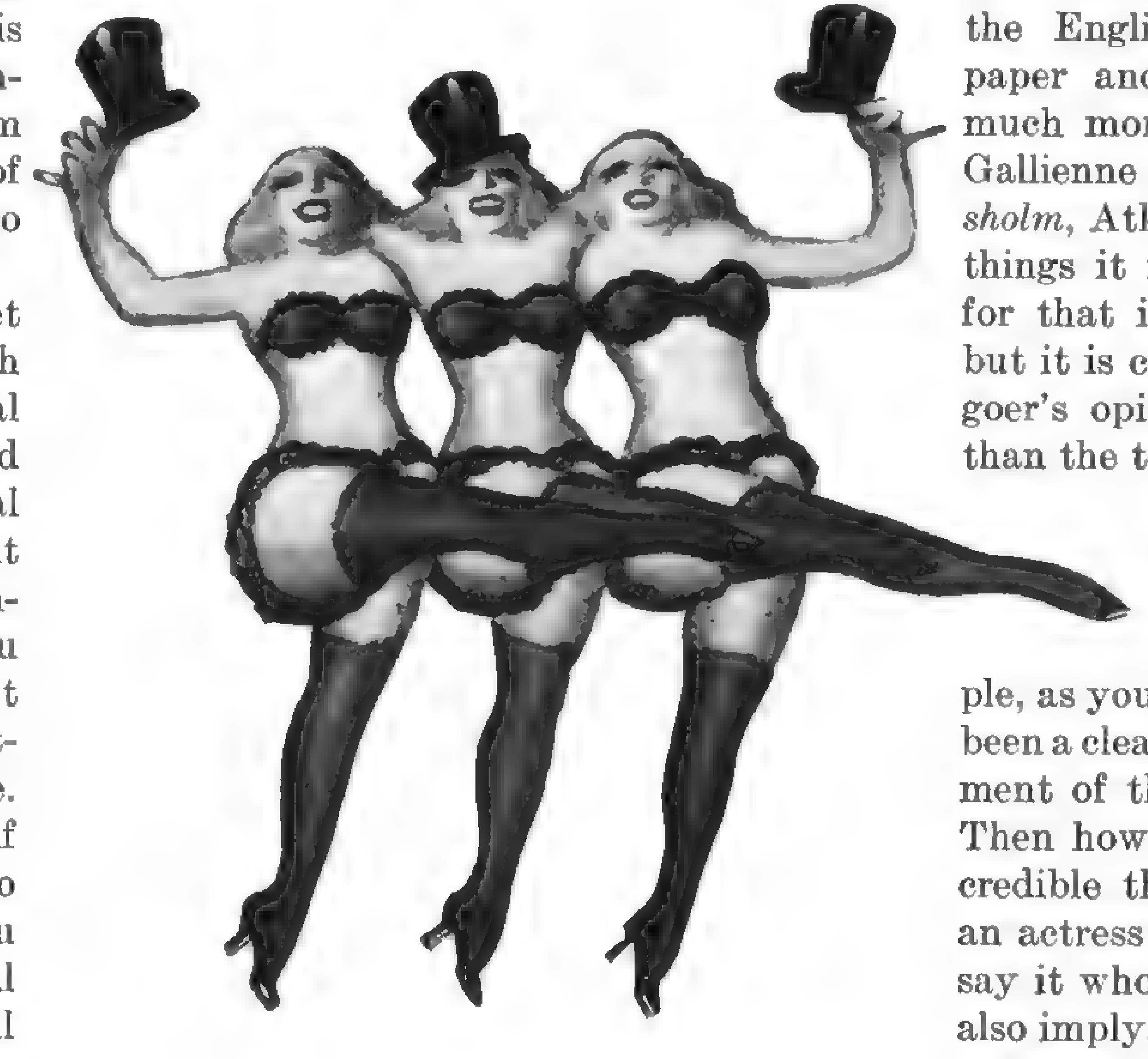
• THEATRE •

Let's not begin under false colors. I am the bird who wrote those letters to the editor, signed S. Choirboy, telling him that I was the only fit man left in the United States to conduct his theatre department and that he should immediately dispatch a grateful wire to Louis B. Mayer, out in Hollywood, thanking him for putting Johnny Weaver in the picture business and thus greatly improving the tone of American dramatic criticism. Not that Johnny was a dramatic critic, in spite of the editor's fanciful belief to the contrary. Johnny's idea of reviewing a play was to pan the scanties off any actress who didn't act the way his wife, Peggy Wood, acts. To Johnny, Katharine Cornell, accordingly, was just a bum and Helen Hayes, Ina Claire and most of the other talented actresses were also pretty lousy.

Well, anyway, even magazine editors get some sense in 'em—if you give 'em enough time, and so when this particular editorial bozolo finally decoded my identity and offered me the job of writing a theatrical department as it should be written, *I* sent *him* a wire telling him to congratulate himself. One thing you can be sure of, you erstwhile suckers, and that is that you won't get any Weaverish hooey in this department, either now or at any time to come. I'll tell you honestly what I think and if you think differently, well, then, nuts to you. I may not always be right, but you can rest assured I'll be loud! At least you'll be able to hear me. That is, unless and until the editor reverts to his former balminess and hires some other squirrel like Johnny to drive his intelligent theatrical readers crazy all over again.

A few words as to who I am. I was born in Chicago on November 6, 1886 and was educated at Harvard. After leaving college at the end of the third year, I joined the company of Richard Mansfield, playing minor roles (very minor) for two years. After that, I played for five years in the companies of Robert B. Mantell, E. H. Sothern, and Kelcey and Shannon. Tiring of the sock and buskin—to be frank about it, it was the sack rather than the sock that was my portion—I went into the other side of the show business and for many years served as press agent, advance man and then company manager for such producers as Charles Frohman, Abe Erlanger, Henry B. Harris and Henry W. Savage, the big stiff. Finally leaving everything commercially connected with the theatre, I married the daughter of the late R. T. Anderson, one of the owners of the old satirical weekly called *Truth*, and lived for some years in Europe, studying the changes that were coming over the theatre and writing several books on the subject, among them *The Altered Demands of Dramaticus*, *Old Stagers*, *Aristotle To Beaumarchais*, and *Are Even Our Greatest Actors Dunces?* The last, I never published. But, take a humble author's word for it, it's a honey! Then I returned to America and have since been living in Westchester, about an hour's easy automobile run from New York. Enough of that—and to the caviar.

Some amusing plays and shows have been seen in New York lately, but one of the most comical, as usual, has been that provided by the lads who write the criticisms. That crack, of course, will naturally call forth the retort that, as I was once a ham actor, it is only natural for me to try to get even with the critics by giving them a dose of their own medicine. But whether the retort is oke or not, I'll give you a general idea of their monkeyshines and let you judge for yourselves. If you conclude that there's something in what I say and want to write in letters to the editor telling him that it was a lucky day for him when he hired me (thus giving me a chance to nick him for more dough), I'll not object. I'm modest that way.



To start off, take the fellow who signs himself simply with the initials W. L. and whose critical specialty is covering the Italian drama in New York for that great Italian journal, the *New York Times*. Reviewing the production of the Teatro d' Arte's *Il Cardinale Giovanni de Medici*—a version of Louis N. Parker's four act drama, *The Cardinal*—this wise guy penned the following: "Imagine the boy Cardinal who is soon to become Pope, a humble priest; the murderer, the powerful Strozzi, a gunman; the virtuoso Chigi, a shopkeeper-banker; and the accused brother of the Cardinal, a bank clerk who dares to love the girl the gunman has marked for his own *—and you have everyday characters*."

The italics, as the phrase goes, are mine.

Now that you have stopped laughing your head off and have begun to wonder what, to that guy's mind, are *not* everyday characters, turn your attention to a veal chop by J. Brooks Atkinson, the official critic of the English-spoken drama for the same paper and a cluck who usually displays much more sense. Reviewing the Eva Le Gallienne performance of Ibsen's *Rosmersholm*, Atkinson yodeled, "By the nature of things it is not a passionate performance, for that is not Miss Le Gallienne's style, but it is clear and simple and, in this playgoer's opinion, considerably more credible than the text from which it springs." Come, come, dear Atkinson, that's the worst kind of critical hamfatting and you know it! If the performance was clear and simple, as you say it was, it logically must have been a clear and simple reflection and restatement of the role and the text, mustn't it? Then how in God's name could it be *more* credible than the text? You are flattering an actress at the expense of a script, and I say it who once was an actor himself! You also imply, clearly and simply — your "but" indicates as much—that a passionate performance of Rebecca West would have been better. Well, would that have been, in your opinion, even more considerably credible than the text? An individual performance, whatever its nature, can never be more credible than the text from which it springs, any more than a piano solo can be more melodious than the musical composition from which it springs. Both can be good or bad, better or worse, but they can't be more *credible* than the thing itself. Change your drinks, Brooksie!

Kyle S. Crichton, who writes occasional dramatic criticism for *The New Masses* under the name of Robert Forsythe and who yells his bean off in a frenzy of excitement for any play that says loudly enough that the climate in Moscow the year 'round is grander than that at Palm Beach, has let himself go on Clifford Odets' *Paradise Lost.* Like all the other Redical critics, Crichton-Forsythe considers Odets the hottest baby that has ever shown up in the American drama. If you mention Shakespeare, Ibsen, Strindberg or any other such bourgeois vermin in the same breath with him, these

Continued on page 186

The Old Man of the Sea

Post-war legend of a patriarch who kept clear of the mud of reality by riding his own son

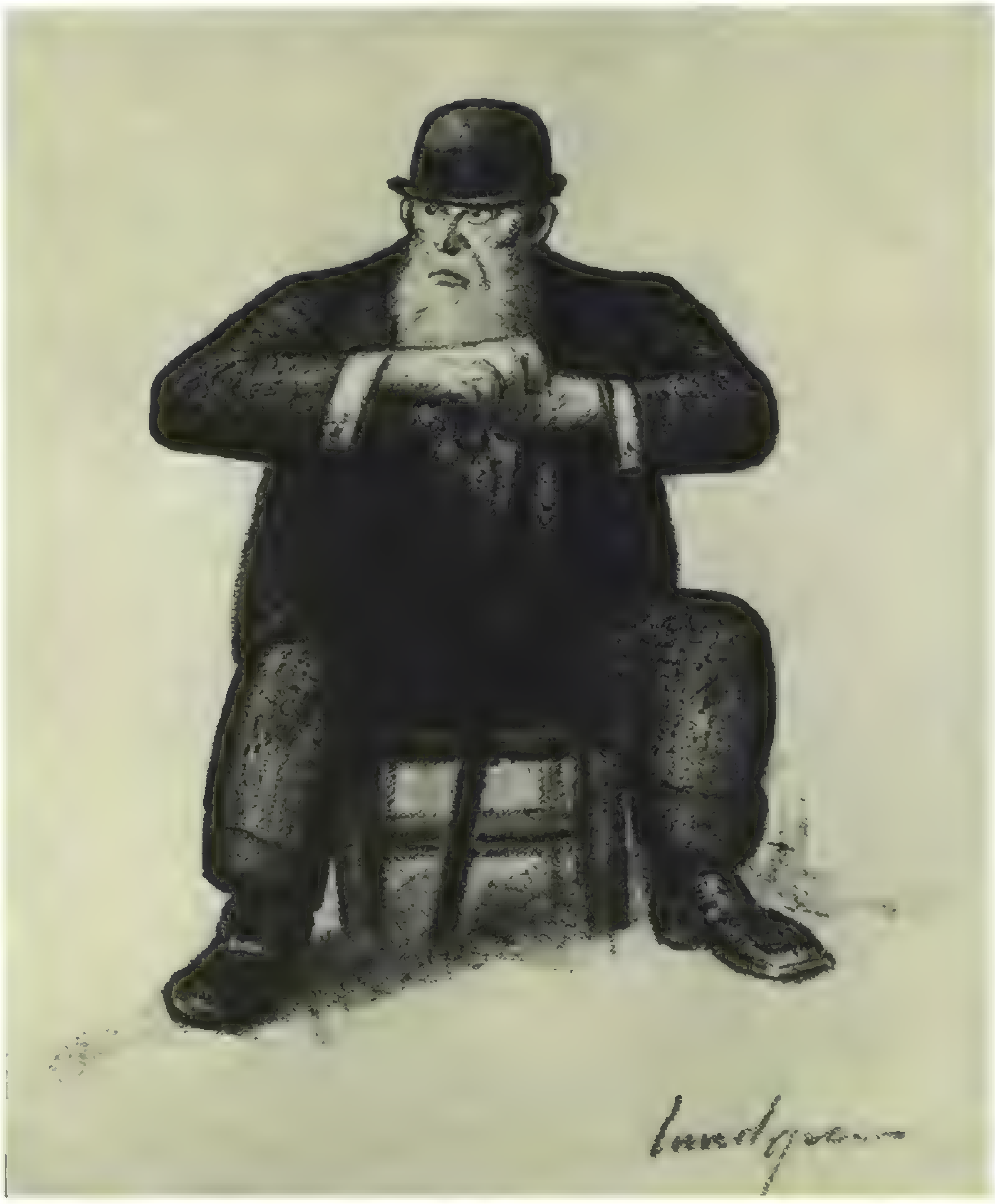
by ARNOLD ZWEIG

▪ FICTION ▪

You find that I have aged? It's true I don't look young; but do you suppose Sinbad the Sailor looked young after he got rid of the old fellow who rode on his neck? You know the famous Arabian legend of the seafarer who took pity on an old man, dying on a lonely island, and of how the old man sprang on his shoulders and refused to let go? He raised blisters on Sinbad's back with his caloused skin, rode him at meals and wouldn't get off even when he slept; finally Sinbad gave him the slip through a trick, by getting the old horror drunk. I don't know whether he smashed his skull with a stone afterwards. Anyhow the island prince deserved it. In my case things didn't turn out quite so badly. What's more, my incubus wouldn't have been fooled by wine; he was too well acquainted with it. Mine succumbed to a sweeter drink, to a vanity that strove to transcend the limits of life. He killed himself in order to ride on my conscience forever. Forever, do you understand? The old fellow wanted to conquer time, to dominate me as long as I lived and to bequeathe to my sons the scars he had ridden into me. Yes, unfortunately I'm talking about my father. Come let's empty this bottle of Pommard together. Its flavor's good, isn't it? A simple wine of the vintage of twenty-one, a summer when it was just as hot as when the knots finally parted and the old man fell from my shoulders. He looked—didn't you meet him once in my office?—he looked like a patriarch; yes, there was something almost noble in his bearing, with his flowing silver beard, his thick hair and his blue, Frieslander's eyes, honest and open. It was thanks to this appearance that he held most of his practice, for, between us, he knew very little about the law. On the other hand, he knew all there was to be known about fishing and sailing. When he sat at the tiller of his yawl, the sheet between his fingers, he looked like the thunder god himself—prevailing winds, currents and channels down our way change almost with the seasons in many places—and he could make fish bite like a magician. You wouldn't believe it, so I won't give you instances; he could feel the fish, he said, and his intuition kept inventing new bait for just the fish that he wanted to take it. His friends said that Kratt could catch salmon with shoe buttons. Naturally his practice suffered. But what need had he of a practice? He had me. My two older brothers? My dear doctor, an advantage in age brings with it an advantage in experience; naturally they would have more common-sense than someone who was a nestling, who was still called "little Jehann" when he was ten years old. One went to America; the other went much farther off, namely, to Bremen, and you have no idea what a distance lay between Hamburg and Bremen for a time. Lloyd was carrying on a little private war with Hapag; my brother joined Lloyd, he's still there and he's doing well. But for a time my father had certain unimportant claims of Hapag to defend. He looked after the matter negligently with his left hand, while with his right he held the sheet of his boat. Big concerns don't like that; they're of the opinion that they pay for the service of both hands. It didn't matter to my brother Otto, he was well out of it. Fine; I took over the old office as soon as I got back from the war. During the war, you see, my American brother had sent him money as long as he could. When America was about to declare war he proved how bright he was by depositing fifteen hundred dollars for my father in a Netherlands bank to be paid out at the rate of not more than twenty dollars a month so that at all events it would last through the war and the years afterward; for, wrote my brother, after peace was made the show would probably just be beginning. You see, he hadn't been asleep over there; I've always admired him for it. More money than that, he wrote, he couldn't possibly advance. He had no more, and so no more could be got out of him. Now he's getting on better; not exactly happy perhaps, but who is happy nowadays if you except children and puppies? I got the law practice and the old man got his income in dollars. My little wife and I had two children to support. The amount of law you remember when you come out of the filth of the trenches could be poured into that wine glass. I knew something about sapping and mining, more about defense against tanks and still more about the art of squeezing a last mighty effort (for fifty-three cents a day) out of completely exhausted men. We retreated across Lothringia with fresh American divisions on our heels snorting with eagerness to give the Germans one more pasting, over us airplanes in squadrons and in our bones marmalade. The Kaiser had cut and run, my company—forty-three men after the big push—stuck with me not so much as a tribute to me but simply because I rode on the field kitchen. No, I'll be just to myself; the fellows stuck to me and, equally, I to them. Most of them came from Altona, and when I ride down the Wandsbecker Chaussee through the Socialist quarter I still meet enlisted men and non-coms from those days; we shake hands and almost burst with joy.

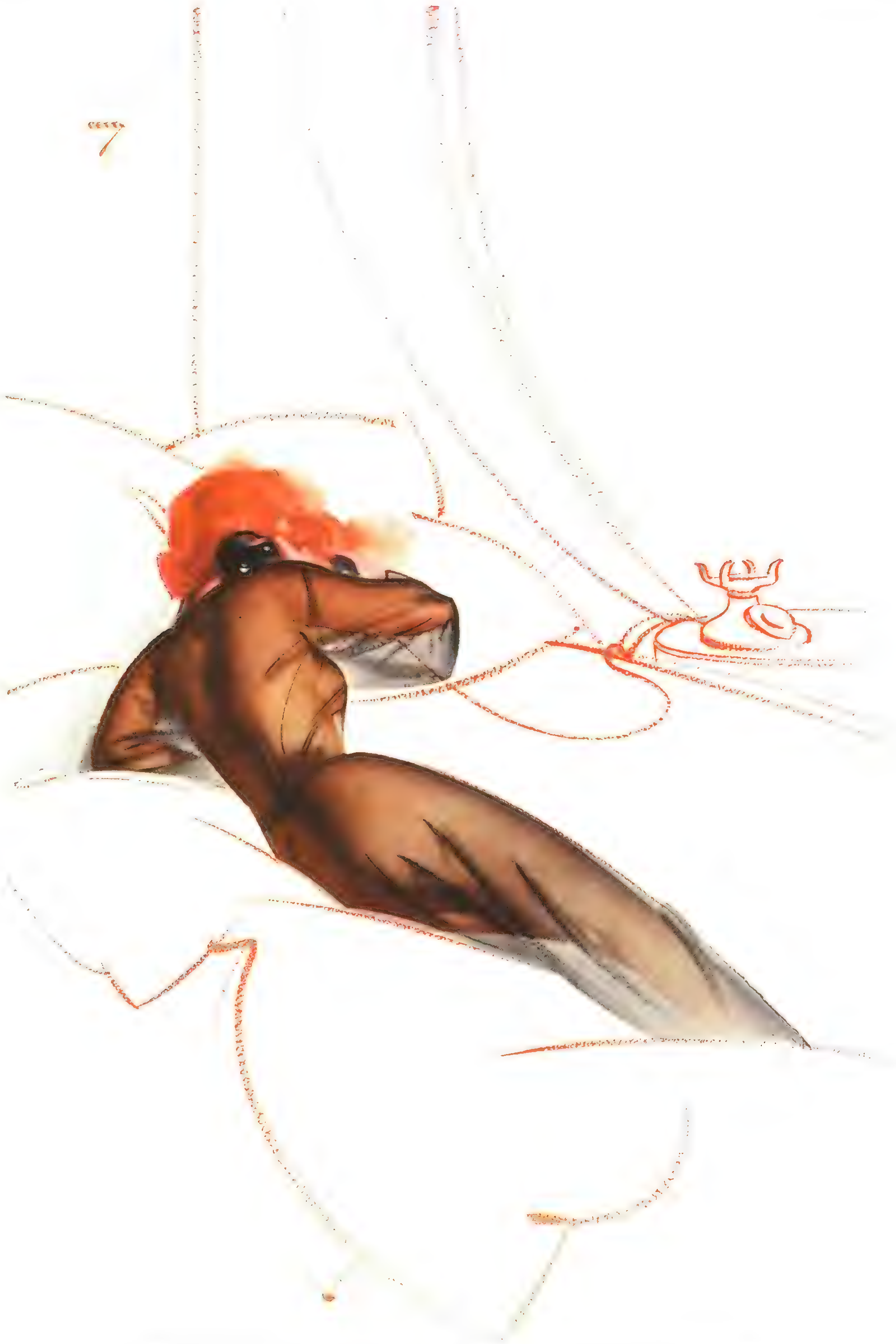
But my law practice went damned slowly at first; we had no memory in those days, do you remember? The phosphor and fat had been eaten out of our brains; we couldn't recall anything. Meanwhile the law had become as hard as possible for anyone who had to make a new start. The law of real property, corporation law and labor law, each had become a domain in itself with countless new ordinances. Well, I did my part, and my little wife did hers. The old man lived as lord of his dollars. Can you believe that he never gave me or his grandchildren so much as half a ham? If it hadn't been for my dear old mother! At that time you could get anything, but money melted in your hands. Yes, he prospered then, and I worked from early morning till far into the night, even in summer—especially in summer, when it wouldn't run up the light bills. The old man lay in his boat outside on the Elbe, there where it has the respectable width of an arm of the sea. Once in a while he gave us a fish.

Then came the deflation. Nowadays we understand all about those things—all, that is, except why we stood so speechless and helpless before them then. Twenty dollars were suddenly only forty-eight marks a month; besides, they quickly came to an end. He came to me, haughty, broad, with his billowing beard. "Jehann," he said, "I shall come back into the firm. You know that people come to you only because you are my son; therefore you owe me my support." That was the moment, do you see, when I should have insisted on drawing up a contract; he had given me, unconditionally, a business that had been thoroughly run into the ground; its value on the first of January, 1919 could have been determined by a third party; I could have paid out to him in monthly installments the value received—nothing more. Even so I would have done more for him, although during the past four years he could have made life's grim battle easier for me and my wife with a wave of his hand. Do you still remember how well brain work was paid between 1920 and 1923? Well, I missed my cue. That was the moment when the old man besought Sinbad to take him on his shoulders and carry him to the spring, the moment of seizing control. But I saw nothing but father and son. He climbed onto my shoulders, knotted his legs around my neck and from then on I had him on my back. For instead of a clear contract I had obligated myself to see to his support. I was much too browbeaten from the war to be able to answer him coolly and properly. I had been the nestling, little Jehann, and in the background I saw my mother, the gentle, gray-haired woman from whom had come the only kindness I remembered from my childhood. She became the lever with which he squeezed me dry. If she tried to economize for me, he poured out his stormy wrath, not at me—that he didn't dare—but at her for the meanness and ingratitude of his own children. He insisted on continuing to live like a well-to-do man; he demanded a bottle of his favorite wine with his meals. Every drop of bad oil in the remoulade sauce for his roast beef was the subject of bitter comment. Five hundred marks a month he squeezed out of me. Cold storage meat did for us: he wouldn't touch it. I bought my shoes at bargain sales: he continued to go to his private shoemaker who built shoes to order for his aristocratic foot. He threatened to tell my clients about his ungrateful son who let him starve to death. Five hundred marks a month! And do you suppose anyone would have believed me if I contradicted his lies? Not a soul! There he sat with his frank, blue eyes and his patriarchal silver beard flowing over his breast, a sire of the ruling class, the picture of immaculateness; and no shipping agent, or broker, or merchant would have seen that he was really sitting on my shoulders, that I was losing my hair on account of him and that my wife had become almost as thin and haggard as during the war. Yes, he caught salmon from the Elbe with shoe buttons and prospered exceedingly at the age of seventy-two. My mother was consumed with worry on my account; he had sat on her before he sat on me. When she fell ill, he threatened to shoot himself if she died, for then there would be no one to care for a poor old man and he certainly didn't intend to expose himself to the tender mercies of his son Jehann. And he was living off me all the time! Every cigar he smoked was worth three of the sort that I allowed myself. But the old woman was scared back into health —at least that time—and continued to look after her "big old baby," and that's what he was: defiant, mendacious, domineering, egotistical and as sly as a street urchin. He remained sitting on me, in the best form of the ruling class. Fortunately my sister came into money. She married a Jew, against the wishes of the old man. And thereby our family gained a member who dared to tell him even unpleasant truths. My brother-in-law Moses knew enough to appreciate my wife; and from then on my children were decently dressed and my wife had clothes that gave her pleasure; for, when he got out of the war, my brother-in-law had intelligently opened a wholesale store in a prosperous neighborhood on the lower Rhine.


LITHOGRAPH BY ERIC LUNDGREN

He couldn't, of course, take the old man off my shoulders.

And then came the cyclone summer, do you remember? There were cyclones all over Germany and torrential downpours. But you're wrong if you think the old man had an accident in his boat; he tasted the weather in advance as though each hair of his beard were a sense organ able to record the electric charge in the atmosphere. But on a day of unusually low pressure when whirlwinds raged and people were killed, a blood vessel burst in my mother's brain; she died in our hands. He? Did he really know what was happening? In any case it took on strange forms in his mind. He burst into bitter denunciations of Providence that had taken away the helpmeet of his latter days and left him in the hands of his ungrateful son and of his son's ill-nurtured children in a world devoid of all sense of duty. (You can guess how he hated his new Homburg hat and his fine shoes, the aristocrat.) But he had no intention of withstanding such torments alone, he had lived long enough and would fulfill his given word like a gentleman. You understand that we paid little attention to the old windbag, for there on her bier lay the frail yellow body of his wife, looking at ease for the first time we could remember, at peace and quietly smiling, for at last she was rid of the old man of the sea. She died Wednesday morning, and all Wednesday and Thursday no one paid any attention to him; everything revolved about her. If you can believe it, that was more than he could stand. Thursday night, with his carefully manicured hand, wearing its seal ring, he perversely fired a little bullet through his temple. Imagine that! Excuse my laughter. Just let me go ahead. You have no idea what good it does me to laugh at him so! All right, now I have my breath again. He shot himself in order to leave on me an indelible mark of shame and thanklessness so that in the form of memory and remorse he would ride on my shoulders forever. As a scheme it was perfect. But he translated his fantasy into the world of reality without for a moment realizing that he thereby unseated himself from my shoulders. If he had just looked into the account book while he drained the sweet draft of victory over death, if he had only observed that he ate my ingratitude to the tune of five hundred marks a month, to say nothing of the rent of his attractive four-room cottage down on the Elbe or the repair bills for his boat that came unmentioned into my office and were unprotestingly paid! But he never saw what was about him; like a man with a searchlight he observed only what it pleased him to illuminate with the magnificent beam of his own brilliant personality. He left a note addressed to me. My wife burned it before it came into my hands. She swore she would never tell me what was in it, and when a little woman like that swears you can safely wager you will never know. And so, you see, I was rid of him. The intoxication of superhuman vanity finally loosed the hold of the old man of the sea. Since then things have gone better with us. At first, to be sure, his spectre showed no intention of fading and setting me free. Why should it? But then came the chance to move into this big, bustling city that pays no heed to ghosts. Within two hours I had made up my mind and I have never for an instant regretted it. This winter my wife and I will take the first long trip we have made since the war. I couldn't have got away to do it while he lived, for he had threatened to tell all and sundry that his son, Jehann was voyaging to Madeira and had left him behind to live on corned beef. People would have believed him, and my life would have been, first socially and then economically, at an end. But now for all of me, he can withhold his consent for you know there's something of Sinbad the Sailor in me in another sense. After all I'm his son, and you can imagine with what bitterness I watched, through the long years, the great liners putting in at Hamburg harbor with the perfume of far places about them, the scent of palms and monkeys, of great fleshy fruits, of mangoes, breadfruit trees and the gleam of big irridescent mussel shells that you shatter carelessly striding along the beach. #



"I've been frightfully restless all day dear—bring home some celery"

Pasting It Together

Shoring up the fragments against the ruin left in the wake of that psycho-physical storm: a crack-up

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

▪ ARTICLE ▪

In a previous article this writer told about his realization that what he had before him was not the dish that he had ordered for his forties. In fact—since he and the dish were one, he described himself as a cracked plate, the kind that one wonders whether it is worth preserving. Your editor thought that the article suggested too many aspects without regarding them closely, and probably many readers felt the same way—and there are always those to whom all self-revelation is contemptible, unless it ends with a noble thanks to the gods for the Unconquerable Soul.

But I had been thanking the gods too long, and thanking them for nothing. I wanted to put a lament into my record, without even the background of the Eugenean Hills to give it color. There weren't any Eugenean hills that I could see.

Sometimes, though, the cracked plate has to be retained in the pantry, has to be kept in service as a household necessity. It can never again be warmed on the stove nor shuffled with the other plates in the dishpan; it will not be brought out for company, but it will do to hold crackers late at night or to go into the ice box under left-overs . . .

Hence this sequel—a cracked plate's further history.

Now the standard cure for one who is sunk is to consider those in actual destitution or physical suffering—this is an all-weather beatitude for gloom in general and fairly salutory day-time advice for everyone. But at three o'clock in the morning, a forgotten package has the same tragic importance as a death sentence, and the cure doesn't work—and in a real dark night of the soul it is always three o'clock in the morning, day after day. At that hour the tendency is to refuse to face things as long as possible by retiring into an infantile dream—but one is continually startled out of this by various contacts with the world. One meets these occasions as quickly and carelessly as possible and retires once more back into the dream, hoping that things will adjust themselves by some great material or spiritual bonanza. But as the withdrawal persists there is less and less chance of the bonanza—one is not waiting for the fade-out of a single sorrow, but rather being an unwilling witness of an execution, the disintegration of one's own personality . . .

Unless madness or drugs or drink come into it, this phase comes to a dead-end, eventually, and is succeeded by a vacuous quiet. In this you can try to estimate what has been sheered away and what is left. Only when this quiet came to me, did I realize that I had gone through two parallel experiences.

The first time was twenty years ago, when I left Princeton in junior year with a complaint diagnosed as malaria. (It transpired, through an X-Ray taken a dozen years later, that it had been tuberculosis—a mild case, and after a few months of rest I went back to college.) But I had lost certain offices, the chief one was the presidency of the Triangle Club, a musical comedy idea, and also I dropped back a class. To me college would never be the same. There were to be no badges of pride, no medals after all. It seemed on one March afternoon that I had lost every single thing I wanted—and that night was the first time that I hunted down the spectre of womanhood that, for a little while, makes everything else seem unimportant.

Years later I realized that my failure as a big shot in college was all right—instead of serving on committees, I took a beating on English poetry; when I got the idea of what it was all about, I set about learning how to write. On Shaw's principle that "If you don't get what you like, you better like what you get," it was a lucky break—at the moment it was a harsh and bitter business to know that my career as a leader of men was over.

Since that day I have not been able to fire a bad servant, and I am astonished and impressed by people who can. Some old desire for personal dominance was broken and gone. Life around me was a solemn dream, and I lived on the letters I wrote to a girl in another city. A man does not recover from such jolts—he becomes a different person and, eventually, the new person finds new things to care about.

The other episode parallel to my current situation took place after the war, when I had again over-extended my flank. It was one of those tragic loves doomed for lack of money, and one day the girl closed it out on the basis of common sense. During a long summer of despair I wrote a novel instead of letters, so it came out all right, but it came out all right for a different person. The man with the jingle of money in his pocket who married the girl a year later would always cherish an abiding distrust, an animosity, toward the leisure class—not the conviction of a revolutionist but the smouldering hatred of a peasant. In the years since then I have never been able to stop wondering where my friends' money came from, nor to stop thinking that at one time a sort of *droit de seigneur* might have been exercised to give one of them my girl.

For sixteen years I lived pretty much as this latter person, distrusting the rich, yet working for money with which to share their mobility and the grace that some of them brought into their lives. During this time I had plenty of the usual horses shot from under me—I remember some of their names—*Punctured Pride*, *Thwarted Expectation*, *Faithless*, *Show-off*, *Hard Hit*, *Never Again*. And after awhile I wasn't twenty-five, then not even thirty-five, and nothing was quite as good. But in all those years I don't remember a moment of discouragement. I saw honest men through moods of suicidal gloom—some of them gave up and died; others adjusted themselves and went on to a larger success than mine; but my morale never sank below the level of self-disgust when I had put on some unsightly personal show. Trouble has no necessary connection with discouragement—discouragement has a germ of its own, as different from trouble as arthritis is different from a stiff joint.

When a new sky cut off the sun last spring, I didn't at first relate it to what had happened fifteen or twenty years ago. Only gradually did a certain family resemblance come through—an over-extension of the flank, a burning of the candle at both ends; a call upon physical resources that I did not command, like a man over-drawing at his bank. In its impact this blow was more violent than the other two but it was the same in kind—a feeling that I was standing at twilight on a deserted range, with an empty rifle in my hands and the targets down. No problem set—simply a silence with only the sound of my own breathing.

In this silence there was a vast irresponsibility toward every obligation, a deflation of all my values. A passionate belief in order, a disregard of motives or consequences in favor of guess work and prophecy, a feeling that craft and industry would have a place in any world—one by one, these and other convictions were swept away. I saw that the novel, which at my maturity was the strongest and supplest medium for conveying thought and emotion from one human being to another, was becoming subordinated

Continued in center of page 182

Ordeal of a Sailor

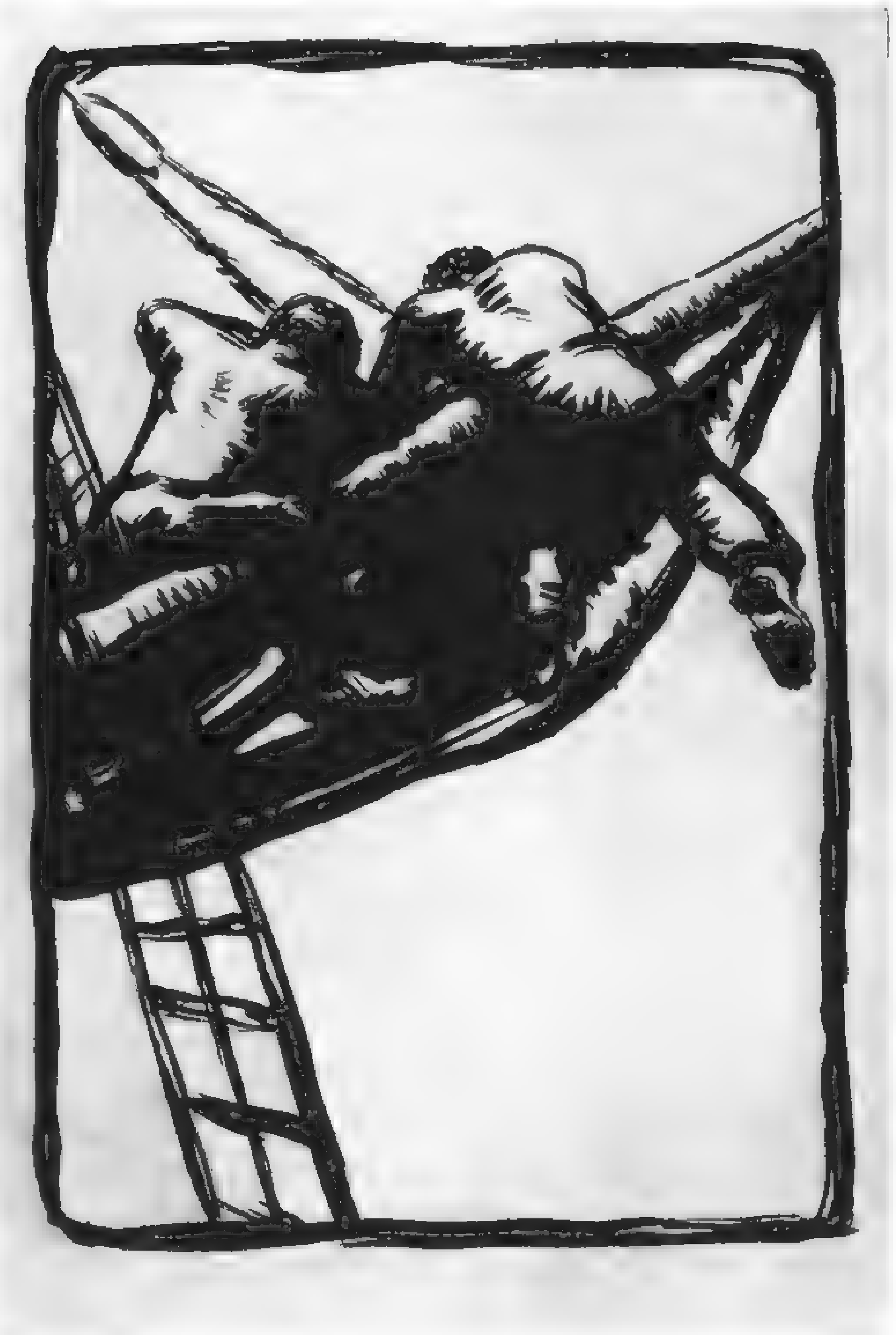
A seaman must learn to be casual in moments that would loom up as a lifetime's crisis for most of us

by BILL ADAMS

• FICTION •

Throughout his boyhood Timmy Moran dreamed of the sea, and read every sea book he could lay his hands on. In fancy he voyaged with Columbus, Magellan, Drake; wandered beside Amyas Leigh, John Oxenham, Salvation Yeo.

When he came to the age for it Timmy Moran went to sea. And he went in a manner as hard as that in which went any of the early seafarers of whom he had dreamed through the years of waiting. Aye, harder even. For he went in the day when steam had driven sailing ships from well nigh all the trade routes. Not the men who voyaged with Magellan or with Drake fared more hardly than did the men of the last of the sailing ships. For in the old adventurer's day ships went forth well manned, and they were little ships with small sails; and often they stopped at islands, or put into harbors, where fresh meat, and fruits, and green things, were to be had. The later day ships drove from port to port; ten, twelve, fourteen thousand miles, without a stop. Four and five months at sea, without a glimpse of land, often.



Timmy Moran's ship was a great ship and tall; her mainsail ninety feet across the head, by forty-five feet deep. Her slender skysail masts raked the clouds well nigh. With three huge masts, with twenty-eight sails, she carried but fourteen foremast sailors. To help them there were, in the little halfdeck abaft her mainmast, four young apprentice lads. Timmy Moran was of the four.

Before he had been one day aboard Timmy Moran was one great ache. Till now he had never done any hard work. Long before noon his palms were covered with broken blisters. That such misery could be he had not dreamed. And yet he was not too discontent. He was puzzled rather. Reading of old adventurers, of the hardships they had known, he had not realized what hardship meant. He ate salt pork that, having been in the ship, throughout her previous voyage, was tainted; munched hard tack that tasted like old mouldering straw. And on the first night at sea he was seasick, and lost all of both. And that first night he had to remain awake, on duty, till midnight. Long ere midnight he knew in full the meaning of "tired." He was very cold also, and his clothing was wet; and he had learned how it feels to be ridiculed by hard men.

During his first week at sea Timmy Moran never had to leave the deck to go up a mast. By the end of that week he realized to the full, or thought that he did, that he had chosen a hard life. But in him was a hope, though often only a faint hope, that he might be able to endure it. His hope was strengthened by the knowledge that two of his fellow apprentices had made one voyage already, had been at sea a year. What they could endure, he could. So he thought. The other apprentice, a first voyager like himself, appeared complacent. Then he also would be complacent.

It was on the eighth day at sea that Timmy Moran discovered something of which he had never vaguely dreamed.

The watch was ordered aloft to send down a lower topsail for repairs. The sail was perhaps about sixty feet from the deck. Above it towered, one over another, the upper topsail, topgallant sail, royal, and skysail: the skysail some hundred and seventy feet from the deck.

"Hop aloft and lend a hand there, Moran!" ordered the mate, his tones matter of fact as though Timmy had been doing such things every day of his life.

Timmy Moran climbed into the rigging at the heels of the watch. As he started up from the rail he was aware of a feeling of airiness: felt as though he were akin to the birds. The ship was rolling and pitching to a long slow ocean swell. All about and above him sails arched. The sea was flecked with small white caps: a sunny sea, with a sparkle to it.

When Timmy Moran was half way up the lower rigging the deck, not yet thirty feet below, seemed already very far down. The topsail to which he was going seemed infinitely far above. As he continued to ascend, the feeling of being akin to the birds passed. If he were akin to any bird it was to one with clipped wings. He began to tremble. Trembling, he came to the futtock shrouds; where the rigging swung outward, so that to pass over the platform known as "the top" he must climb on his back: his head a lot farther from the mast than his feet. He no longer saw anything distinctly. There was a blur before his eyes. He gasped. Gasping, he managed to drag himself over the futtocks. And then he could go no higher. He stepped from the topmast rigging to the platform of the top behind it; and stood there, shaking, all things blurry before his swimming eyes.

The trouble with Timmy Moran was that he was one of those people who cannot go to a height without having a sensation of being down-drawn; without wanting to jump. Height spells horror to such.

Timmy Moran stood powerless in the top; not knowing what to do. Only he knew that, since he had been ordered to the topsail, he could not go down. Go higher he could not. All about him sails arched. From beneath their taut bellies a brisk wind beat on him. Infinitely far below, the deck, seen through a blur, appeared as a slim wedge; beside which white water foamed.

"Get down afore ye fall an' make a bloody mess on the deck!" came an amused voice from the topsail. Timmy glanced up, to see a sailor's fearless laughing eyes.

Timmy Moran gulped, gripped the topmast rigging, stepped back into it, and continued on his way aloft. But when he reached the topsail yard the work was almost done. No one paid any attention to him, save a kindly-eyed old sailor who asked in a low voice "Sonny wot'd y'ever come to sea fer?" He made no answer, and in a moment the watch started down to the deck. He followed, last. The descent over the futtocks was almost worse than the ascent had been.

Once back on the solid deck Timmy Moran put the thought of the masts out of his mind. Perhaps next time he had to go aloft he would be all right. He told none of his fellow apprentices anything of his horror of height. Unaware that he was afflicted with a perfectly natural disability, he looked upon himself as a coward.

The thought that he was a coward stabbed him to his very soul. No one must discover it.

For a week there was no more going aloft. Then, on a day of fresh breeze, the mate shouted "Clew the skysails up!" When the skysails were ready for furling, the mate, as though Timmy had been stowing skysails all his life, called, "You, Moran! Hop up and stow that main skysail!"

Timmy could have said to the mate, "Please, sir, I'm scared stiff aloft. Can I wait a bit, till I'm used to the lower yards, before I go to a skysail?"

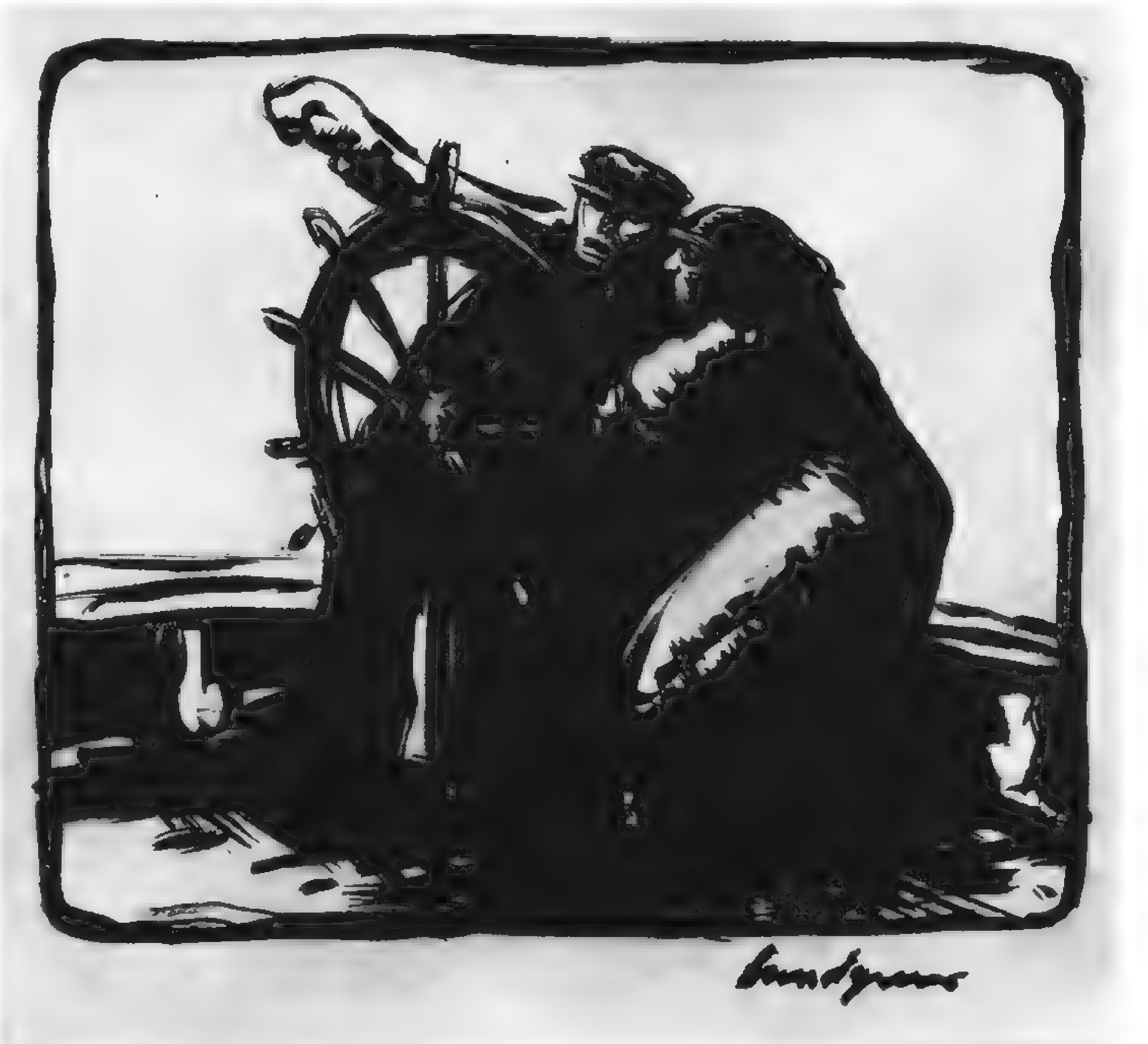
The mate would have replied, "All right, boy. Take your time. I'm no murderer."

Feeling as feels a steer being dragged to inescapable slaughter, Timmy Moran climbed into the rigging. When he was half way to the futtocks everything was a blur again. Somehow he reached the futtocks, and somehow dragged himself over them. The wind tore at him. The wind, the sea far below, the sky, of which he was dimly conscious, seemed all to mock him. One after the other he moved his clutching hands, his trembling legs, and crawled steadily higher and higher. The ship was rolling and pitching. The higher he climbed the more aware he was of her motion. It was as though she were a living sentient creature, that joined with sea and sky to mock him; that watched, uncaring, to see him die.

Too scared to tremble, too breathless to gasp, Timmy Moran climbed steadily on; teeth tight-clenched, every muscle taut, and so came presently to the topgallant crosstrees where again one must swing outward with one's head farther from the mast than one's feet.

Timmy Moran reached his hands above the crosstrees and gripped the topgallant rigging. And then, as the ship came with a quick jerky roll to windward, he lost his footing.

Swinging some hundred and twenty feet above the sea, Timmy Moran clung desperately to the topgallant rigging and kicked his feet about; seeking a foothold. At the last moment, just when he knew that he could not hang on an instant longer, his feet touched the ratlins. With a great effort he hove himself over the crosstrees, and started up toward the flapping skysail above which dark clouds drifted.



Timmy Moran reached the sky sailmast head, came to the skysail yard and then he knew that he was beaten. He had reached his ultimate limit. To step onto the tiny swaying footrope, no thicker than a man's thumb, to walk out along it, away from the mast's comparative security, was utterly impossible; altogether beyond his power. The wind moaned all about him, blew coldly through him. A sullen cloud hung close above his head. A hundred and seventy feet below, the sea waited his coming.

Timmy Moran stepped gingerly onto the swaying footrope. An automaton, without volition of his own, he leaned over the skysail yard and began to gather up the sail. He was no longer Timmy Moran. Now he was a mere pawn of fate, and on him rested the finger of a terrible death.

Timmy Moran picked up and lashed down the centre of the sail, the bunt; then started out along the footrope toward the yardarm to gather up the sail's far corner. The footrope jerked under his feet. The sail ballooned up, flapped back, struck him in the face, pressed against his chest, wrapped itself about his shoulders; strove to hurl him from the footrope. Somehow he contrived to gather it up and secure it. Then he crept back to the mast, and started out toward the opposite yardarm. The same thing over again. At last, his face white as a ghost face, he came back to the mast and started down from aloft. He shut his eyes now. But that only made it worse. For an awful instant it seemed as though he would never be able to open them; as though he was to be forever in blackness. But he opened them, and fixed them on the rigid mast before his face. As, step by step, he descended, the mast became ever a little thicker; and that was comforting. He came to and managed to lower himself over the crosstrees. Another eternity, and he came down to the top. Somehow, he lowered himself over the futtocks. In the lower rigging he began to breathe again. And at last he set feet upon the solid deck. There was no one near. The watch were hauling on a rope forward. He joined them. No one paid any attention to him. No one had noticed him then! A sort of peace came to him. Reprieve. Perhaps it would be better next time.

But it was no better next time. It was the same every time that Timmy Moran had to go aloft. How he contrived to hide his fear none but God could say. Sailors are, perhaps, an unobservant lot.

There came a night that Timmy was to remember all his life. The ship was driving down the trade winds, with all sail set. The trade blew strong, so that she heeled far over; her rail level with a seething sea; sprays flying in continual clouds across her decks. The skipper was "carrying on"; crowding the ship to the last limit of her endurance. A full moon shone, illumining every rope, every gasket, every ratlin, each drum-taut sail, silver light. Timmy heard an apprentice say "The Old Man can't keep this up much longer. The skysails'll come in any second now."

Alone on the spray-smitten deck, in the shelter of the mainmast, Timmy Moran gazed up at the skysails; swaying through an arc of sixty degrees, against the racing clouds. Did the skysails come in, his doom was sealed. Gazing beyond the racing clouds to the sky's infinity he voiced an inaudible prayer that the skysails might not come in. They didn't. When he went off duty at midnight one of the older apprentices said, laughing lightly, "Glory be, but the Old Man's driving her, eh? Let her ramble! Ain't she flying though?" The other apprentices laughed. From the forecastle came the laughter of the foremast sailors. This was sailor weather! Everyone gay. So Timmy Moran managed to laugh too. No one must know that it was because of his unvoiced prayer that the skysails had not come in! And he hated himself. Timmy Moran, coward.

While Timmy was below, the other watch took the skysails and royals in. Next morning the ship rounded the Cape, and headed away to the east for Australia. The wind came ever harder. While Timmy was at the wheel that morning the topgallant sails were furled; not to be set again till port was nigh. Day after day the ship flew, under topsails and courses. Sometimes a topsail or a course was furled for a while. Timmy was often aloft, but never above the crosstrees. The topsail and lower yards were not so bad: though plenty bad enough. He lived with horror ever at his elbow. But in the evenings, in the dog-watches, when his fellows laughed and made merry, because of the ship's speed, he managed to laugh too. No one must know.

Once the ship was moored in Sydney, Timmy forgot his fears. A sailor lives in the today. In that he was a sailor.

On the first night ashore, when Timmy and his three apprentice comrades were returning late to the ship, they were set upon by a half dozen larrikins who ran at them from round the corner of a warehouse. The Sydney larrikins, hooligans, toughs of the slums, loved above all else to do battle with sea apprentices. It was a short hard fight. Timmy settled it by leaping at the ringleader, and planting in swift succession two hard fists beneath his jaw. The larrikin fell back and lay still. The others fled.

"By gad, that first voyage apprentice from the *Oberon's* a scrapper from his feet up," said every apprentice in every ship in Sydney.

"Here's how, Moran!" said the hardcase eldest apprentice of another tall packet one night in a barroom, lifting his glass to Timmy.

Timmy drank—and suddenly remembered the masts.

"He's a quiet young devil. He don't laugh much, and when he does it's in a

Continued on page 174

The Sporting Chance

A forked stick and a burlap bag are all the weapons used against the deadly rattlesnake

by DANIEL P. MANNIX

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Big game hunters return bringing thrilling tales of how they stopped the charging lion with one well directed shot. But if these sportsmen really want thrills, they do not need to go so far afield to get them. Any one can take a forked stick, a bag, and by driving a few miles into the country meet an opponent far more dangerous and exciting than the wildest lion.

The opponent is a sportsman too. He gives you a sporting chance—and let me define that term. A "sporting chance" means that your enemy has as much chance to kill you as you have to kill him, not that a hunter is supposed to give a rabbit only one barrel of his shotgun. It is that element of chance that makes rattlesnake catching a thrilling sport.

The growth of summer camps has opened new regions where for centuries the rattler has ruled without challenge and one of the first tasks of the camp officials is to move the snakes out. There is no reason for ruthlessly destroying them. Rattlesnakes have a real value. Their venom is used in treatment of typhoid fever and it can be "milked" from the snake by a painless process. Also it sells for $25 an ounce. Then there is usually a demand for good specimens of the timber rattlesnake from zoological gardens and laboratories. So for the last several years certain young men and women have combined sport and a little profit by going snake hunting.

Far up on the Poconos Mountains are great rock ledges, covered with masses of loose shale rock and honey combed with deep crevasses. It is here the rattlesnakes collect to "den up" for the winter. For miles around they come in from the farm lands and seek the deep, narrow tunnels far below the frost line. There they sleep the long winter through, lying in huge heaps like giant spaghetti until the warmth of the rocks tells them that summer has come.

The hunting season usually starts about the second week of May. Then the first flush of spring is over, and the warmth of summer has come. The dogwood blossoms have begun to fade and the yellow-green of the leaves is beginning to turn to the deep emerald of summer. The skunk cabbage has lost its vari-colored cup and the broad leaves are spreading out.

Peter Martin, an up country farmer who once took 61 rattlers in a day, wrote some friends of mine who are old time snake hunters, that from his watch tower on top of the cliffs surrounding the den, he had seen a score or so of big rattlers coming out to sun themselves on the rocks. As I have always been interested in rattlers and done some work with them, I was invited to go along.

We left before daylight in half a dozen assorted cars and reached the high cliffs of the Delaware Water Gap just as the red morning sun broke through the thin blue mist. After an hour's driving, we turned off onto a side road that soon became a dirt track through the woods. At the cost of a couple of springs we kept on until it opened suddenly out into the Martin's farm. In front of the leading car hundreds of white chickens fluttered about over the acres of pasture land that rolled away to the foothills where the rock ledges showed gray among the green trees.

Mrs. Martin met us at the gate. A practical woman, she regarded us as innocent lunatics whose lives had been so long preserved by a too indulgent providence. While we unpacked, she told us the snakes were already beginning to leave the dens. The week before, while ironing the wash, she had heard her dog barking in the kitchen. A rattlesnake five and a half feet long had slipped in and was eating one of the dozen or so baby chickens kept in a big packing case back of the stove. Mrs. Martin had killed it with a club, although it measured an inch or so longer than she did, and returned to her wash. But the dog continued to bark. At last in irritation she had gone back and actually stepped on the head of the snake crawling over the floor. He had not been killed, only stunned.

Afraid to move, she shouted for her husband, who rushed into the room and shot the snake into two pieces and the rug into fifty. When Mrs. Martin tried to step away, she found the fangs buried in the sole of her shoe.

After congratulating her on seeing so fine a snake, we started off across the great meadow, the dew laden grass splashing our feet at every step.

On a rock by the foot of the trail that leads to the den sat Peter Martin, a forked stick and a bag lying on the grass beside him and his pipe sending up wreaths of blue smoke in the cold morning air.

"Sort of late in the year and early in the day, gentlemen," he said as we came single file across a piece of swamp land, trying to jump from tuft to tuft and usually missing. "Snakes 'a been out and about a week now."

"We got some this time last year," said Foster, one of my friends, as he stepped into a horse's hoof print full of swamp water.

"Last year it was late spring. You won't get any twenty-five today." That was a last year's record, but for once Peter was wrong. Luck was with us that May morning.

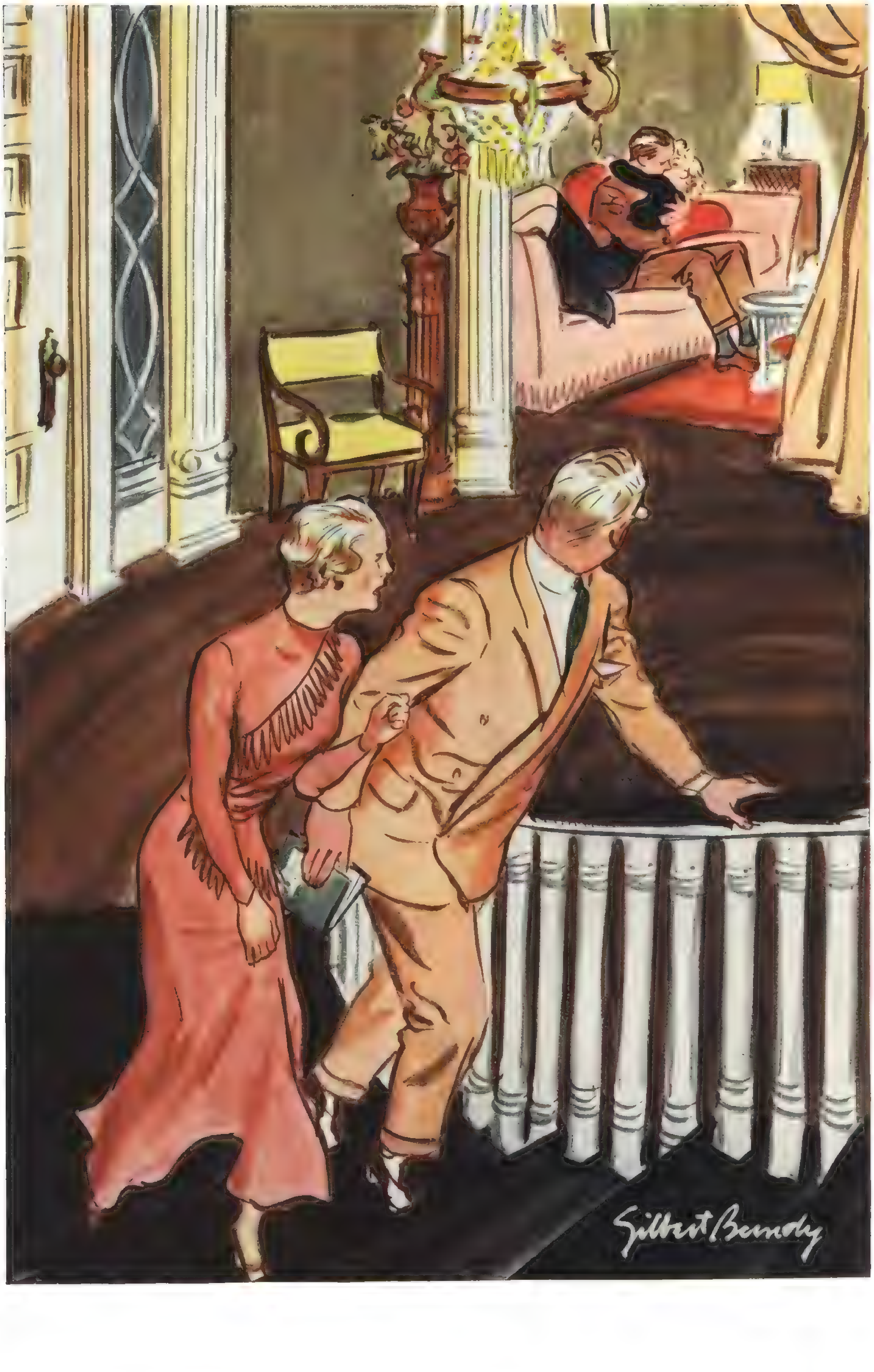
The way to the den lead through an avenue of white birch. The whole grove, comprising several hundred acres, had once been the farm of Peter's father. The old man had worked hard to reclaim the land from the virgin wilderness, but one day he had been bitten by a snake while cleaning out brush. His successors had been unable to hold the ground he had won and the forest slowly slipped back.

At the end of the birch grove was a small hollow where the mountain brook spread out into a morass. On the other side of the green coated water rose up a high bank, barely visible through the thick curtain of pines. It was here the den lay.

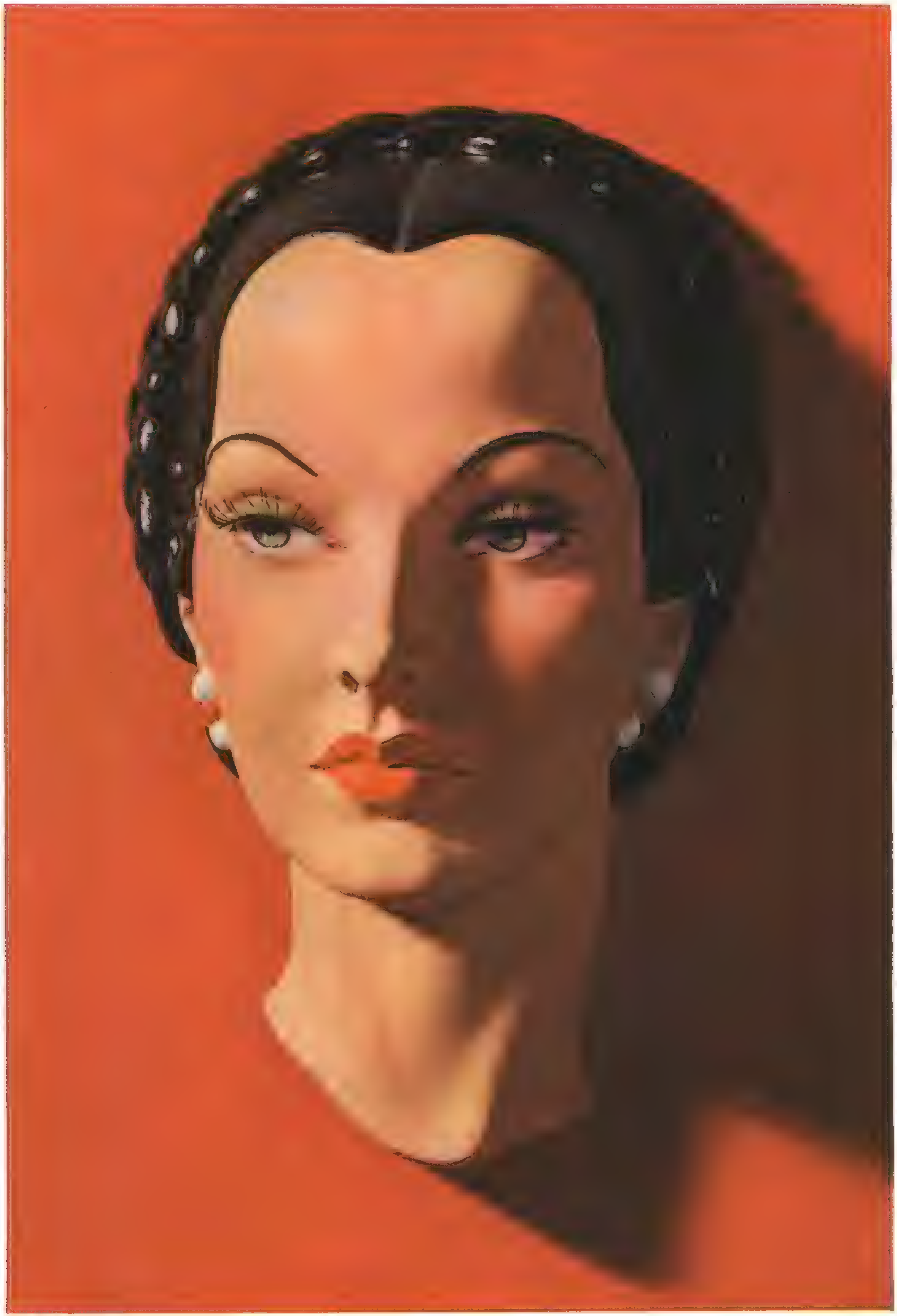
We crossed the bog as silently as possible so as not to alarm any snakes sleeping in front of their holes. Martin was leading and as he stepped from the soft mud to the solid ground, a noise like an alarm clock went off at his feet. Peter pirouetted in a way the premier danseur of a ballet would have envied and leaped back into the swamp.

Six inches from where his foot had landed, a giant spring reared itself up above the bracken. It hung swaying there in a strangely unnatural manner, like a coil of rope suspended by an invisible thread. The

Continued in center of page 187


Gilbert Bundy

"Stop staring at daughter—she's self-conscious enough as it is!"



MASK BY H. LIEDLOFF

FEMININE FACE CARDS, NO. 3: LOVE ON THE GOLD STANDARD

On the premise that it is more blessed to give than to receive, blessed is the man who follows after this Circe of sophisticated circles. For a bracelet is only a bangle, too trivial a token to be credited at all toward the kiss that she holds at a king's ransom, and not even a yacht equals "yes." Yet she never lacks for serenaders, though it must be obvious to all of them that money makes the only music to her ears. Dignified acquiescence is at last the lot of the man who sounds the highest golden notes. The lay of the last minstrel, you might say. He alone, her frosty favor finally bestowed, attains the ultimate bitter truth: it was more blessed to give than to receive, at that. For his is a case of winner take nothing.

Art and Isadora

The divine dancer as a figure of earth leading a flight from materialism in a flutter of Greek robes & unpaid bills

by JOHN DOS PASSOS

• ARTICLE •

IN San Francisco in eighteen seventy-eight Mrs. Isadora O'Gorman Duncan, a high-spirited lady with a taste for the piano, set about divorcing her husband, Mr. Duncan, whose behavior we are led to believe had been grossly indelicate; the whole thing made her so nervous that she declared to her children that she couldn't keep anything on her stomach but a little champagne and oysters; in the middle of the bitterness and recriminations of the family row,

into a world of boardinghouses kept by ruined southern belles and thedefalcations of railroad magnates and swinging doors and whiskery men nibbling cloves to hide the whiskey on their breaths and polished brass spittoons and basques and bustles and long ruffled trains,

(in which lecturehall and concert-room, Culture and Art, and readings from Shakespeare and Browning were, under the domination of ladies of culture, the new centers of aspiring life,)

she bore a daughter whom she named after herself, Isadora.

The break with Mr. Duncan and the discovery of his duplicity disgusted Mrs. Duncan. She became a bigotted feminist and atheist, passionately followed Bob Ingersoll's lectures and writings; for God read *Nature;* for duty, beauty, *and only man is vile.*

Poor Mrs. Duncan had a hard struggle to raise her children in the love of beauty and the hatred of corsets and conventions and manmade laws. She gave pianolessons, she did embroidery and knitted scarves and mittens. She lived in the exaltation of revolt against ugliness and materialism and the crass vulgarity of men.

The Duncans were always in debt.

The rent was always overdue.

Isadora's earliest memories were of wheedling grocers and butchers and landlords and selling little things her mother had made from door to door,

helping hand valises out of back windows when they had to jump their rent in one shabbygenteel boardinghouse after another in the outskirts of Oakland and San Francisco.

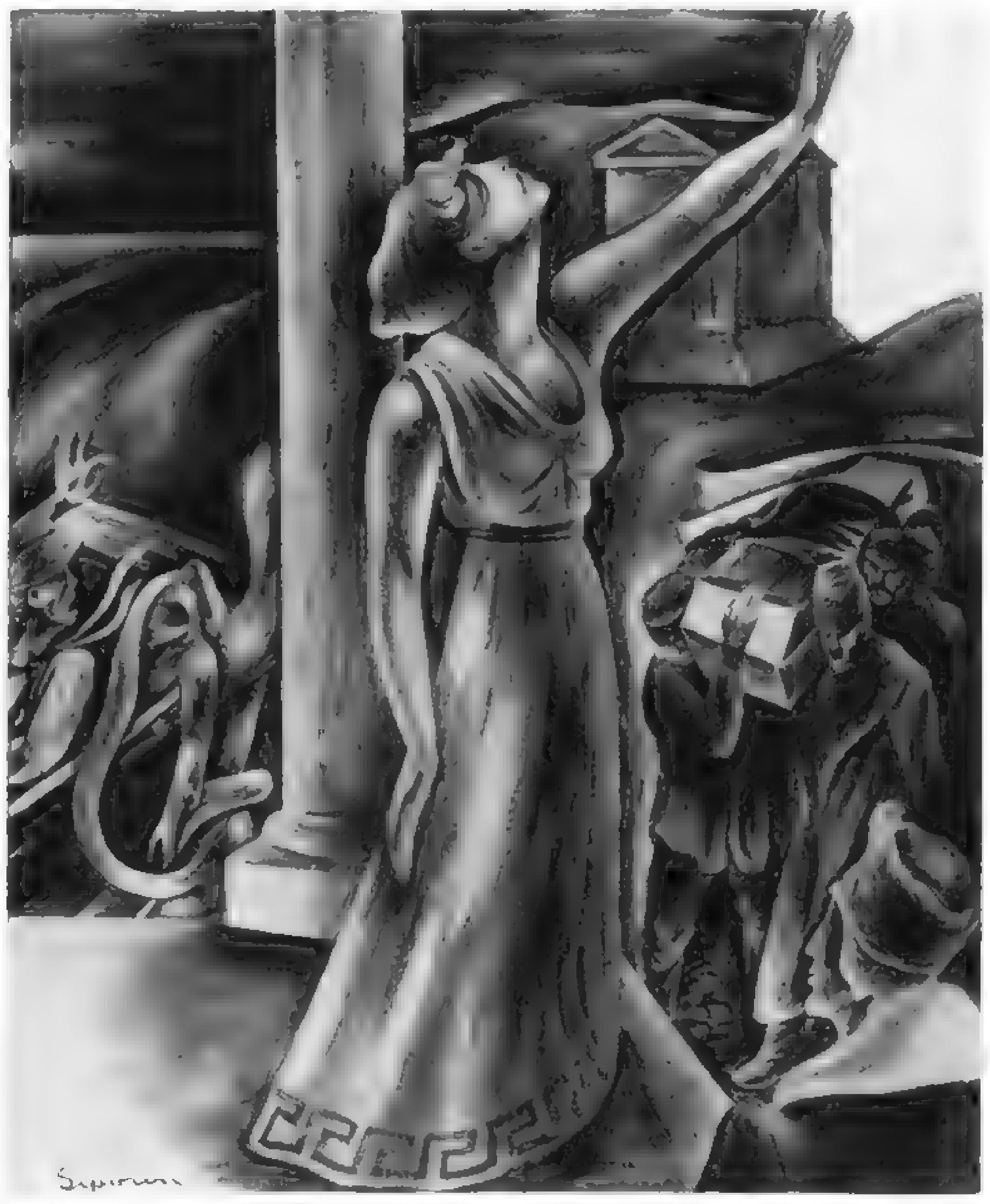
The little Duncans and their mother were a clan; it was the Duncans against the world. The Duncans weren't Catholics any more or Presbyterians or Quakers or Baptists; they were Artists.

When the children were quite young they managed to stir up interest among their neighbors by giving theatrical performances in a barn; the older girl Elizabeth gave lessons in society dancing; Isadora had green eyes and reddish hair and a beautiful neck and arms. She couldn't afford lessons in conventional dancing, so she made up dances of her own.

They moved to Chicago. Isadora got a job dancing to *The Washington Post* at the Masonic Temple Roof Garden for fifty a week. She danced at clubs. She went to see Augustin Daly and told him she'd discovered

the Dance

and went on in New York as a fairy in cheesecloth in a production of *Midsummer Night's Dream* with Ada Rehan.



The family followed her to New York. They rented a big room in Carnegie Hall, put mattresses in the corners, hung drapes on the wall and invented the first Greenwich Village studio.

They were never more than one jump ahead of the sheriff, they were always wheedling the tradespeople out of bills, jumping the rent, getting handouts from rich philistines for Art.

Isadora arranged recitals with Ethelbert Nevin

danced to readings of Omar Khayyam for society women at Newport.

When the Hotel Windsor burned they lost all their trunks and the very long bill they owed and sailed for London on a cattleboat

to escape the materialism of their native America.

In London at the British Museum

they discovered the Greeks;

the Dance was Greek.

Under the smoky chimneypots of London, in the sootcoated squares they copied poses from black figure vases, went to lectures, art-galleries, concerts, plays, sopped up in a winter fifty years of Victorian culture.

Whenever they were put out of their lodgings for non-payment of rent Isadora led them to the best hotel and engaged a suite and sent the waiters scurrying for lobster and champagne and fruits out-of-season; nothing was too good for Artists, Greeks

and the nineties London liked her for it.

In Kensington and even in Mayfair she danced at parties in private houses,

the Britishers, Prince Edward down, were carried away by her preraphaelbeauty

her lusty American innocence

her California accent.

After London, Paris during the great exposition of nineteen hundred. She danced with Loie Fuller. She was still too lusty California innocent to return the advances of Rodin the great master, to take in the extraordinary behavior of Loie Fuller's circle of crackbrained beauties. The Duncans were arts and crafters vegetarians.

Isadora and her mother and her brother Raymond went about Europe in sandals and fillets and Greek tunics

staying at the best hotels, scorning the philistines, leading the Greek life of nature in a flutter of unpaid bills.

Isadora's first solo recital was at a theatre in Budapest. After that she was the American diva,

had a loveaffair with a leading actor;

in Munich the students took the horses out of her carriage, in Berlin everything was flowers and handclapping and champagne suppers,

with the money she'd made on her German tour she took the Duncans all to Greece. They arrived all of atremble on a fishingboat from Ithaca. They posed in the Parthenon for photographs and danced in the theatre of Dionysus and trained a chorus of urchins to sing *Aeschylus* and built a temple to live in on a hill overlooking the ruins of ancient Athens but there was no water on the hill and their money ran out before the temple was finished

so they had to stay at the Hotel d'Angleterre and run up a bill there.

When Isadora's credit gave out they took their chorus back to Berlin and put on *The Suppliants* in ancient Greek. Meeting Isadora in her peplum marching through the Tiergarten at the head of her chorus marching in order all in Greek tunics

the kaiserin's horse shied, and her high-

Continued on page 196

So Pink the Professor

Prospectus for a great animal act in the stadium—the taming of the mild bull of the campus

by LAWRENCE MARTIN

• SATIRE •

Sitting in my professorial study, flanked on one side by the complete works of Flaubert (put over by a magazine salesman who would not be denied) and on the other side by the sports page of the day's paper, I reflect that rocky as the world was when Gustave heaved *Madame Bovary* at it, it was as tranquil as Keats' Grecian urn compared to the quivering object it now is.

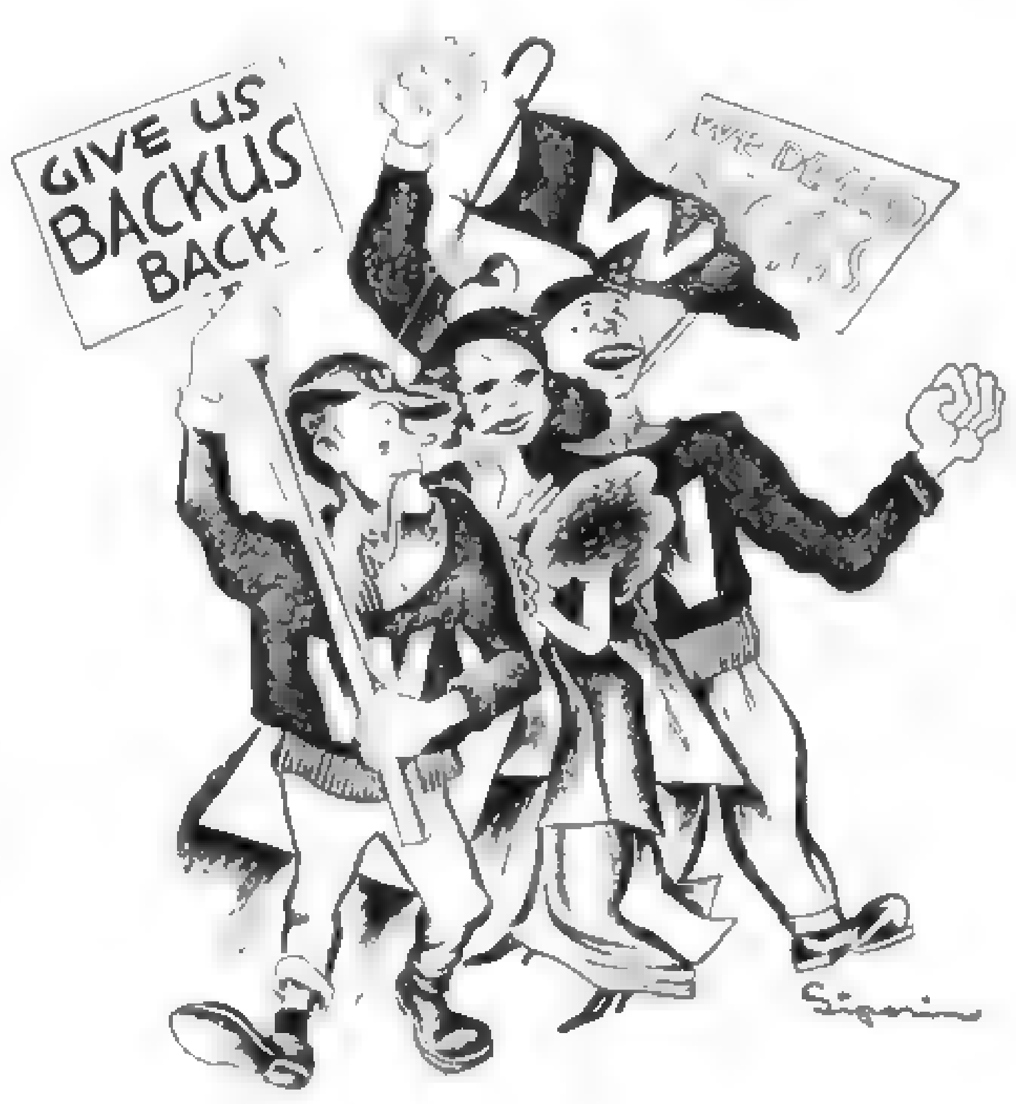
Even the sports page is no longer a refuge. I do not mean that women's bowling, golf, and swimming take up too much space. Let the ladies have their innings—and their frames, pars, and splashes—while the going is good and before American style naziism, slipping upon them from around the corner of the next depression, ties them down to washboiler and kitchen range. No, here are more urgent changes, ferments, breakdowns, and revolutions. Consider the sports page news that six hundred Westminster College students (New Wilmington, Pa.) picketed the campus in a strike because the faculty put Paul Backus, star basketball center, on probation for poor grades. They "demonstrated," these collegiate proletarians. And they won: Backus is back.

Shockingly un-American to some of us old stagers has been the spectacle of teachers and reporters striking, picketing, haranguing, and carrying signs about with backtalk on them. But we never dreamed that direct action would strike so near home. The direness of it is that it works both ways. Take Backus out, spill alma mater on its nose—and the angry students revolt. Leave him in, gain a glorious victory like Northwestern's over Notre Dame last fall—and they close up the academic plant out of sheer joy.

A newspaper item next to the Westminster bolshevism tells that the Southeastern conference of thirteen colleges has decided to pay athletes outright. "Biff" Jones, Oklahoma's head coach, says it is "a fine thing." Dr. Tigert, University of Florida's president, avows it is—you'd never guess!—"a constructive step." The high commissioner of the Big Ten, Major Griffith, is against payment to athletes, favoring the Western conference shifty formation and hidden ball trick as against this new direct line plunge.

What does the future hold for this cockeyed microcosm, the college: for us professors, fine-thing coaches, constructive-step presidents, and 100% pro-alma mater "students"?

In spite of Einstein, in spite of atoms subjected to the physics lab's third degree, one rock bottom phenomenon remains; for every winner there is a loser. If this Westminster college precedent broadens out, then for every licking, for every time the local playboys are crushed on the gridiron, swept off the track, flattened on the diamond, and blasted off the courts, we profs will be locked out. This might be borne. But if besides that, every victorious gambol over the rival muggs that wear the green and gold or the purple and pink is going to call for a jubilee general strike, then we pedagogues had better form the students into company unions under our own 7A, or else hire some bookish strikebreakers to fink it in library and classroom.



The college is getting all balled up with the world, confused, distorted, warped, and gibbous. Professors are wading into politics clear up to their Sigma Xi keys. High politics is all mixed up with the Naziish Olympics. Count Rathenau was wont to say, before those sportive Nazis murdered him, that economics is destiny. In terms of the college it now certainly is, and it keeps on rearing its ugly head in academic cloisters. For if athletes are to have pay-numbers as well as the numbers you can't tell them without, the possibilities are staggering. Tomorrow's Red Grange may precipitate a crisis by going on a one man strike for a bigger rake-off just before the whistle. Wage scales for athletes may be complicated by overtime and piecework. Coaches may get into hot water with Football Local 283 over the stretchout, and with Badminton Local 117 over the speedup. Stars may demand bonuses for setting records. Those innocent, meaningless statistics of high scorers in the Big Three and the Little Nine which sports editors work up to pad the Saturday page may become the bases for wage rates. And unless colleges be given the power to print their own money, where is the cash to come from?

Where indeed? One way is to cut the professors' salaries. It has been done, and while not a "constructive step," it is practicable. Professors won't go on strike, and if they do, who cares? However, there is a nice way of raising the money. It involves the use of the college stadium, that extra-curricular white elephant which works so few hours every year.

I mean that the white elephant, which at your school and mine is sick with mangy mortgagitis, can be cured by a stiff dose of red peril. Let us sketch in the antecedent action. Since last homecoming day several professors have been fired for talking out of turn. In twenty-odd states (you can leave off the hyphen) bills have been introduced or enacted to require loyalty oaths of all teachers, from Miss Sibley who trains kindergartners to eat their milk and crackers without soiling their bibs, to Dr. (Boney) McHiggins, the unburied cadaver who is the leading Beowulfian authority on your side of the Mississippi. In some colleges the infliction of the loyalty oath on the suspected faculty has proved so popular that the student body has taken the dose concurrently and of its own accord, to the accompaniment of lewd gestures which revealed that students can take other matters than sport with seriousness.

If at your alma mater the red herring has not yet been dragged across the trail, see to it that the crimson cry is raised. Stir up the animals —it is easy, requiring little more than a rumor that some freshman, having passed PolSci AA with honors, looked crosseyed at the ROTC unit on parade. In your community there must be at least one mouthy scalawag who knows that patriotism pays. Let him organize the other patriots and "contact" the nearest Hearst sheet, and your cause is made.

So, at your alma mater and at mine, the super-stadium with the super-mortgage on it can crack open the college season in the spring with big-time sport of a new kind: the mass oath-taking of the faculty. Packing them in at fifty cents a head, the patriotic spectacle will commend itself not only to those whose love of country is chronic but to business offices and athletic boards wondering where the money is coming from for the boys' shoulder pads, the band's train fare for out of town games—and the weekly pay check of the triple-threat Backuses.

Unless I miss my guess—and I am no Professor Tugwell—you will be seeing fine sport in the spring when the profs march upon the field in their caps and gowns, their tassels swinging by their left nostrils. Old Horseface, the math wizard, will be there; and the four-eyed peewee who makes them sweat over German verbs; and the sarcastic

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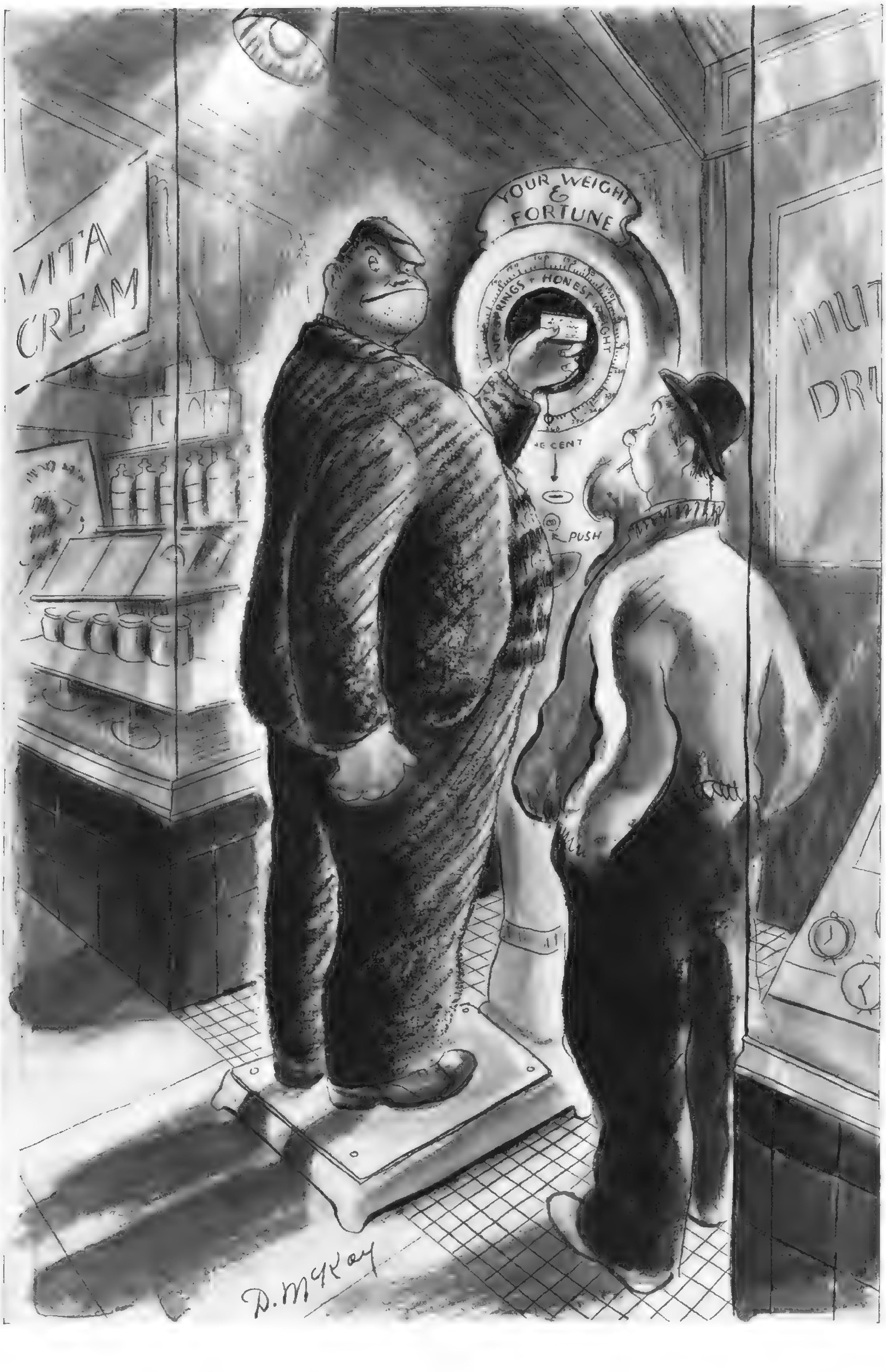
YOUR WEIGHT & FORTUNE
VITA CREAM
HONEST WEIGHT
CENT
PUSH
DRU
D. McKay

"I'm tempermental—but lovable"

A Spell of Moonsickness

The bayou wench will stay put for just so long, then there's an urge that bids the best of them be off

by HEWITT L. BALLOWE

• FICTION •

At twenty-one Lias was a settled man with a wife and two children. He stood next to Unc' Joshua, boss plowman on Union, the best cultivated plantation between New Orleans and the Gulf. He had never hit a lick with a hoe on a cane row in his life. Long before his pants reached his ankles, when other boys of his age worked under the watchful eye of the driver, he was behind a plow and was throwing furrows with the best.

"Shucks," said Zeke, "that's cause Unc' Joshua raised him. He got the Overseer to give him a chance."

"Shut your fool nigger mouf," said old Pa Jim. "Efn the Overseer give you a chance, you think you can offbar stubble the way he is doing? No, I tell you; and the reason is, that when you and the rest was playin' chinies, he was listenin' to Unc' Joshua tellin' him how to handle a team and swing a plow."

"Some day," said Dave, "he gwine be sorry he got behine a plow before his strenth was sot."

"What it does, Dave?" asked Cophas.

"It dreens a man."

"Lias got his strenth. He strong. Look how he jerk that plow round."

"Not that kind, baby boy."

The hands were hoeing spring plant. A titter went up from the women on the rows.

"You see me so, I'm a natural born ditcher, but you don't see me in no ditch."

"Go long, man. Strappin' hunk like you ought to be shame to be in the hoe gang with the women. And you ain't in it for no good puppose, neither."

Dave laughed and rolled his eyes at the speaker.

"It's too lonesome in a ditch, Sis' Polly."

"Nemmine, you goin' git yours, some night."

"I genrally does, when I goes after it."

"You know what I mean, a razor gainst your throat."

"Ain't never had one there yit."

"That's because you is bold and sly."

"Wa-a-ter Bo-o-y!"

It was Lias approaching the headland in the next cut.

"Look," said Zeke. "He burnin' out already and the mornin' is just started."

"Whoa-haw, King! Gee, Ring! Whoa!"

Lias leaned on the plow handles and waited for the boy with the bucket.

Cynthy, still flat breasted, her kinks braided with white cord, looked over at him and sighed. To her Lias was a Galahad. When she turned Dave's eyes were fixed upon her.

"What's the matter, honey, pinin' for him?"

Cynthy flushed under her black skin.

"Nemmine, baby, you goin' to be the finest woman on the whole Coast, and it won't be long. Your breasts goin' to swell jess like a cabbage in the patch."

"They ain't goin' to swell for you, Dave Johnson."

"Maybe not, cause you too young. But I ain't goin' to grow old, gal. I'm goin' to wait for you to catch up with me, and some day you and me goin' to leave Union together."

"Git that out of your head, man. Me and Lias goin' to marry soon as I grows a little more. We is sparkin' already."

Cynthy tossed her head and looked saucily at him. She could see into his eyes. They were not muddy. She could see into their depths, and they smouldered. She watched the muscles under his calico shirt wet with sweat, and they rippled when he swung his hoe. When he moved on the row he didn't slouch like the others, but moved quickly. Just like a big tomcat creeping on a bird on the ground, she thought.

When Lias told Unc' Joshua that he was going to marry Cynthy the old man shook his head.

"You headin' for trouble, son. You ought to told me when you first started to court her."

"I love her plenty, suh. She's the finest gal on all the plantations on the river. None can touch her. What's wrong wid her?"

"Sho's you born, boy, she'll git moonsickness and bring plenty of misery on you."

"How you know, suh?"

"Efn you was pickin' a team, efn you knowed your business, you wouldn't pick a black mule. They tracts buffalo gnats; nor a white one, cause all the green heads and horse flies light on 'em. You'd pick sorter betwixt and between. Same way in pickin' a woman."

"What's that, moonsickness?"

"When a dog gits mad he leaves his home, no matter how good it was, and he lights out until they kill him. When a woman gits moonsickness she can't stay home. She got to go, and she stays until she is wored down, then she comes back. Efn her man loved her, and since he knows it is a sickness, and t'warnt her fault, he can take her back, efn she still all right; but efn she ain't, efn he got sense he'll show her the door, cause he's had misery enough already."

"Lordy, Unc' Joshua, what you see in Cynthy what pints to that?"

"Something in her eye, boy. Just like you kin look in a mule eye and read. The way she hunches her shoulders, rocks her hips, and swings herself when she walks."

"Unc' Joshua, does all women git it? Maybe she will scape."

"All black women gits it. I dunno nothing bout any other kind. Some git it light, and they jess loose, but she'll git it bad."

"Unc' Joshua, I jess can't give her up. I love her too much. I got to take a chance. What a man does when it comes?"

"Efn he got sense, he'll let her go and not foller her. Efn he ain't he'll git his razor or his pistol, den de Sheriff'll come for him and he'll be in more misery."

Lias married Cynthy. They were very happy. Within a year there was a baby in the cabin. Cynthy was a good mother and industrious. She kept everything like a pin. The other women said that she had a mouth for canned goods and bought a dress from every new piece of calico that came to the store. Lias never complained but smiled indulgently when he got less money on pay day than he expected.

As soon as she could give her baby the bottle and leave it with old Aun' Charmless, Cynthia shouldered her hoe and went out in the field when the turnout bell rang. Dave took the place opposite her on the row.

"Lordy, gal, you is fine. I tol you you would come thataway."

"You is fine yourself. You don't look a day older."

"I ain't. I told you I was goin' to wait for you to catch up with me."

"You waitin'?"

"Unhuh."

"Twon't do you no good. Me an' Lias is fool happy."

"Yas it will. I done picked out the place

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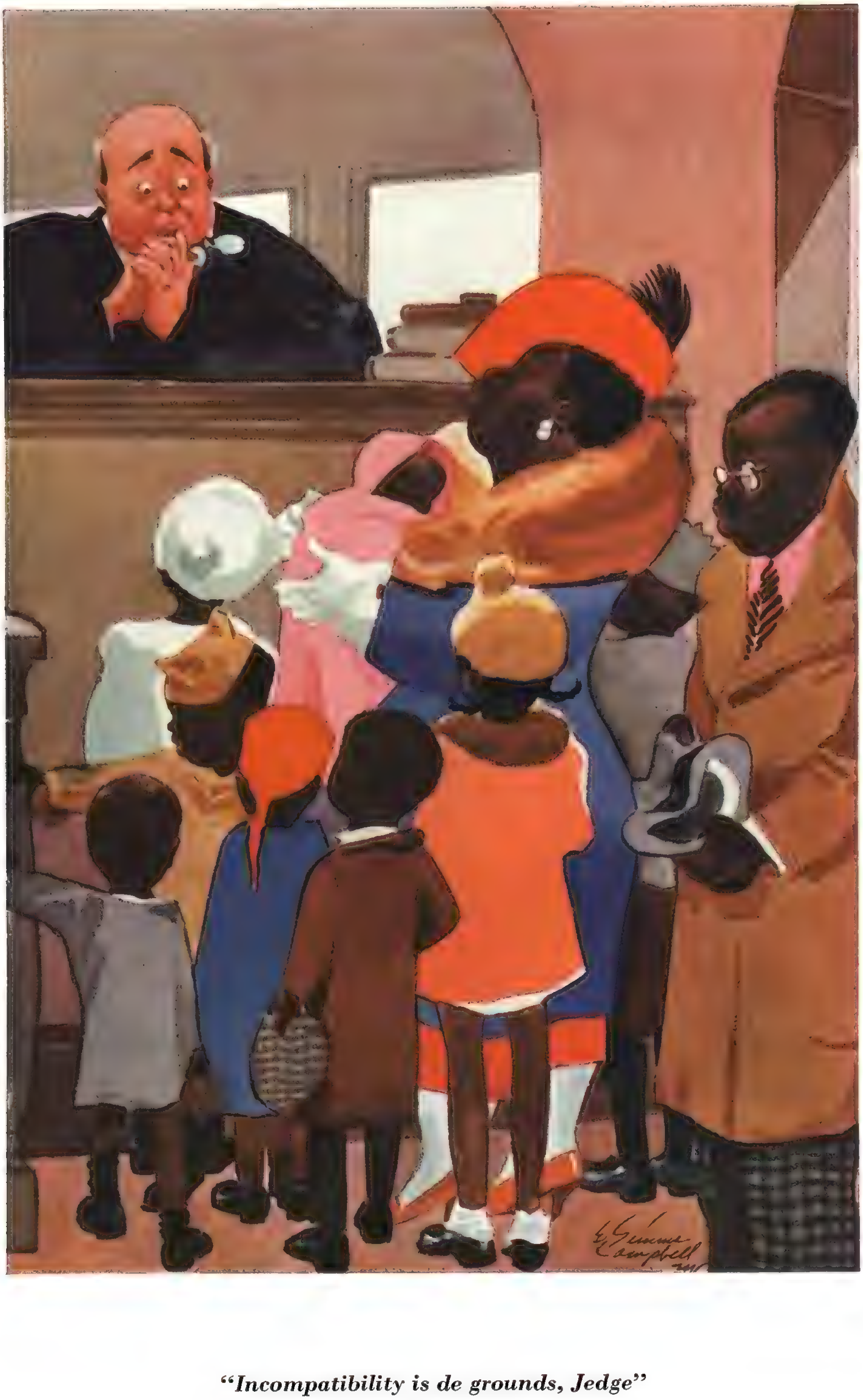
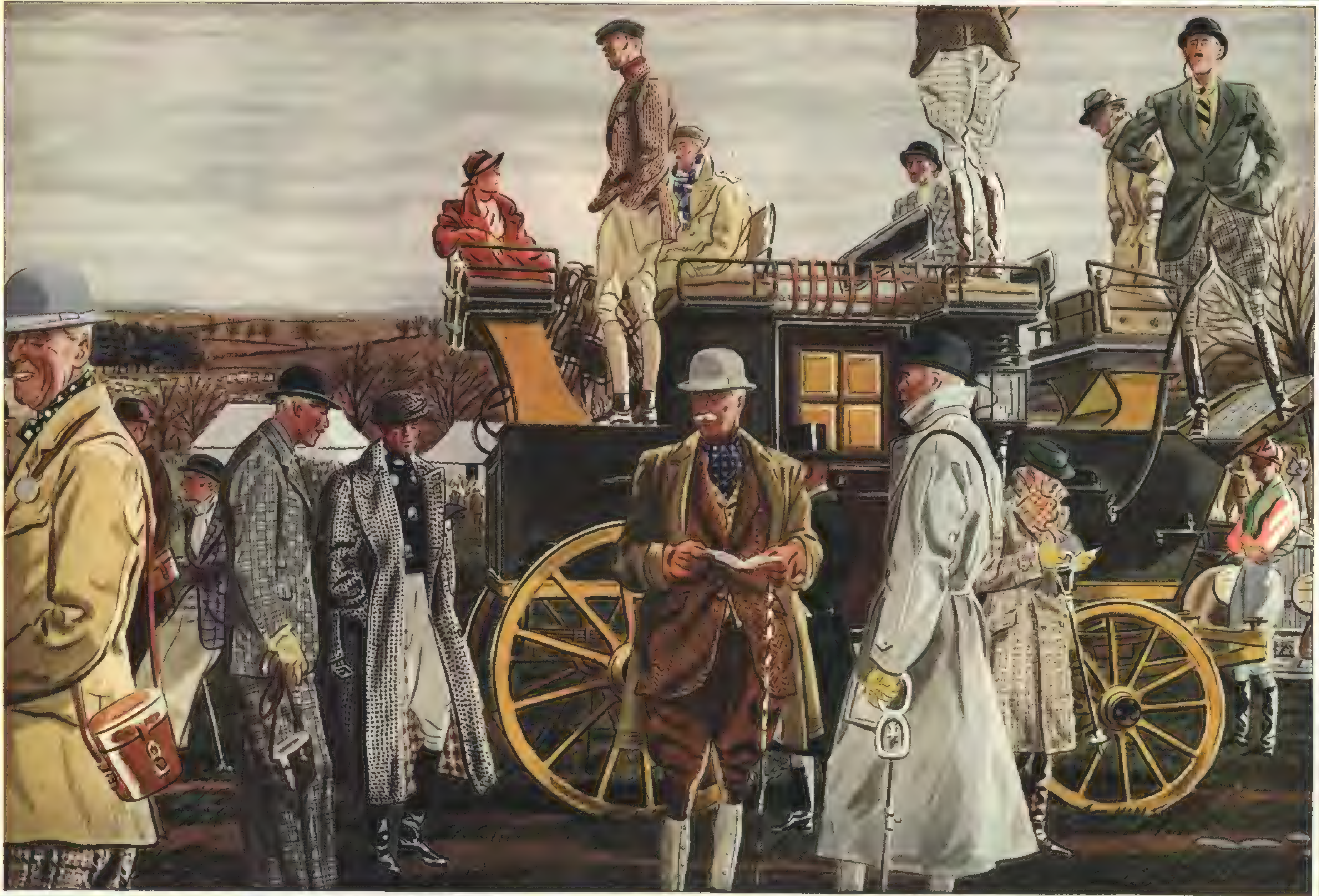

E. Simms Campbell

"Incompatibility is de grounds, Jedge"



Painted in England for Esquire by Leslie Saalburg

'CHASING IN THE SHIRES

Conversational Sample

A socratic argument in which logic demonstrates just what kind of mess most of us are in

by FRED C. KELLY

ARTICLE

In the course of a ramble by automobile over more than 40 of our well known 48 states within the last year, I have talked to several score of heads of Chambers of Commerce, industrialists, small business men and others. I have been trying to recall what ideas or notions these people in all parts of the country had in common, and as I look back it seems to me the outstanding characteristic of practically all, in their mental processes, is a lack of realism, either unwillingness or inability to be logical, and a disrelish for facing difficult problems.

If I were to make a composite of a lot of typical conversations, the result might be something like this:

"How's business?"

"Oh so so. Not so good as it might be, but I think it will be better before long."

"What do you think it's necessary to do to make business better?"

"It'll probably be better no matter what we do. We've always had these depressions, but we always came out of them. Natural forces correct things."

"What do you mean by natural forces?"

"Why, the laws of economics—supply and demand, for instance."

"By demand do you mean what people would like to have or what they are able to pay for?"

"What they are able to pay for, of course. Demand for an article is no good unless a person can buy it."

"But unless the effective buying demand is increased, business won't be good, will it?"

"No, people have got to have more buying power, that's sure."

"How are we going to create more buying power?"

"For one thing, we need a big boost in capital goods—in heavy industries."

"You mean in industries that make machinery intended to make more consumption goods?"

"Yes, there must be a pick-up in new plants and equipment. That will come, too. A lot of machinery has been wearing out."

"But will a corporation buy much new machinery unless they see a way to make it show economies?"

"Of course they want new machinery to be more efficient than what they have."

"You mean it must be economical in saving labor costs?"

"Yes, competition is keener all the time. We've got to save labor costs if we're going to survive."

"But doesn't a saving in labor costs mean less employment and less buying power?"

"It probably does. But there's no way out of that. You can't stay in business very long if your competitor has better and newer machinery and can undersell you."

"Then how is newer and better machinery going to solve the problem of creating more buying power?"

"That won't do it by itself. We've got to have more public works."

"Like slum clearance—housing?"

"Yes, housing would help a lot. People shouldn't be living in slums."

"Could the people now in slums pay rent for better houses?"

"They could if the new places were built cheaply enough."

"But can they be built cheaply enough to pay any return if the rent is as low as that in slum property?"

"Probably not. The government will have to subsidize them—furnish most of the money. They're going to have to work out a big housing program somehow."

"Where will the money come from to finance a big housing program?"

"From taxation, of course."

"More taxes on the lower income groups?"

"Everybody will have to pay his share."

"But if everybody pays more taxes won't everybody have less money to spend for goods?"

"Well, most of the taxes will have to come from those who have plenty—who can buy anything they want."

"Where will they get the money?"

"Oh, they've got plenty of money."

"Isn't much of their money invested in tax free bonds?"

"Yes, we have too many tax free bonds."

"If the bonds weren't tax free wouldn't interest rates have to be higher, in order to sell the bonds?"

"Probably. But the boys with the biggest incomes don't get it all out of bonds. They have plenty of stocks too."

"If there's heavier taxes on big stockholders, won't they bring pressure on their corporations for more dividends and won't that have to come from higher prices or lower wages?"

"Yes, we need higher commodity prices. The President has been trying to bring that about."

"But don't higher commodity prices mean that people will be compelled to buy less?"

"Yes, but we could increase our total sales by more foreign trade. I'm a great believer in foreign trade."

"With which countries?"

"All countries. We should make a greater effort to sell American goods all over the world."

"But how are these foreign countries going to pay for the goods they buy?"

"By selling their goods."

"You mean by selling them to us?"

"By selling wherever they can. Certain countries excel in making certain kinds of goods, and there should be a free exchange. The world's getting smaller all the time. We've got to have international trade."

"But if some European country gives us goods in exchange for ours and we didn't have enough buying power to consume at home all the goods we shipped away, how can we buy the goods we get in return?"

"Well, of course much of the trouble is that too many of our people aren't producing anything. Now, you take these people on relief. What good are they? They don't want work when you give it to them. I suppose the truth is there are too many people in the world."

"If all these people on relief were suddenly to die, would that end most of our troubles?"

"Oh, I don't want them all to die. I feel sorry for them, of course. But at the same time, if they didn't exist we wouldn't be taxed to feed them and we could balance the budget."

"But aren't they consuming a lot of goods the government provides for them, and if all that goods wasn't grown or manufactured, wouldn't farms and factories produce even less?"

"I suppose they would."

"And wouldn't that mean more unemployment and a new set of people on relief?"

"Maybe so, but once we had the budget balanced there would be a restoration of business confidence and then you'd be surprised at how business would go ahead."

"You mean the kind of confidence we had in the good old days under Coolidge?"

"You bet your life. If we had an economical administration like that again, we'd soon be going ahead."

"But didn't the Coolidge confidence lead to wild speculation, over-expansion, and the worst crash in our history?"

"Oh we overdid things. That's sure. But that's no sign we would do that again. I have plenty of faith in the American people."

"You think the American people would

Continued in center of page 200

Base-Ballyhoo!

Now that the era of home run kings is over, the boys may get down to playing ball again

by RALPH CANNON

• SPORTS •

Who would ever have thought that the superior resiliency of Australian wool would change entirely the appearance and status of a great sporting show thousands of miles away? But that is just what happened to the American game of baseball.

The story of the trends of baseball during the thirty-five years it has been one of the major elements of our society has been integrally the story of the baseball itself. During the era when the pitchers were the big stars who controlled the color of the game, they were tampering continually with the outside cover of the ball to gain advantages for themselves by various original strategems and spoils.

But when the time came when the public showed signs of tiring of no-hit games and 1-to-0 scores, and indicated instead a leaning toward interest in home runs, the moguls, with the cooperation of the research departments of the sporting goods manufacturers, began doing things to the insides of the ball, at the same time voting out the pitchers' tricks of marring the cover. The result of this shrewd move was the popularly-dubbed "jack-rabbit" ball, important accessory in Babe Ruth's great home run act that for a decade had the turnstiles clattering merrily and the big ball parks fairly humming and buzzing and quivering with excited humanity.

After baseball's first real conquest of the nation-wide imagination with Frank Chance's famous old Cub machine of 1906-10, the sport drifted into a sort of backwater slough of stagnation with the triumph of the pitchers during the succeeding decade. As low-score games and no-hit pitching performances gradually became common and passe, the theorists began worrying about the game. All agreed that the problem was to get more hitting, which would mean more runs, and consequently more excitement and entertainment for the pay customers. But how to get more hitting? That was the problem.

Some suggested lengthening the pitching distance, and agitation was stirred up in the newspapers to hamper the pitchers by banning the trick deliveries such as the spitter, the shiner, the emery ball, and various other mechanical measure of "doctoring" the ball.

From the beginning of baseball, the pitcher had been the key man, and it was only testimony to their ingenuity that they had developed so many clever ways of maintaining their position of prominence. Elmer Stricklett accidentally discovered the spitball one hot day while pitching for Milwaukee way back in 1901. He wiped the sweat off his chin and then let go a fast one. The ball slipped off the ends of his wet fingers without any spin and took a crazy hop just before it reached the batter. The catcher, along with the hitter, missed the ball, and then came stumbling out to the mound gabbing: "Hey, what kind of a ball was that?"

Stricklett explained that the ball had "got away" from him, as the pitchers say, because his fingers were wet with sweat.

"Wait a minute," perked up the backstop. "If you can throw a ball like that, you've got something!"

Stricklett "had something" all right, that in time turned out to be too good for its own good. Word of the spitball soon went the rounds and other pitchers began working on it. Jack Chesbro, one of the great old-time twirlers with the New York Highlanders, as the Yankees were called in those days, is credited with being the pitcher who really worked up the spit-ball to its maximum efficiency. He still holds the modern record for most games won in a season with 41 for the Highlanders in 1904. Ed Walsh of the Chicago White Sox was another of the greatest spitball pitchers, the delivery being so effective for him that in 1908 he pitched in 66 games, also a modern record.

After its chance beginning the spitball was mastered until it became so tough on the hitters that eventually after much controversy when the real hitting build-up was put on in 1920 it was ruled out. The ruling was not made retroactive, however, and such stars as Urban Faber of the Chicago White Sox, Burleigh Grimes of the Pittsburgh Pirates, and Jack Quinn of the Philadelphia Athletics were permitted to continue using the delivery and as a result were effective big league pitchers for ten or a dozen years after most of the other pitchers their age had dropped out of sight.

Russell Ford of the Yankees developed the emery ball. He cut a hole in the pocket of his glove and fastened a piece of emery paper in his palm, attaching it to a rubber band with one end up his sleeve and the other on a gold ring on his finger. When the umpires would complain that he was "doctoring" the ball, he would pull off his glove, and with it the ring, letting the emery paper snap up his long, loose sleeve. When the umpires inspected the glove, they would find nothing wrong.

Other pitchers waxed the seams, or blackened one side of the ball with licorice, or loosened the cover by wrenching the ball in their hands until a new wrinkle appeared on its surface, causing it to break sharply. Dave Danforth of the Browns would wet the heel of his thumb with a solution of alum. When this dried it left a crusty deposit, which he used to scratch the cover of the ball.

All the way in those days it was the era of the pitcher. Christy Mathewson amazed the sporting world with his mysterious "fade-away." "Three-Fingered" Mordecai Brown of the Cubs made the ball do queer stunts with his maimed throwing hand. And there were others with more natural equipment like the irresponsible Rube Waddell, who was the pattern-maker for all the eccentricities of southpaws, and Cy Young and Babe Adams and Addie Joss drawing most of the fame and glory of the game. Cy Young won twenty or more games for 14 seasons, a most remarkable record in comparison with the pitchers of today who average only about four to a league each year who can win twenty or more games. "Iron Man" Joe McGinnity of the Giants, and "Smokey Joe" Wood of the Red Sox, along with Walter Johnson and Grover Alexander kept the pitchers in the foreground of the picture.

They were masters of their work of course, but they had the advantages of the strategy in those days. For instance, it was openly boasted on the cover of the ball that it would go eighteen innings, and often the ball would go the distance. In the late innings of a close game, the home team would throw out "a sponge," as an old, softened, scuffed ball was called. In the old days players used to rush into the crowd to retrieve a foul ball, often getting into fights with the spectators over it. The players wanted their pitcher to have the advantage of that battered ball. Skulduggery came in the form of freezing the ball in a refrigerator over night, taking the liveliness out of it—to the advantage of the home pitcher.

The late Bill Veeck of the Cubs was the pioneer in allowing the spectators to keep foul balls that went into the stands. Out of 38 balls brought back in one game, he found only two that would pass the sur-

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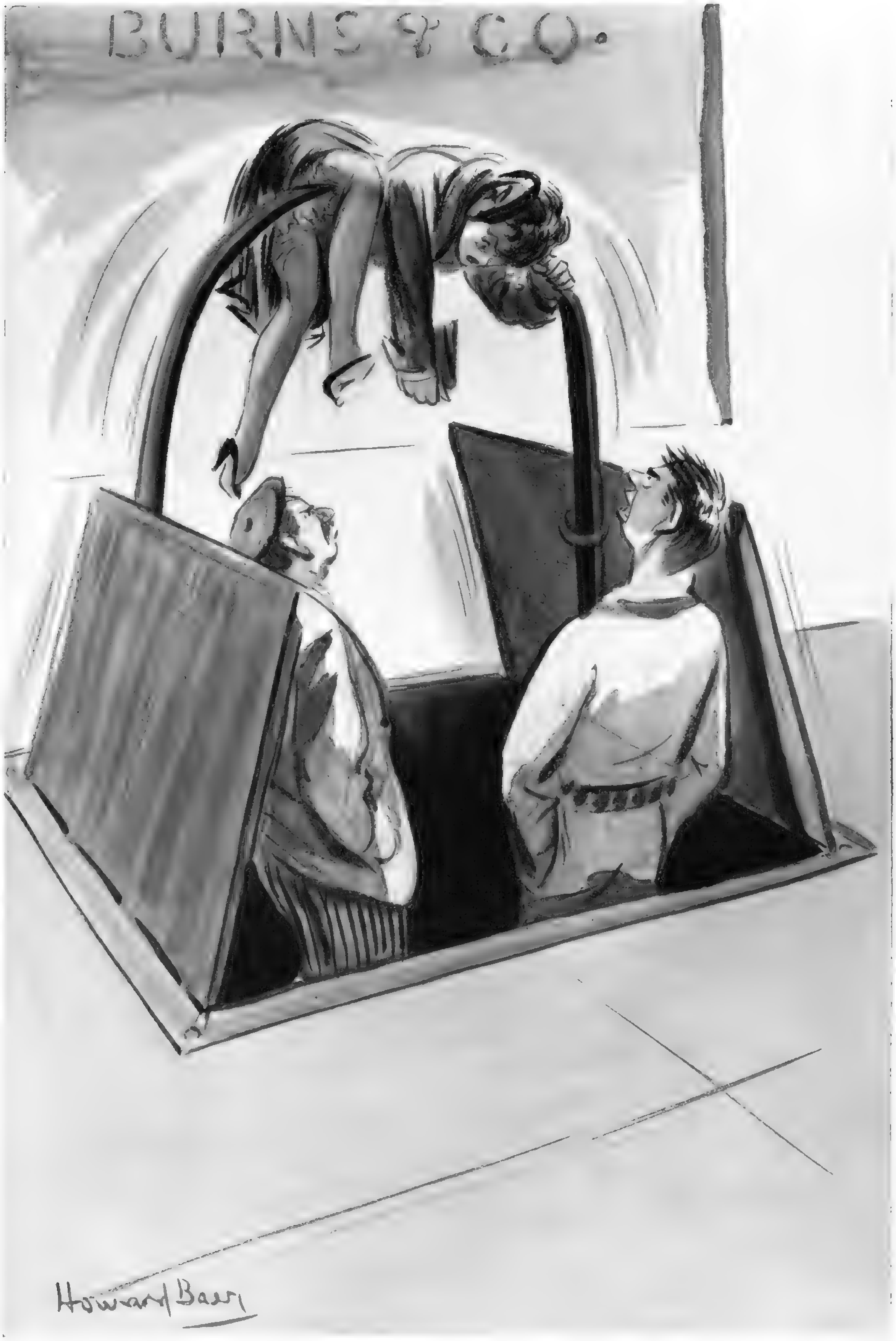

BURNS & CO.
Howard Baer

"Sorry, lady, but we ain't got time to play!"

Prince Starhemberg

A medieval background pushes Prince Starhemberg of Austria towards the Hapsburg throne

by EMIL LENGYEL

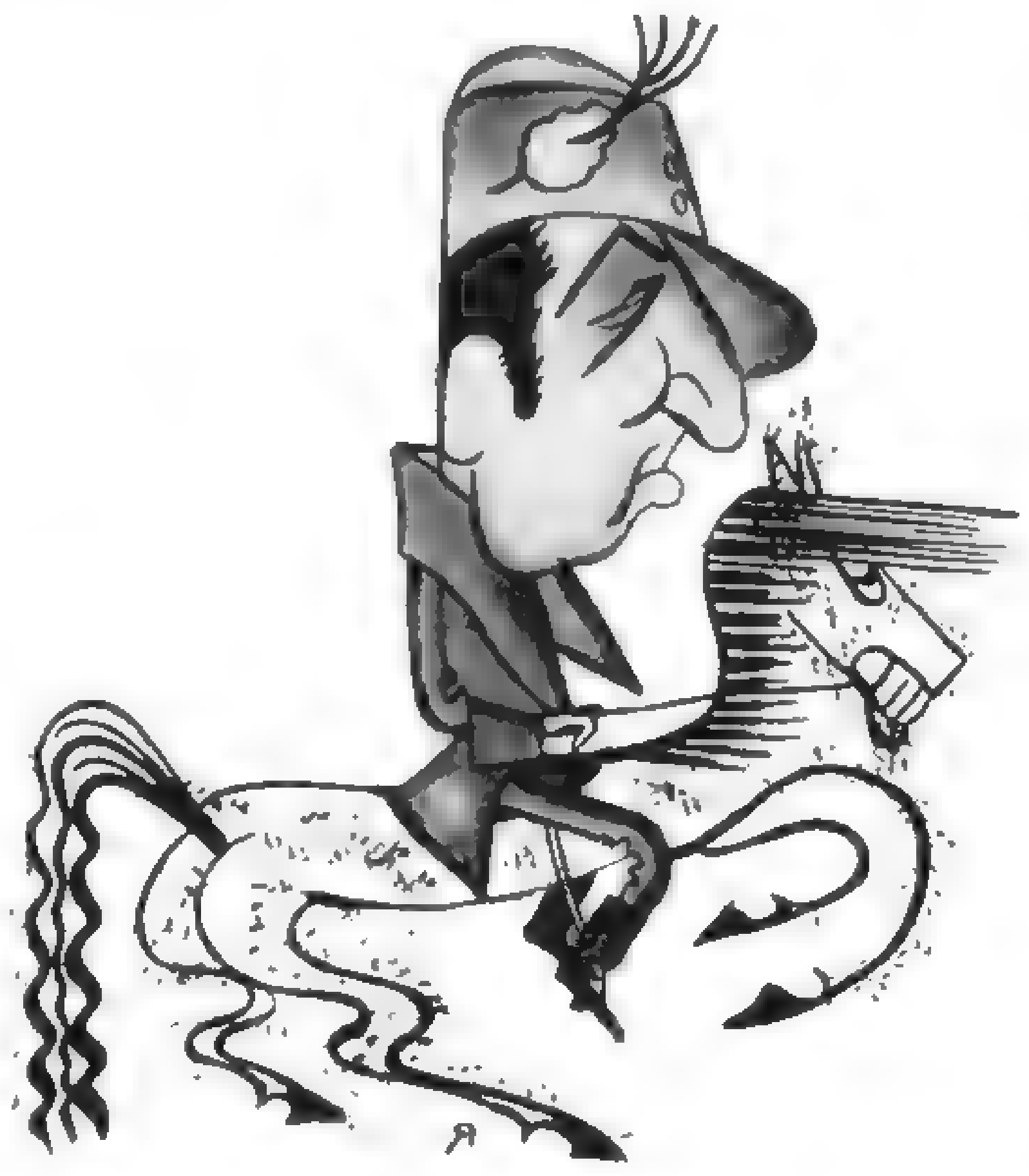
• ARTICLE •

The chairwarmers of Vienna cafés say that Prince Ernst Ruediger von Starhemberg was a child prodigy: he was as intelligent at the age of four as he is now. Who is Prince Starhemberg and why is he important? He is Generalissimo of the Austrian Fascist Home Guards, the Heimwehr, iron-fisted Vice Chancellor, the Man of Tomorrow as well as of Today. The nominal Chancellor, Herr Dr. Kurt Schuschnigg, is a backnumber.

The Prince is a young man of thirty-six who is striving to become Austria's Grand Old Man before the age of forty. He is a shrewd King-maker, who wants to be King himself, despite his protestations of loyalty to the House of Hapsburg. He is a grimly "gemuetlich" Austrian, preparing himself for the rôle of a Danubian Napoleon with the aid of wine, women and song.

Austria's dictator looks like a college boy on a spree of high-pressure merry-making, and he also knows how to be true to his reputation. He is tall and fair, a slender Wotan, who has declared war on the fat usurpers of the German Valhalla. He has his spells of serious mood, when he has swarming apartment houses bombarded, as he did just two years ago. Let us say in parentheses that since that event his prestige as an international power has increased.

The Man of the Hour of Austria is a monarchist and one of the decorative exhibits of the legitimist movement. In other words, he is supposed to push the creaking political cart of Crown Prince Otto, alias Otto I, Emperor of Austria, Apostolic King of Hungary, King of Bohemia, Dalmatia, Croatia, Slavonia, Galicia, Lodomeria and Illyria, King of Jerusalem, etc., etc., etc., formerly of Vienna, Austria, and now of Steenockerzeel, Belgium, pretendent to a multitude of thrones in the Danube valley.



Being convinced that abiding fame awaits him on earth and immortality in the stars, Prince Starhemberg has decided that it would be of better advantage to work for himself than for young Otto, and now his helmet is in the ring, a candidate for the position of Emperor or King.

He is going about this business of insinuating himself as a future ruler more subtly than has been expected of him. First he lulled the monarchists into the belief that he would lead their armies into battle for the King. He is still a prominent figure at royalist rallies, snapping to attention every time the band strikes up "Gott erhalte . . ." the former imperial anthem.

Then he passed the word that time was not yet ripe for young Otto's restoration, and that Austria could not antagonize her neighbors by opening her gates to the hated exile. Meanwhile mysterious whisperers are at work in influential quarters, suggesting that the best way out would be to invite Prince Starhemberg to assume the office of Regent Governor. The suggested title itself is significant. Austria's neighbor, Hungary, has for fifteen years had a Regent Governor in the person of Admiral Horthy, and he will remain in power as long as he cares.

From the Regency there is only a short jump to the Emperor's throne, which has once more been set up in Vienna's Hofburg. Prince Starhemberg believes that there is no reason why Austria should not have a real Austrian Prince, instead of an alien Crown Prince of the Hapsburg-Lorraine stock.

If the Prince succeeds, he will owe his exalted place not only to his relentless ambition but also to his reputation as a man lacking in brilliance. "Ah, der gute Starhemberg," not a few Austrians say, "er ist so dumm . . ." that he could do no harm, and so they let him have his fun. This is additional evidence of the truism that in politics brains is not the most essential commodity.

But let us begin things at the beginning, which is some time around the year 1150, when the first Starhemberg popped on the stage, sword in hand, armor on his body and a ferocious glint in his eagle eyes. He was a gentleman, averse to work, devoted to the noble art of murdering his fellow-warriors. He did, indeed, rise to high estate because of his proficiency in killing and taking the land of his foes. At that time the doors of social prominence were open to small-time gangsters who were ruthless enough to become full-fledged robber barons. Later they became Counts and Princes of the Empire, the pillars of society and revengers of anti-social crimes.

Prince Starhemberg's castle is full of the portraits of his ancestors, of which it may be properly said that there is not a smile in a carload. All the old gentlemen did their best to look their worst in order to deserve the affectionate devotion of their contemporaries. Our own Prince liked to study the faces of his great forebears and especially the glowering likeness of his namesake, who is known to history as the "Turkbeater." It was this ancestor who impressed himself most strongly on young Starhemberg's imagination and inspired him to near-heroic deeds.

The Turkbeater made his name immortal 250 years ago, when the Islamic hordes surged out of the Balkans, flooded Hungary and reached the ramparts of Vienna. Count Ernst Ruediger von Starhemberg, who later was made a Prince, mustered a derelict force of musket-bearing antics and placed them on the walls in such a way as to give the impression that their number was legion. He had the population make appropriate noises with their arms and sent word to King John Sobieski of Poland to hurry to his rescue. He bluffed long enough to enable the Polish King to raise the siege, which meant that the Turkish danger was averted from Western Europe.

Our own hero was born in the shadow of that formidable fame. He admitted his first martial squawks in the castle of Efferding on the Danube, near Linz, the capital of Upper-Austria. His name was entered in the village registry as Prince Ernst Ruediger Camillo Marie von Starhemberg, Count of Schaumburg and Laxenburg, Seigneur of Wildberg and Lobenstein. At the time of his birth the princely family had 36 castles of various importance, of which Efferding was the most commodious, and nearly all the others were weather-beaten mansions, imperfectly suited for the age of sanitary plumbing.

The young Prince grew up in a medieval setting. His father was the very image of an old-fashioned knight, with high ideas about "standesmässig" dignity and a desire to avoid the company of the smaller fry. After a few quiet glasses of Badacsonyi, he liked to admit that his family had already achieved great fame when the Hapsburgs were mere goatherds on Swiss mountain pastures. He was a man of strong principles, one of which was that no gentleman should work.

Ernst Ruediger's mother was the haughty aristocratic type of pre-war Viennese operettas, and she knew the secret of combining religion with a dose of worldly interests. Hence, she became an active worker in the Christian Social political organization. After the war she was to become an ardent worker for the Hapsburg cause. She has never had a flattering view about her child's mental qualities and even today she is far from being dazzled by his success.

In their feudal setting, the Starhembergs were surrounded by an army of obsequious

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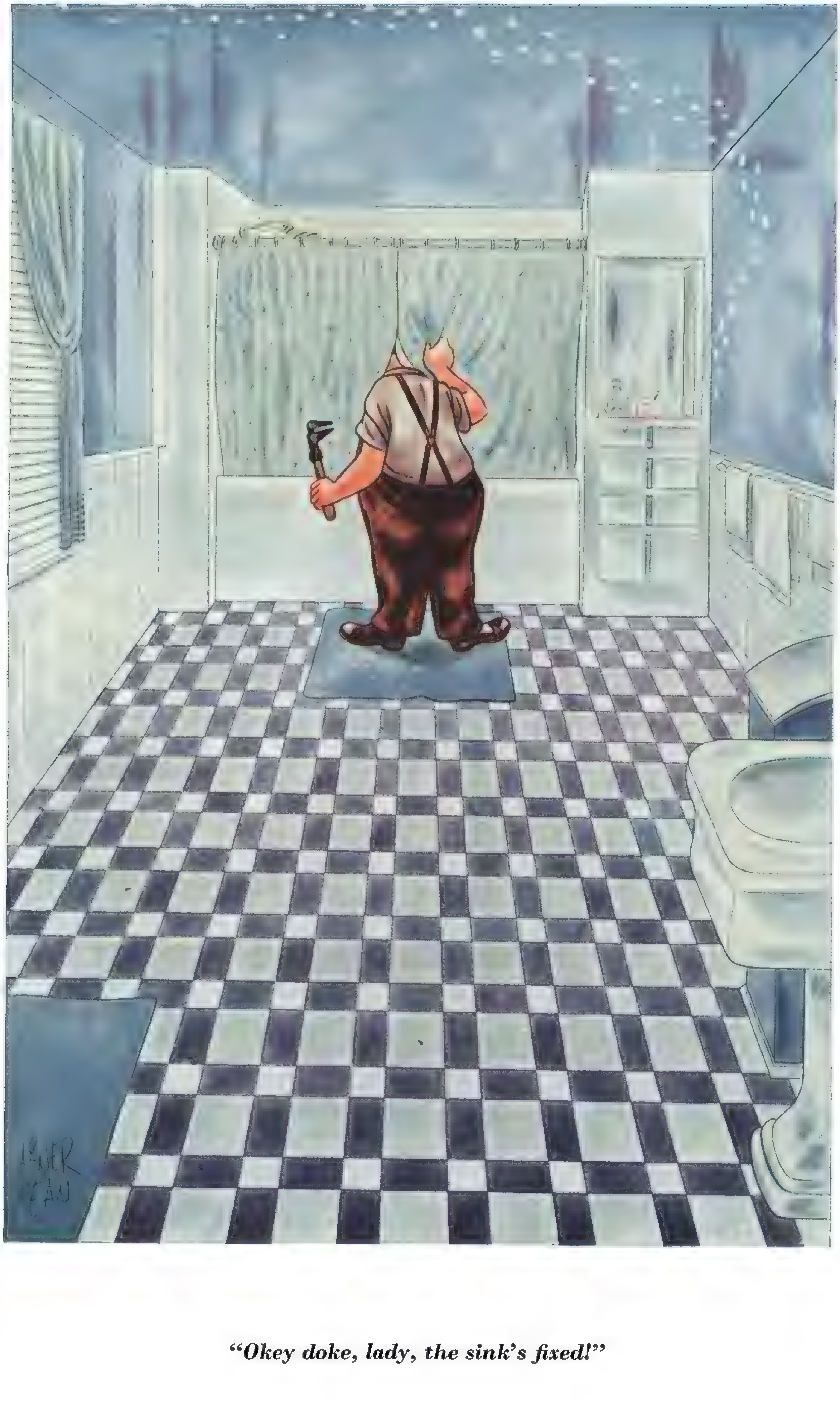
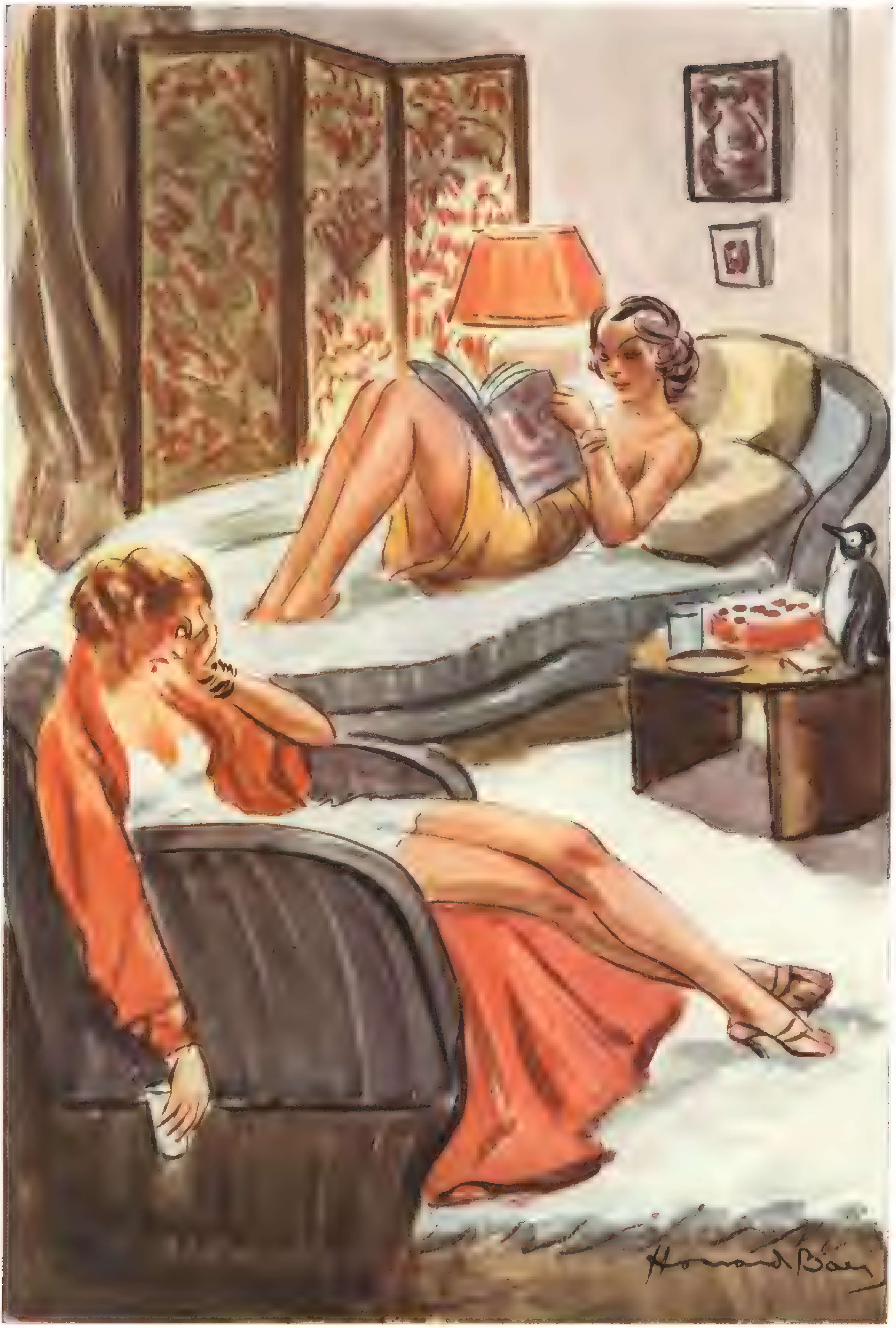


"Okey doke, lady, the sink's fixed!"


Howard Baer

"Then I asked him where he got that illiterate stuff. My mother and father were married"

Wanted: A Few Small Rackets

How about a tipping system for housewives or an allowance for wear and tear on filing clerks?

by CREIGHTON PEET

▪ ARTICLE ▪

It is all very well to do things for the farmers and building trades workers and stock market investors, but nobody in Washington or Palo Alto—or Moscow—has yet offered to help the average citizen to an adequate supply of small, harmless rackets. And without a few "honest grafts" a salary means very little.

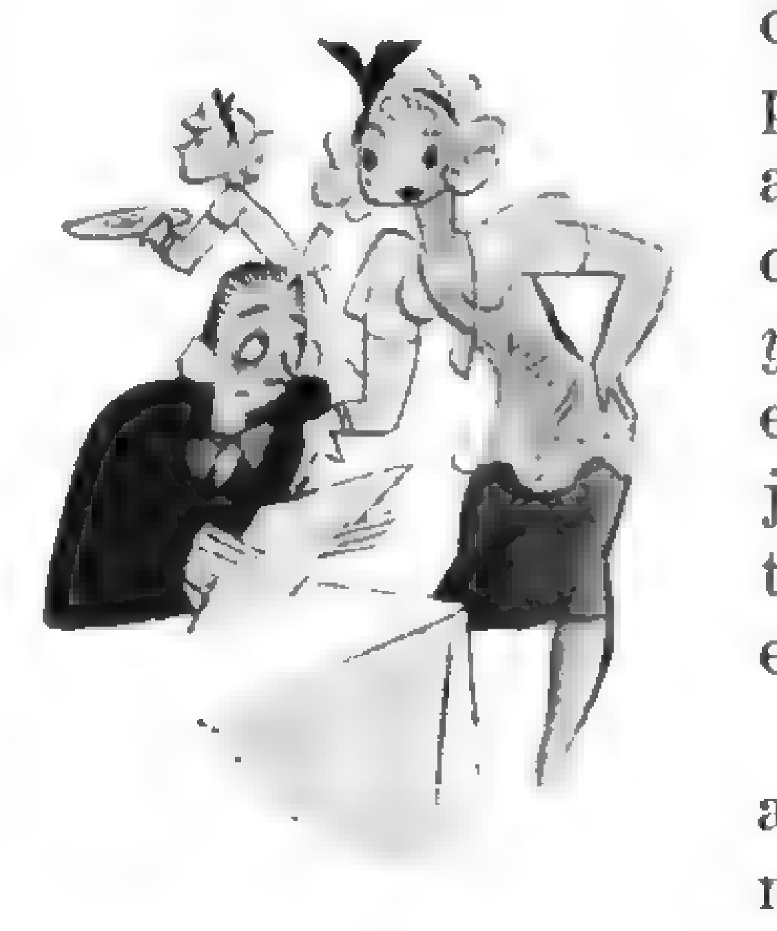
Suppose somebody is paying you $15 or $50 or even $150 a week to work in a factory or store or office. That is that, and no more. Someday in the future you may get a raise of from fifty cents to five dollars a week, and perhaps a couple of times in your life, a bonus. But outside of these rare events and the possibility of Uncle Elmer's death, your income stays the same. You can't say "Boss, my wife needs a new dress—I think I'll have to have fifty dollars this week instead of the usual $42.75," or "I've been looking in the mirror and honestly $25 a week isn't enough for a smart guy like me." No, you can't do this sort of thing—but other people can do it to you, and do do it every day. The trouble is that you and I are the rubber bands in the economic chain. We "take up" and "cover up" thousands of little discrepancies in our marvelous machine of national and international finance. But for us stretching here and giving there, the gears would strip, the bearings would burn out and everything would blow up with a bang. And nothing but a sufficient supply of petty rackets will ever even things up and put us on our feet.

For instance — you take a suit to be cleaned. The tailor advertises this service for fifty cents, but when you come to collect the suit you find yourself paying sixty-five cents. It seems that your suit is some special kind of material, or maybe there were some buttons loose, or possibly there was a rip in the lining. All right. You are not going to pieces over fifteen cents. Perhaps you are proud that your suit is made of expensive stuff. Besides, more work is worth more pay. But this is only a small beginning. Those shirts which you sent to the laundry which charges twelve cents—well, it turns out that shirts with collars attached are fourteen cents. Five shirts at two cents more per shirt come to ten cents, and who's going to be small about ten cents? But on the other hand what do you suppose would happen if the employees of a store suddenly decided that taking inventory was an exhausting job, and demanded a twenty per cent salary increase on weeks when they did such work? Nothing would happen. A few "ringleaders" would be fired for such a display of rugged individualism, and the others would shut up in terror.

On Tony's vegetable stand is a large bleary "10c" smeared on a paper bag and stuck on a stick over a pile of melons. You poke around and find one which suits you . . . and . . . no, don't tell me! *This* melon costs fifteen cents. It is bigger and riper. The sign Tony volubly explains is over *there.* This melon came from over *here* (no sign at all). You pay fifteen cents. Tony knows his business. Probably the melon is worth fifteen cents.

Not long ago the Telephone Company introduced into this country the European type of instrument known as the "handset" and for some years charged a quarter a month extra to pay for this improvement. This was to repay the company for its expense in buying new equipment. Now suppose Minnie Jones, stenographer, decides to discard her winter hat and invest in new equipment, i.e., a new spring hat. Can she bill her boss for seventy-five cents for six weeks "to replace outmoded equipment?" No, for Minnie along with millions of other men and women living on fixed salaries is one of those ingenious rubber links on the financial trapeze . . . watch her ladies and gentlemen while she pays all bills and defrays all replacement costs on only one salary of $22.50 per week!

And it is of course logical and good business for the movie house manager to charge ten or fifteen cents more on the only days in the week you can afford the time to go. But do *you* ever get a chance to demand more salary during a busy season—or a reduction in your gas, water or electric bills when you are hard up? The big companies have all the fun. They make the rules. You never get a chance to assess anybody or send out bills or little printed forms announcing that a "service charge of $5 is due immediately," from all your customers. All you do is sit around opening little envelopes with windows sent out by infallible addressing machines.



As for the tips in restaurants or hotels or night clubs, they are certainly justified when the managements of these places are paying little or no salary, but even though justified, they are never an exact sum and in many instances may be increased by special effort, or by the illusion of special effort, and this increase comes out of you and you and you, not the hotel owner who frequently pays a microscopic minimum. The waiter who usually finds a dime under the coffee cup occasionally finds quarters, while the bellhop who brings up the White Rock and cracked ice will every so often open the door on a prosperous sales convention or a honeymoon couple and get a dollar instead of a quarter. In a good hotel every contact with the staff costs you from ten to fifty cents. Does a filing clerk ever find so much as a nickel under the papers she is tucking away? Does the bookkeeping department ever find itself in such a merry mood that it stuffs an extra ten dollars in your pay envelope—just for the hell of it? Does a stenographer get a quarter every time she takes dictation, or a clerk in a store a tip when she hands you your purchase?

As for Christmas! Your boss or firm may break down with five or ten dollars, but you are supposed to break down in all directions. There are the janitor, the mailman, the cook, the building superintendent where you work, the elevator operators, the waitress where you eat lunch, the steward at your club . . . but why go on?

When you are ill you take your prescription to a druggist who charges you a mysterious (and seemingly appalling) price for a simple little powder or liquid. You can't bargain. It isn't done. Besides, you are sick, and this is the wonderful stuff which is going to put you back in the fight. Is it worth ten cents? Is it worth a dollar? Well, just to be on the safe side you are asked to pay a dollar and fifteen cents. Probably it is all fair enough when the cost of drugs and the salary of an expert pharmacist employed to compound as few as a dozen prescriptions a day is counted in. Nevertheless *your* problem is that of fitting the elastic prescription cost (it might just as well have been a dollar twenty-five—or fifty) into your inelastic salary.

You go to work at $40 a week, and after a while they break the news to you that you will be expected to do two additional evenings a week on the night shift . . . meaning four or five hours more per week. Do you get a raise? Do you expect one? No, you are thankful to have this "wonderful chance to get in solid with the boss," in the vague hope of a promotion or raise.

And when you go taxi-riding you frequently discover that the shortest distance between two points is anything but a direct route, that you are running up waiting time

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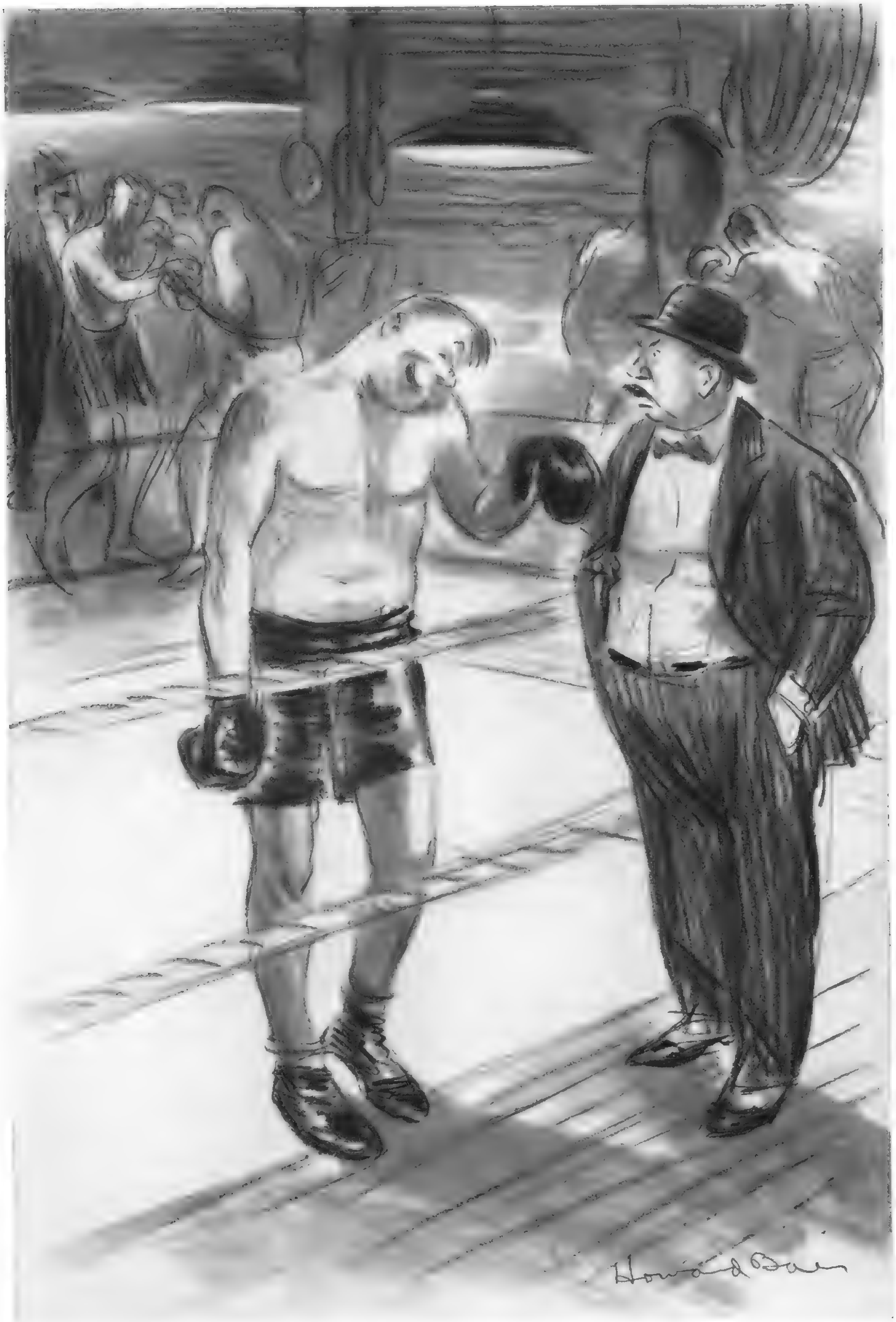

Howard Baer

"Gee, Boss—I feel silly boxing my shadow"

Dying to be Athletic

It's the cure that kills, as nearly all handling of athletic injuries is medically murderous

by HERB GRAFFIS

SPORTS

Black Lorenzo Pack, amateur heavyweight, cocked his right and crept toward the tall blond college kid like the Piltdown man stalked prey.

A feint—a flash—and an arsenal of leather exploded in the blond's face. He toppled forward, dropping as stiff and as flat as though he had been dumped from a coffin.

Handlers with the experience of hundreds of fights behind them crouched in the blond lad's corner, outside the ropes, until the count reached ten. As the referee's hand fell on the final count the handlers vaulted into the ring. Those veterans knew that when a slug like the one Pack slung hit the spot marked X, the other boy was knocked out. There was confirmation of their judgment of the punch in the way the blond boy fell face downward. They knew that much about the human system.

The prostrate blond collegian was lifted to his feet; his head rolled from side to side, all of him was relaxed. His legs and feet were dragging. His eyes stared, unseeing. His mouth hung open. He was still out!

And, to restore him to consciousness, the men from the corner of the knocked-out amateur followed the usual prize ring method. They shook him vigorously, slapped his head so it swung like a pendulum from side to side, then dragged him away to clear the canvas for the next bout.

This performance following the knockout was so atrociously ignorant, so diametrically opposed to the required treatment, that every knowing medical man in the crowded Stadium must have winced.

The profound puzzle to each doctor in the house was that the incident occurred during the finals of a Golden Gloves tournament, the foremost amateur boxing affair. On this, many great newspapers spare no expense and strive to overlook no detail involving proper care of the contestants.

Still, as we consider this typical knockout and its exhibition of the Middle Ages' barbershop manner of handling injuries, we cannot be unduly critical of the technical stupidity shown. Even the doctor competent to express an opinion on the Golden Gloves incident cited must pull his own critical punches at fight handlers for the quite sufficient reason that men in the ring corners are no better or no worse than the most intelligent layman when athletic injuries are to be given emergency treatment. With the main exceptions being at a very few colleges, the general practice in handling sports accidents is so seriously in error that probably only the grace of Providence prevents an appalling athletic casualty list. It is not that the injuries themselves are primarily serious enough to suggest that we become a nation of rocking-chair athletes. Where the main danger exists is in the treatment of injuries frequently being worse in consequences than the initial injury.

To further consider the characteristic case brought up—or down—by Pack, the knocker-outer:

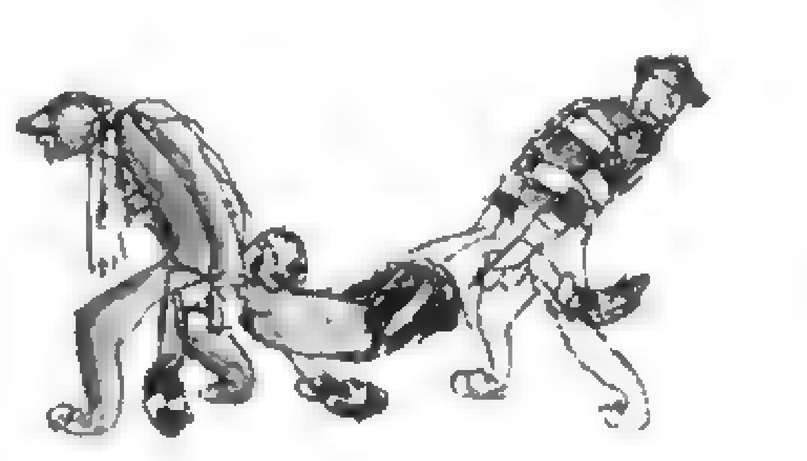
Upon questioning seconds about the violent handling of the knocked-out pugilist, they explained that what happens (or what they believe happens) in the case of a knock-out is that the highest spinal vertebrae in the neck become dislocated by a lusty smack on the "button" and that frequent but slightly less violent repetitions of the "sock" will facilitate the re-engagement of the segmented portions of the spine.

That's what they think. There are other misconceptions as to the results of a knockout, one of them being the erroneous idea the famed "Doc" Bagley presented to *Collier's Magazine* sports expert, Quentin Reynolds, and which Mr. Reynolds reported in an interesting article on the cruelly drastic stupidities of prize ring emergency handling of injuries, under the title, *Fifty Seconds' Work*. "Doc" Bagley, referred to by Reynolds as "the greatest handler of fighters in the world," told the Collier's interviewer:

"When a man is knocked out it means that the blood isn't pumping into his brain. It has stopped or slowed considerably. Massaging those vertebrae (at the back of the neck) sends the blood flying through the arteries and into the brain."

Even if that were true—which it is not—violent handling is the worst possible manner of treating the injury—and don't think a knockout isn't an injury.

In the case of a knockout multiple little hemorrhages occur scattered throughout the brain. The connections between nerve cells and fibers are pulled apart much as a telephone plug and its accompanying socket are disconnected. These nerve disconnections manifestly require the amazingly orderly and competent processes of nature to restore the connection rather than severe jolting, aggravating the injury. Of all times, the moments following a knockout are those during which the victim should be handled gently and kept quiet that there may not be an increase in disturbance of nerve connections in the brain.



Proper handling following a knockout would be careful removal of the fighter to a quiet room where he should be kept lying flat until competent professional attention authorized release or transference to quarters more suitable for prolonged convalescence.

Ring authorities have yet to realize that the generally accepted best surgical care for any other accidental blow on the head followed by a period of coma not much longer than that produced by a ring knockout is two weeks flat in bed.

If a man at work is hit on the head by a falling brick he may be "out" for only a few seconds but he goes to a hospital for a week or more. His employer's medical men see to that, even though the injured workman does not have the earning potentialities of a pugilist. For some inexplicable reason (or lack of it) professional fight handlers haven't learned that the mechanism of brain injury is the same in coma following a knockout punch as it is from injury by a falling brick.

Unquestionably retarding the introduction of proper methods of handling athletic injuries occurring in contests before crowds is the moronic clamor for a speedy, uninterrupted pace in sports competitions. At fights the crowd wants the next fighters to be in the ring instantly after ten has been counted over a contestant in a bout. In football, "time out" often stirs a loud and senseless protest from groups of the stands' gladiators-by-proxy. It's always easy to "take it" snugly wrapped up on the 50-yard line or screaming from a ringside seat.

There may be at some time, the remoteness of which depends on the degree of sanity and broad sportsmanship developed in the public, a change in attitude permitting correct handling of athletic performers' injuries. At present however, failure to recognize the extent of the athletic injury problem is preventing its solution.

Promising signs appear in the medical and surgical press. Possibly of liveliest public interest, although of least general occurrence as athletic casualties, are the punch-drunk fighters. In reality these specimens are about as pathetic examples of preventable athletic casualties as can be pointed out, although their plight seldom is referred to except in popular jest.

Informative comment on this conspicuous class of athletically wounded appears in a paper, *Traumatic Encephalopathy ("Punch Drunk") of Professional Pugilists*, read by Dr. Harry L. Parker of the Mayo Clinic before the Chi-

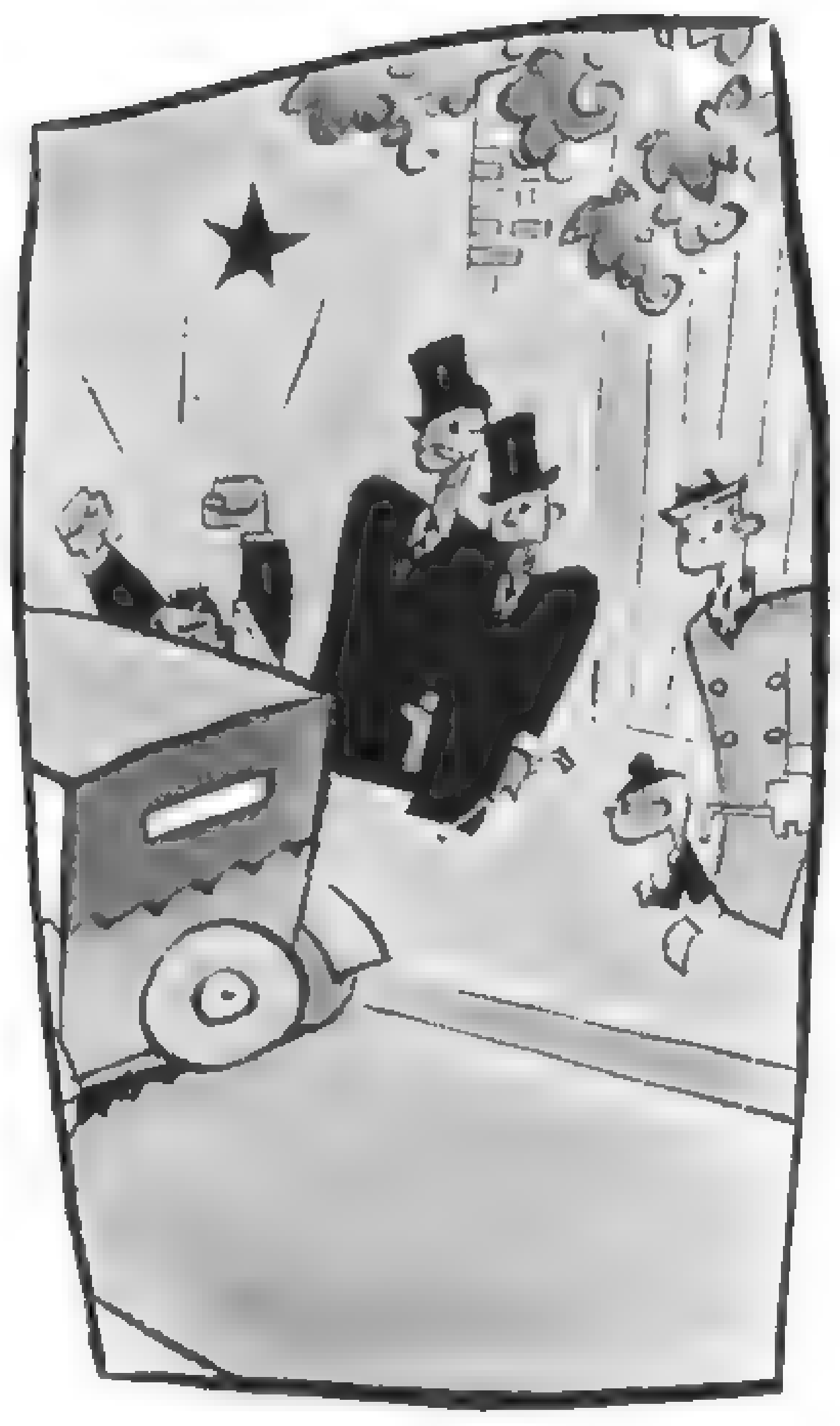
Continued on page 155

The Furiousest Man

When there are bigger windmills to battle, Fiorello La Guardia will battle them, free of charge

by WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON

• ARTICLE •



I LIVED for a time on upper Fifth Avenue, New York City, where pale, aristocratic hands shrink convulsively from contact with Harlem, and where an apartment house on one corner may demand Social Register certification of Aryan ancestry while in the next block Mount Sinai Hospital blazons conspicuously its famous monument of Jewish benevolence. In this region of enigmatical contrasts I was walking one day with my small son. From an apartment building near ours an oddly matched trio emerged. In the middle was a very short, immensely stocky man, with brief, tremendous legs which pushed him along as piston rods drive a locomotive. His dark business suit was stretched over him tight as a drum and on his head was a wide, black felt hat. On either side of this personage walked tall gentlemen in frock coats and silk toppers. The central figure began waving both his hands in frantic gesticulation.

"No! No! No!" he shouted. "Certainly not! What's the idea? You've got no right—" Here followed some sounds I was not familiar with—they may have been Italian, Yiddish, Croatian, I wouldn't know. Furiously the speaker tore himself away from his companions and drove himself down the sidewalk like a tugboat under full steam headed for open water. He seized a taxi, quite literally, hurled himself into it, shouted at the driver. The cab snorted off down Fifth Avenue at desperate speed. The tall, immaculately dressed men shook weary heads and waited patiently until their long, sleek limousine drew to the curb.

"Gee, Daddy!" said my kid, coming out of a trance, "wasn't he the furiousest man! I never saw anybody like *him* before!"

"No," I said, "neither did anybody else. That's Mr. La Guardia."

"What was he so mad at, Daddy?"

"Nobody," I told him, "ever understood why La Guardia gets mad—he must have been born that way."

Which wasn't meant to be funny but just the simple truth. Even so, however, it isn't La Guardia's rage but the things that enrage him which furnish the most significant clues to his unique personality.

The scene is Fiume, a port of Austria-Hungary in the year 1904. A trans-Atlantic liner is due to sail for America within the hour. On the liner's deck a lady of royal rank, the Archduchess Josepha, waits graciously to speak a few kindly, well-chosen words to a crowd of emigrants from her own land who are to be paraded before her. But time passes. The emigrants do not arrive. In the U. S. Consul's office a group of excited steamship line officials are arguing hotly with a diminutive, barrel-shaped young man whose jet-black eyes flash furiously. He pounds his desk with both fists.

"No! No! No!" he shouts in German, Italian and other languages. "You can't do it—I won't pass 'em! Archduchess grrgh! let her wait. Every emigrant must have a physical examination and the company's got to pay for it. You're not going to take any more passage money from poor devils who won't be admitted to the United States when they get there."

Here was lèse majesté with a vengeance and a sin against the vested steamship interests besides. This upstart consul's position was unheard-of, utterly absurd! How dared he—a fifteen-dollar-a-week rubber-stamp—upset the plans of an Archduchess and the revenue of a shipping king? How dared he? Why, he was Fiorello La Guardia and his fury knew no fear. The interesting question is, what started him on the rampage? Was it fellow feeling for wronged emigrants, poor like himself? Or could it have been revulsion at the idea of parading socially inferior humans before an Archduchess?

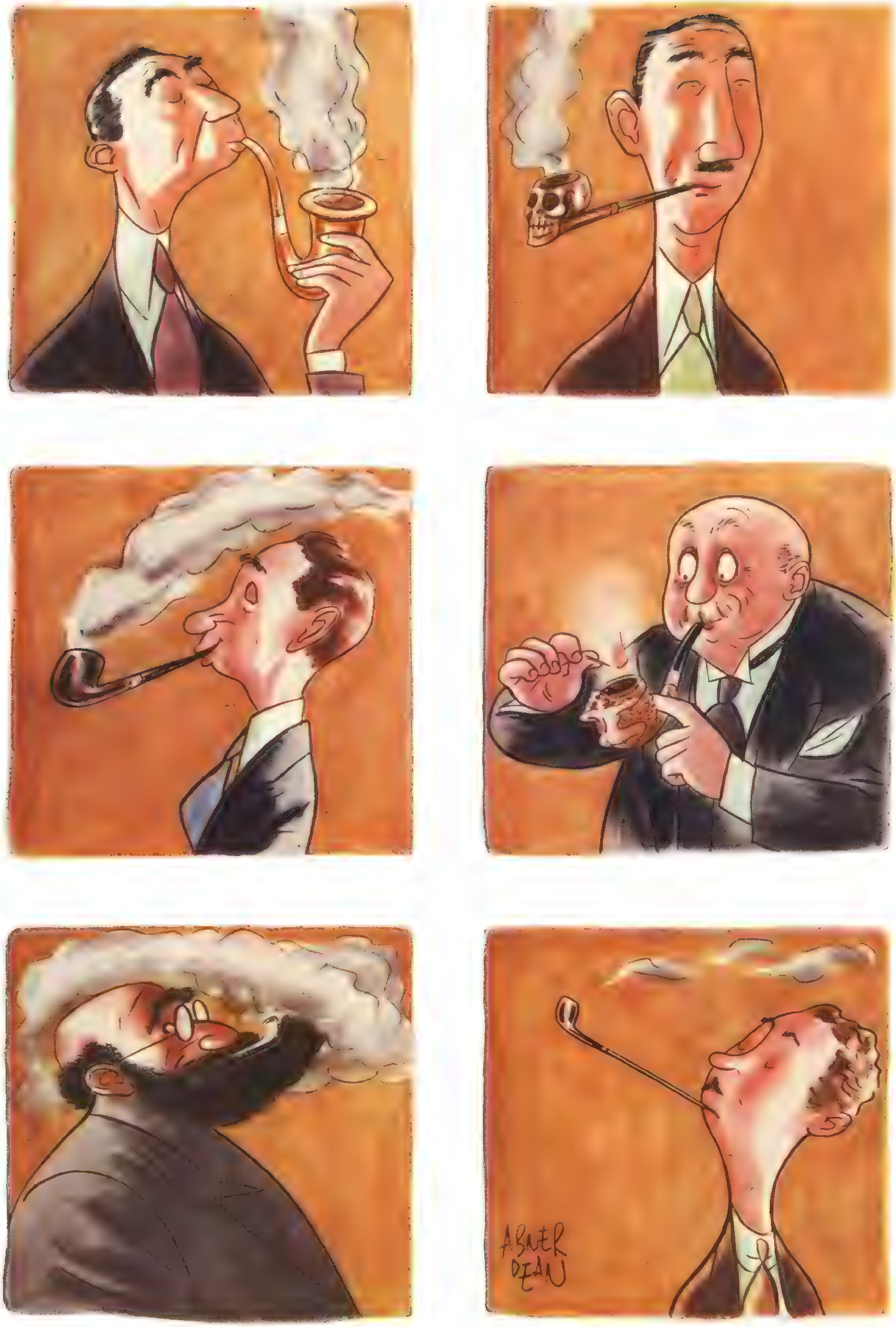
Searching for a possible poverty complex in the La Guardia personality, let us spotlight an incident with roles reversed—Fiorello affluent, his wrath-provoker poor. The scene shifts to New York City, thirty years after the Archduchess affair. A would-be American of German birth named Paul Kless applies for a masseur's license. Kless has no money. But he assures his wife, who is holding the family fort by working at anything she can get, that Commissioner Moss has promised him the license and with that he can earn a respectable living. Kless and his wife between them dig up a few dollars and pay the fee for final citizenship papers, this formal declaration of intention to become an American citizen being the last legal requirement necessary to obtain the precious privilege of earning a living in New York. But Kless waits in vain for his promised license—the Fury of City Hall has intervened! La Guardia in all his wrath has commanded Commissioner Moss to refuse Kless his masseur's permit. And this arbitrary attitude the Mayor steadfastly maintains despite his official legal adviser's opinion that Kless is entitled to his license.

In this strange case the applicant's dire need made no apparent appeal to La Guardia's sympathies. It was the poor man's nationality that offended—Americans, the Mayor said, had been discriminated against in Germany. The State Department denied that any cases of such discrimination were on record, but of course that made no difference to the furious La Guardia. In fact it made him madder than ever—he hotly accused newspaper reporters, who dared to question him about it, of being "Nazis." Though the Mayor never said so, it may logically be assumed that Nazi Jew-baiting was the real cause of his wrath, poor Paul Kless its irrelevant victim. The Mayor's grandmother was an Austrian Jewess. But there are too many dissimilar causes of La Guardian indignation to imagine that his ire is racial. Rather it flares up—as it did in both the Kless and the Austrian emigrant cases—whenever the strong oppress the weak. Invariably La Guardia's frantic anger has a moral tinge to it and always it is directed against wrongdoers of high station.

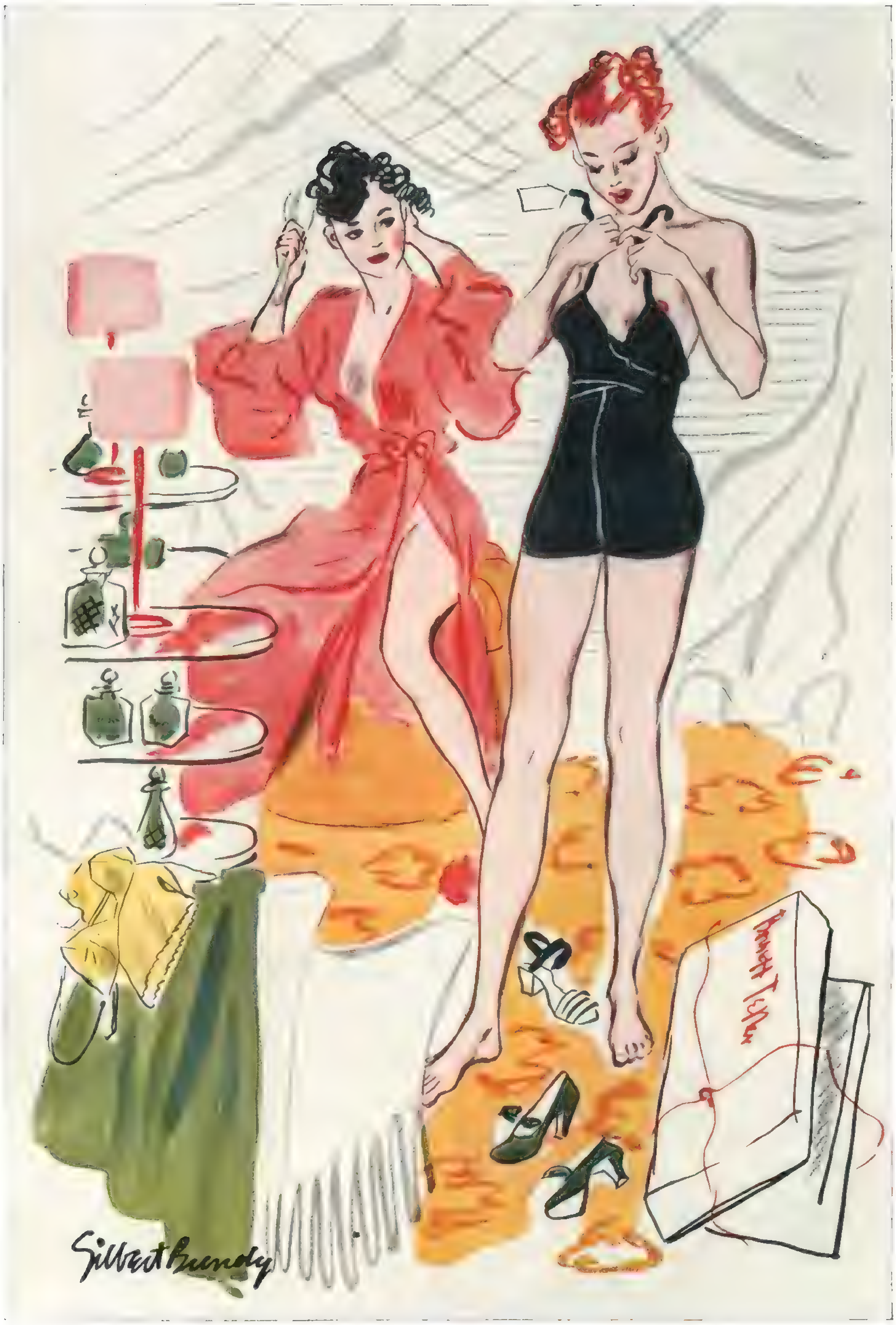
There is no doubt that La Guardia's precarious emotional equilibrium has always been upset by seeing an underdog whipped. While in Congress he constituted himself a kind of one-man party whose platform was to chase the big bad wolves and whose practice was to tear sheep's clothing from broad, important backs regardless of political alliance or expediency. Democrats, Republicans, Farmer-Laborites, Socialists—the Congressman from Harlem had something on them all and he dispensed his Don Quixote thrusts with amazing impartiality. Some students of La Guardia have called it the Latin temperament, but neither Al Capone nor Mussolini acts that way. La Guardia is himself—and there's only one of him. His joy is to attack a certain kind of evil wherever he sees it and he makes that, and nothing else, his business in life.

Most politicians who make concerted attacks on moral issues do so from highly immoral motives. They may be paying off grudges,

Continued in center of page 192



"PIPEFULS OF PERSONALITY"


Bonwit Teller
Gilbert Bundy

"I want to go to Lake Placid but Mr. Vangate insists on Palm Beach"

Talking About Writers—

You can't tell a high class agent a thing about that tribe of useless, ungrateful nitwits

by WOLFE KAUFMAN

SATIRE

TALKING about writers, there's a bunch of chiselers for you! They think they really are something.

Well, I'll give you an example. It was out in Hollywood, a couple of years ago, and I was trying to turn an honest penny as an agent.

An agent in Hollywood means making big ones out of little ones. You've got to take people who have nothing, build them up into something and get out from under quick before they step all over you. It's like one of them Frankensteins.

You take a mug in to see a producer, give the producer a two hour sample of high and fancy chatter and you wind up with nobody believing a word you have said except the mug you are trying to sell. That's the agenting racket.

This particular time my trouble was with a dame. I know. I know. Dames don't really count. Dames are screwy even when they're on the level. But I've seen the same things happen time and again to men and, for that matter, if you want to look at it honest, a guy who makes his living by writing pieces—what the hell's the difference if he wears pants or a skirt? He might just as well be a dame as not.

So in this case there was this Alice Johnson and how she came to pick me out is still a mystery, but she did.

There is one thing about me. I've been in show business many's the year now and anybody in the business will tell you that Bill Pincus, if he once gets a customer, nobody on the street works so hard as he does to get that customer a break. This dame had a couple of stories in magazines and they were pretty good and I happened to see them in a dentist's office one day, (which reminds me I got to pay that poor guy his bill) so I looked her up and went to see her and sold her a bill of goods. Give you an idea how cute she was, I had to talk like hell to sell her in the first place.

$13,000
$20,000
$17,500
$18,000

"I don't really need an agent," she said. "Nobody in Hollywood wants my kind of stuff."

"That's a laugh," I told her. "How can you know what they want in Hollywood when they don't know themselves? What they want in Hollywood is whatever Bill Pincus decides to sell 'em."

So, anyway, we chinned back and forth for a while and finally I convinced her that she's got nothing to lose. If I don't sell anything for her it's no dice, and if I do all I want is my little corner.

So she appointed me her agent.

Well, it was no cinch. This Johnson dame had the stuff all right. I'll give her credit for that. She had a couple of stories that were damn good, but her name didn't mean anything and you know Hollywood. It takes guys like me, who do a lot of reading and studying to tell those guys what's good. They don't know.

I worked hard at it for a couple of months without getting anywhere before the break came.

I happened to be in a drug store on Vine Street when Max Segal of M. G. M. came by.

I wasn't afraid of Max, or ashamed, or anything. I would just as soon talk to him as not.

But still, Max Segal is one of these cheap skates who kept reminding me that I owed him five bucks and I wouldn't pay him back even if I had it, because if there is one thing I hate it's cheap guys who don't trust their friends.

So rather than get into an argument with him I jumped into a phone booth quick and called a number, any number. Show you the way things break sometimes, it just happens that this is the only booth in the joint and what Max is there for in the first place is to use the phone himself. He parks himself right in front of the door and waits for me to finish. That's the breaks for you.

Soon as I realized what happened there was only one thing I could do. I began talking fast at the top of my voice to impress Max.

"Don't you do it," I said. "Don't sign that contract. Who the hell is Paramount, they should frighten us? Either they will pay us ten thousand cash or we will not even talk to them."

I kept on giving out such kind of chatter for a few minutes and started out of the booth quick, like as if I was in a great hurry, but I couldn't make it. Max was too quick for me. He grabbed me.

"Hello, Bill," he said. "I haven't seen you in years. How've you been? Where you been keeping yourself?"

"Oh, I'm fine, Max," I said. "Just fine. How've you been?"

"I'm great," he said, "only I guess I got a bad breath or something. Nobody ever comes to see me any more. Here it is months and months since I even saw you."

"I was over in your office to see you a couple of times," I said. "Only you were always busy."

"I was busy?" he said. "Max Segal was busy when Bill Pincus came to see him? It's a lie. Who told you I was busy? I'll fire her. Can you imagine such a thing—I was too busy for Bill Pincus! If I was talking to Mayer, if I was talking to Thalberg—if I was talking to Garbo even, I would still stop to see you. You know that, don't you, Bill?"

"Well," I said (what could I lose?) "I kind of thought we were friends, but when I couldn't even get to see you, well——"

"You should be ashamed of yourself for even thinking such things. And even if I have got a dumb cluck of a secretary or something, so is that any reason to turn against me?"

"Who turned against you?" I said.

"Who turned against me, he asks yet!" he said, "I suppose you ain't trying to sell Paramount a story without even giving me a chance to bid on it, are you?"

"Who, me?" I asked.

"Yes, you," he said.

"I should live so long, I don't even know what you're talking about," I said.

"He don't know what I'm talking about!" Max said. "Didn't I hear you just now with my own ears offering Paramount a story for ten thousand dollars? Didn't I?"

"In the first place," I said, "you've got no right to listen to other people when they're talking on the telephone. And in the second place, if you do listen already, listen good. I didn't offer them a story for ten thousand dollars, I turned down a bid for ten thousand dollars."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," Max said. "You just wait for me here a minute while I make this phone call, then we'll sit down and have some lunch and talk things over nice and quiet."

So I stalled a little and said something about how busy I was but finally said all right and waited around a couple of minutes and went out with him to a restaurant.

During the eats, naturally, he tried to pump me, but I didn't know from nothing.

Finally when we get to the finish, he gives me a big heater and I stick it in my teeth and light it and he says,

"So come on now Bill, what is it?"

"What is what?" I said.

"Stop it," he says. "Stop it, will you? You know me and I know you and there is

Continued in center of page 140

A Candle for St. Christopher

Pedro finds that the faithful act which has its reward in heaven is also noted on earth

by ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

▪ FICTION ▪

Mrs. Morton rubbed her wrinkled hands together as she sat quietly on the terrace of her house. It was late afternoon. She looked down cheerfully at the wide sweep of Lake Chapala, and though her hand quivered a little as she raised her teacup to her lips, she did not spill a drop. She greatly enjoyed her tea. For her, this hour of quiet golden afternoon and pleasant refreshment was always the happiest of the day.

She had lived here in Mexico for so many years after the death of her husband, an English mining engineer, that she had almost forgotten the pain she had suffered when he died. But she never forgot the beauty of the lake, now tranquil and luminous, nor the lovely gardens of her grounds. Nor did she ever forget her sincere love for the Mexican people, the simple and humble people, whose language she had learned to speak fluently and with whose hearts she could usually communicate. She had grown quite accustomed to living alone in her comfortable house and occupying herself with gardening and with occasional calls from her few foreign neighbors, and she was perfectly happy.

The date-palms rising before her above the green lawn—the tranquil lake—the far blue mountains—these were her world; and she was content that now, in her old age, nothing more was to happen. She sipped her tea. She was without hope and without regret; for there was nothing more to hope for except peace, and she had never done anything wicked, anything that she could honestly say she regretted. There had been mistakes, but no malice. She sipped her tea.

Pedro, young and serious, came quietly out onto the terrace, bringing Mrs. Morton two hot toasted English muffins, nicely buttered.

She was surprised.

"Oh, thank you, Pedro," she said in Spanish. "But where did you get these?"

"I got them, Señora," Pedro said, Here they are. Do not ask me how."

"But Pedro, you must tell me!"

"I cannot tell you."

"But you must."

"I stole them."

"My good Pedro, you did not steal them?"

"I did, Señora—from a mere tourist at the hotel this afternoon. He had just come from England, and he was not a nice-looking man, and he had many of these muffins, in sealed tins. One tin was open. I took only two."

"But, Pedro! . . ."

"He will never miss them—and besides, I left ten centavos on his table in payment."

Mrs. Morton was too well experienced to make further comment. She merely sipped some more tea, and began to eat one of the excellent muffins. She smiled to herself as she recalled the adage that "stolen fruits are sweetest." Perhaps she was a wicked woman at heart—for certainly she enjoyed this muffin.

She reflected on Pedro. He was the most perfect servant she had ever known. His youthful loyalty, his intelligence, his indefatigable industry, were things she did not deserve. He watched over her as she had watched over her four children when they were young—but to do that was natural for a mother, and this was miraculous for a servant in an alien land.

He was much like a guardian angel, she thought. He would never leave her, she knew. She was eighty; he was twenty-five: it would not be long. Tears of gratitude came into her eyes for a moment; but she was still too strong for self-pity, and her long gaunt backbone straightened itself, and she leaned forward and munched some more of her delicious toasted muffin.

A little breeze stirred in the palm-trees. The lake below her was blue and beautiful. She had so much to be thankful for!

"Pedro!" she called.

He appeared instantly.

"You have been back to your house again this afternoon?"

"Yes, Señora."

"Your little boy—is he still getting better?"

"Oh, Señora, this afternoon all that terrible choking in his throat is gone away. He breathes now, quietly. He is not going to die."

Pedro stared at her with a terrible fixity of angry expression which she had come to understand was the mask of deep emotion in these mysterious Aztec people.

She nodded her head. "I am so happy to know that, Pedro. When he is quite well, two or three weeks from now, we will give him a party—a party for him and for all his little friends—down here on the terrace—and we will have all kinds of things to amuse them—funny things—balloons and toy animals and cookies, and things like that. And they would like the puppet-show, wouldn't they? Tomorrow you tell the man who runs the puppet-show to come and see me."

"Señora, you are too good." He blinked and scowled fiercely as he walked away.

She smiled to herself. "Yes, we shall have a nice party for all those poor little brats!" She brooded tenderly over her plans.

When he returned to remove the tea, her wise old eyes detected the fact that Pedro's face was deeply troubled.

"Have you lied to me?" she snapped. "Isn't your little boy really better?"

"Señora, he is better. He will live. I swear that I speak the truth."

"What troubles you, then?"

"Nothing."

"What troubles you?"

He hesitated, and then spoke.

"A vow I made. That is what troubles me."

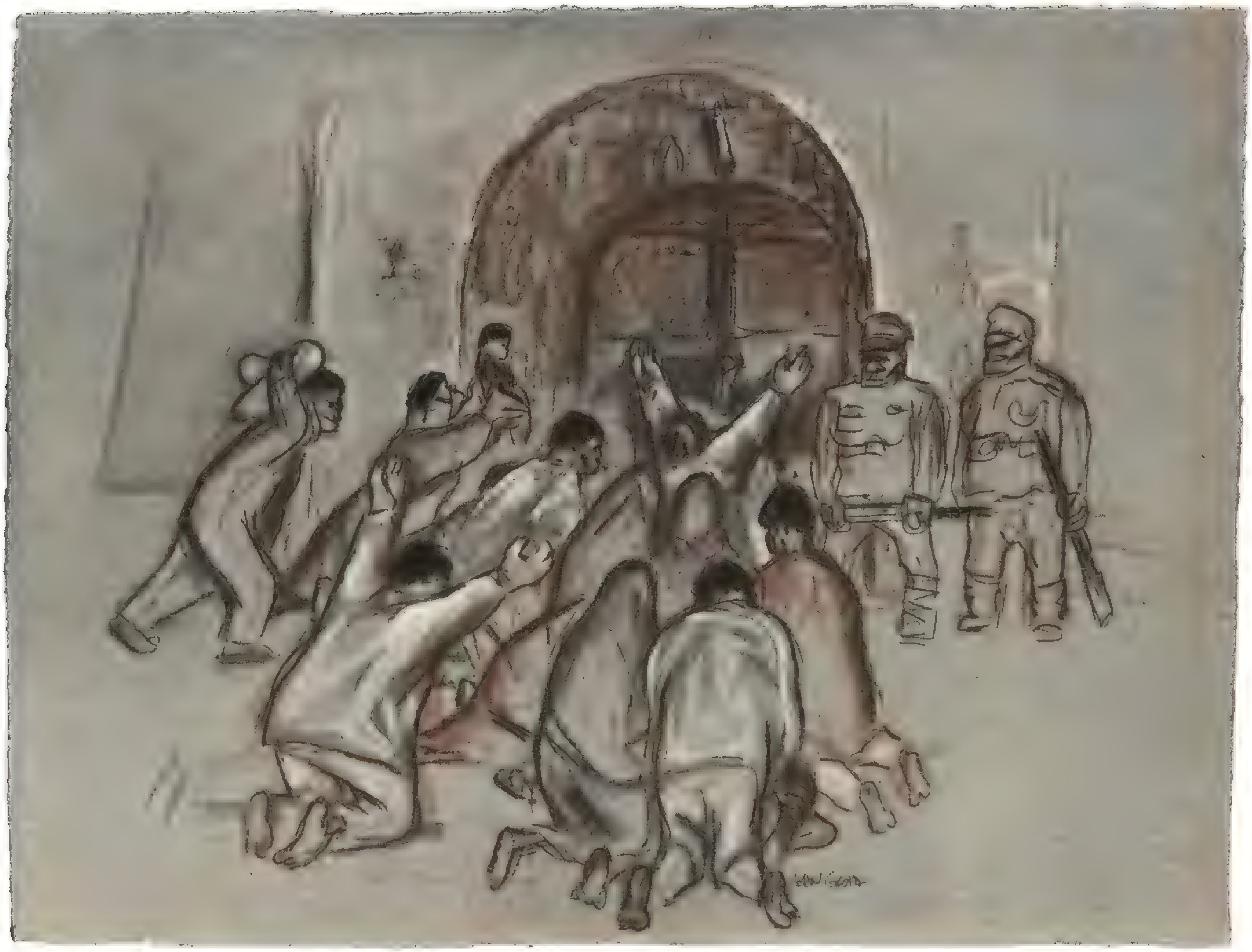
"Tell me, Pedro."

He was silent.

"Tell me, Pedro," she insisted gently.

He looked away for a moment at the far distances of the lake and the mountains beyond. He wavered. Then he spoke.

"I will tell you, Señora. When I thought that my



little boy was dying, I vowed a great candle to St. Christopher if he would save my boy. He has saved my boy."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Morton encouragingly.

"And yesterday this terrible wicked new government of ours has closed the church—and now soldiers are marching up and down in front of it—and I cannot give my candle to St. Christopher."

Again his face froze into that fixity which Mrs. Morton had learned how to interpret.

"Pedro," she said gently, "don't you think that St. Christopher, with all his great tenderness, will understand the reasons why you cannot bring him your candle and fulfill your vow? Would he not be able to accept the will for the deed, since he is aware that the church is closed? I am almost sure that so great a Saint—so kind to little children—would be happy to know that your child is saved—and that he would be glad to have you wait until some other time to fulfill your vow."

"I have vowed a candle to St. Christopher," he said stubbornly.

"But Pedro, St. Christopher knows that!—and he knows that you fully meant to keep your promise—but that now it is impossible."

"I have vowed a candle to St. Christopher!"

She shook her head, unable to penetrate further into the mysteries of the mind she was confronting.

She was a stoical agnostic herself; but she was not so stupid as to be unable to sympathize with the religious feelings of other persons, even though she could not understand them completely. Her thoughts wandered on with Pedro's—but soon lost the track. She did not know what he was thinking.

Pedro carried away the tea-things. Mrs. Morton sat, looking out through the palm-trees to the vast beautiful lake. So tranquil, so exactly suited to her simple spiritual needs, now that life was over. She did not fear death; she did not fear bandits or revolutionaries or the local politicians; she could cope with all these things. But she was troubled. She was troubled for Pedro. She could see that he was brooding darkly. His hand had trembled violently as he carried away the tea-tray. She had never seen his young hand tremble before. But she felt helpless to interfere in whatever struggle was going on in his mind. He was as much a human being as she was; and his privacy was his own, and inviolable.

After he had served her at dinner, she read a little while in the living-room, and then went slowly upstairs to her bed-room.

Pedro, seated on the ground in the garden, watched her window. He saw the light go out.

Then he fastened all the doors of the house, carefully. Then he made sure that Chango, the stupid but faithful gardener and watchman, was in his little house in the courtyard, and that he was not very drunk tonight.

"Chango, I am going out," Pedro said. "If you go down to the cantina tonight, I will beat you tomorrow. You are to stay with the Señora. You hear me?"

"Why, of course!" Chango said innocently.

"Of course! Of course!" Pedro mocked him. "Of course! Of course! Of course! . . . Chango, where is your big hammer?"

"What hammer?"

"Shall I kill you right away? Go and get your hammer!"

Chango reluctantly arose from the cot-bed where he was reclining, walked in his bare feet across the little room, and inspected a shelf.

"No, it isn't here."

"Then it's out in the pump-house. Go and get it!"

Chango departed, groaning. In a moment he returned with a heavy hammer in his dirty hand.

"Many thanks," Pedro said politely. He thrust the handle of the hammer into his belt, and adjusted his serape so that the hammer was concealed. "Good-night, Chango. You heard what I said about going down to the cantina!"

Chango nodded, and returned to his flea-populous cot.

Pedro went out into the courtyard. He saw that all the lights in the house were extinguished. He carefully closed the big gate leading into the grounds.

He went out through a smaller gate, which he locked after him. He strode swiftly down

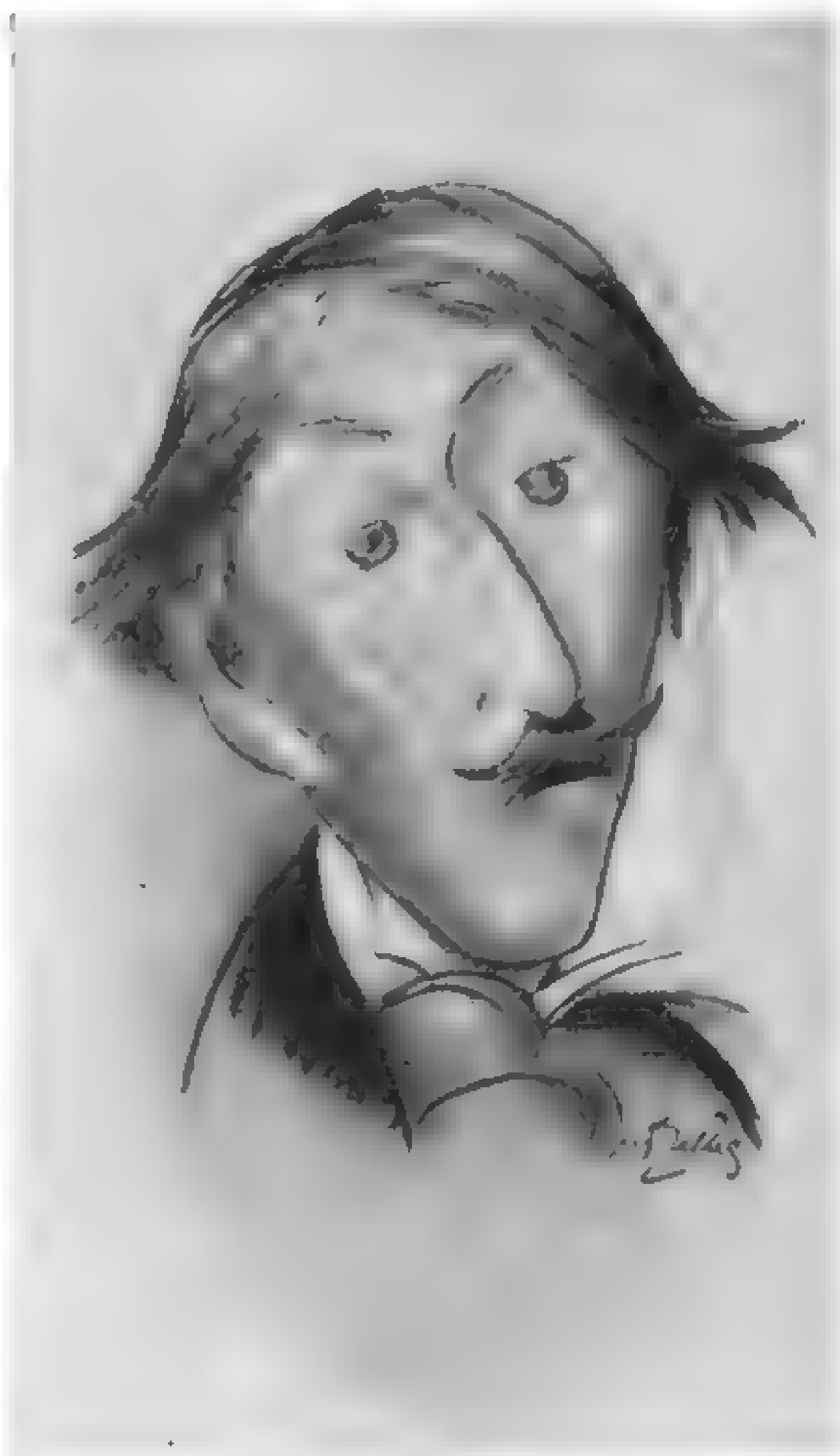
Continued in center of page 111

George Moore, Esquire

Portrait of the artist as a country squire, proud of Mayo, the best county in Connacht

by PADRAIC COLUM

• ARTICLE •



In the first silhouette of him that my memory holds the nice side of George Moore is marked and the other side is only indicated. It was in A.E.'s that I had my first session with him. I was a youngster then, and A.E., deep in his arm-chair and with pipe in mouth, was letting me run on about a play I was writing. A ring came to the door, A.E. opened it himself, and George Moore entered the room that was littered with pictures and lighted with oil-lamps. He was sleek and suave as compared with the touzled and uncermonious Dubliners I knew. He wore a short jacket with round edges that seemed outmoded and also too short for him, with, I think, striped trousers and patent-leather shoes, and he carried a cane or umbrella. His white, fleshy face, his prominent blue eyes, his hair pale as withered grass, his blond moustache made him seem like someone who had lived an airless life. "Colum was telling me about a play he is writing." George Moore indulged us both by asking me to go on with what I had been telling. "But you are telling it to me as a story, not as a scenario," he said after I had got under way. "You must tell me what happens on the stage." He listened to my rambling account of the people I was putting into the play with the intentness of a literary expert. "Well, it will be something to look forward to," he remarked, and, spoken with a resigned hopefulness, that sentence revealed to me how narrowed in intellectual interests this Dublin of ours was for this friend of Zola, of Mallarmé, of Manet.

When he turned the conversation to another subject I thought I was going to hear some spirited talk about literature. Nothing of the kind. He had written a satire on a Dublin personage and he had come to let A.E. hear it. The zest that he put into his recital was incomprehensible to me. Why did he want to waste his mind on such matters? Delighted with his capacity to discover and relate other people's absurdities, he chuckled as he sat in his chair, or he ran his fingers through his hair as he walked up and down the room: he was like one who has a sense of escapade and high exploit and great adroitness in what he is doing. He repeated with flourishes of his hands the most luscious of his sentences.

I did not know then how assiduously malice had been cultivated in artistic circles in Paris and London. There was a tradition of malice that certain people were trying to live up to—a tradition coming from Whistler, Degas, the Goncourts. To say something like "He has no enemies, but his friends cordially dislike him," was to gain as much fame as if one had written one of Landor's lyrics. George Moore was in this tradition: it made him school-boyish, but it also enabled him to write a masterpiece — *Hail and Farewell.*

His person could be amusingly depicted, and his voice could be amusingly imitated —not only his voice but his whole method of delivery. He had no particular accent; he spoke with a rising inflection putting undue volume into the last word in his sentence. Only a licensed monologist could have developed that kind of speech. He would speak verse in that way without any recognition of its inner rhythm. A performance of this kind is my main memory of my next session with George Moore: It was at one of his Saturday nights in Ely Place. The room was handsomely carpeted, had interesting pictures; a clear fire burned in the grate, and his guests, all men, sat around. He was moved to repeat his favorite lyric, Shelley's "I arise from dreams of thee in the first sweet sleep of night." He walked up and down, running his fingers through his hair already ruffled with many such gestures. Now in the Dublin of incantionists like Yeats and A.E., of excellent verse-speakers like Frank Fay, it was known that verse should be spoken in a way that distinguished it from ordinary speech, and here was George Moore saying, "And a spirit, who knows how"—the "how" as in "how-do-you-do." His gestures were as incongruous as his phrasing.

This man, so expert in the use of language, so penetrating in his gaze into individuals, so much at home in the worlds of painting and music, was limited in other intellectual resources. Metaphysics, or even a perception that there were values besides utilitarian and artistic ones was hardly touched upon by his mind. No intellectual man had ever less of a philosophical equipment than George Moore. That evening, I remember, he held forth upon Ibsen's *Emperor and Galilean.* "I want to re-write it. I want to have Julian foresee the Renaissance and the return of Paganism. Thou hast not conquered, Galilean." Julian's neo-Paganism and the animalized Christianity of the Renaissance were the same to him, and the thousand years between had meant nothing to the human spirit. The rationalism of the enlightment was good enough for George Moore.

That evening it seemed as if he were resolved to assert his Paganism, or rather his rejection of God, freedom and immortality which he thought was the same as the Paganism of the ancient world, and he related an apologue. It was about a beetle that had come into a beehive. The bees not only tended him but made prostrations before him. "Why did they do that, Moore?" "They thought he was God." He lighted a cigar and smiled complacently. "But, Moore, if the bees supposed that your beetle was God, it would mean that they had an idea of God." "Oh, if we have to go into that . . ." he shrugged his shoulders and sheered away from a discussion of that kind.

I seem to remember only the ineptitudes of my first evening though there must have been interesting and rewarding things said. At the end, I remember George Moore standing on his doorsteps to take leave of us and to display his unedifying accomplishment. The elderly ladies who lived next door had offended his aesthetic sense by painting their hall-door green. There had been an exchange of letters between the houses on this matter. To make him more wroth they had allowed their dogs the franchise of his garden and even his doorsteps. I cannot remember the opening verse of the satire he had composed on them, but the concluding one stays in my memory:—

My neighbors, the dirty Miss Drews,
Stand on their doorstep and muse,
And tie up their tresses,
While their dogs make their messes,
And I am wiping my shoes.

He repeated the verses in his highest pitched voice so that the Miss Drews might know how they were being celebrated.

Every developed individual, it goes without saying, has another personality besides the one that is ordinarily present for us, a personality that blends into the one we ordinarily know. With George Moore the secondary personality was that of the country-gentleman: that well-knit figure could sit well on horseback; those wrists could hold the reins firmly. He had the carefulness, the shrewdness in expenditure of the man of property. He was class-conscious. He regarded himself as privileged, not privileged because he was a writer, but because he belonged to a governing class.

Long after my first meetings with George Moore, his brother, Maurice Moore, said to

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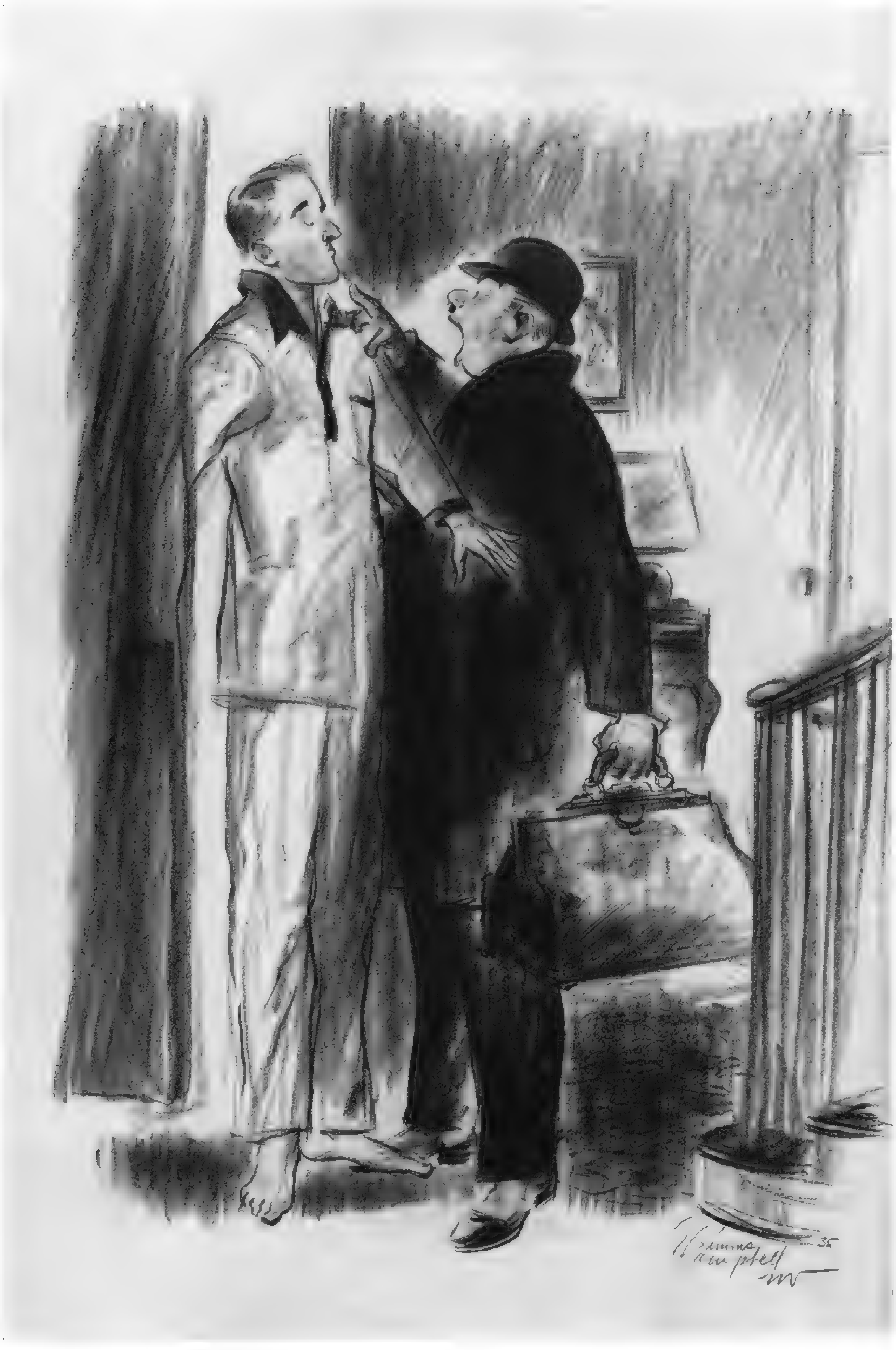

Simms Campbell 35

"You keep out of this Crumpet—I'm talking to my wife!"

She Couldn't Get Steady Work

'Tis love that makes the world
go round but gents with steady
work that keep it on its feet

by RUSSELL DAVIS

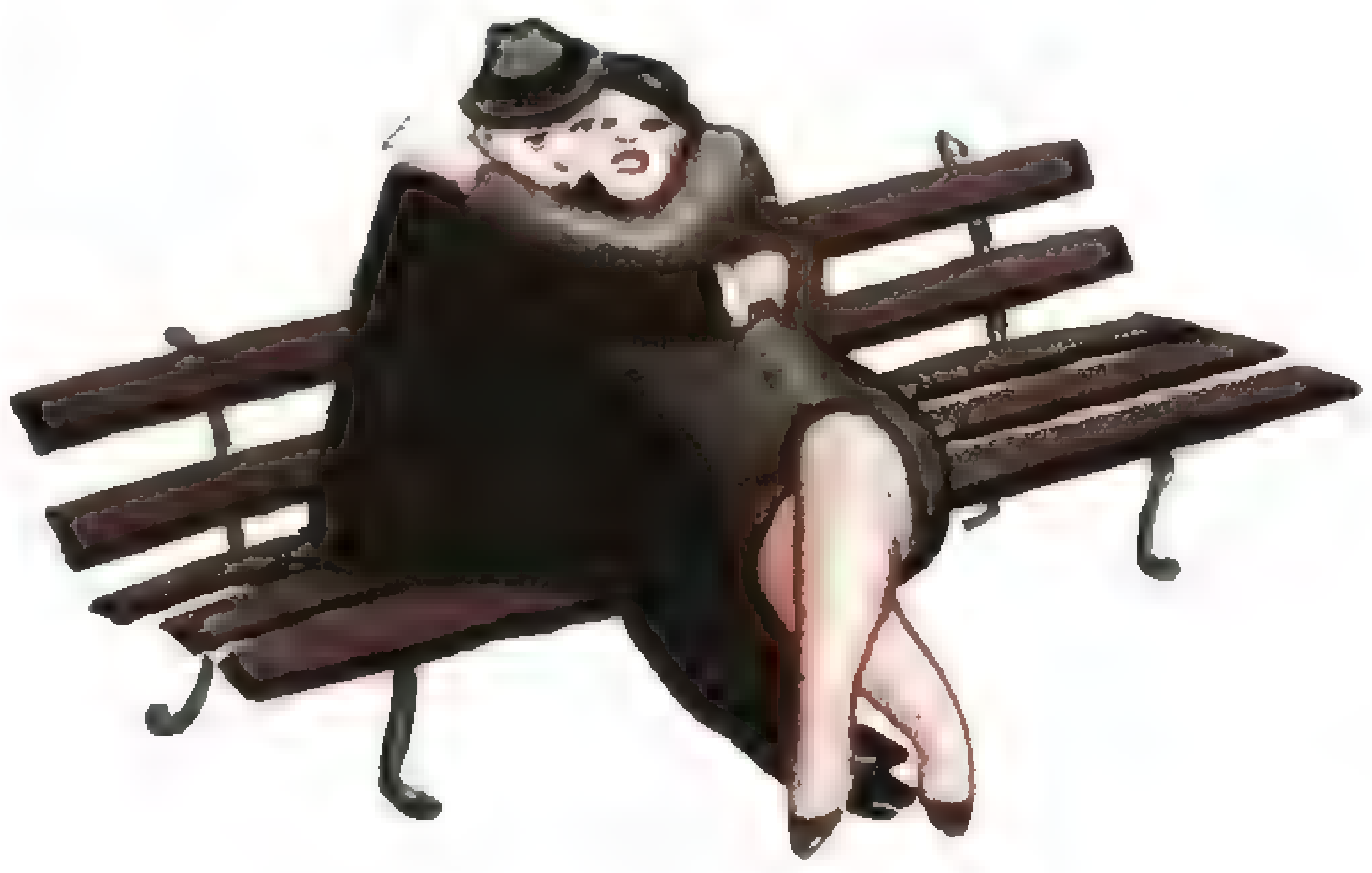
SATIRE

CHAPTER 1

"Exquisite allure!" tenderly breathed the young man who had just entered the bank.

Blonde Alma Capper's violet eyes widened perceptibly. Pale hands trembled.

"Exquisite allure, I repeat!" The young man unpalmed a small gold gadget. Words sped like bullets. "—can be yours — is yours, for the infinitesimal price of twenty-five cents. What! you scream, do you say twenty-five cents? Yes! I cry, I say twenty-five cents, absolutely the greatest bargain in a non-slip, stick-proof, no-rub lipstick, for fastidious women, used by movie stars, product of Up and Up Cosmetic Corporation of America, Limited, so help me."



Violet eyes now closed a moment. Dulcet tones, Alma's tones: "We don't want any."

The young man moaned low. Words had ricocheted. Failure.

Pale hands trembled, descending to typewriter keys. The young man moaned once more.

"Steady work," he moaned. "Oh God, how I envy you who have steady work. One time I too had steady work, but came the economic blight, and now, no more."

He turned to go.

Blonde Alma's violet eyes blinked twice, eased out a tear. He did not see, moaning, left by way of the door.

CHAPTER 2

That eve when blonde Alma reached her home, the lipstick man was there.

"My darling daughter!" cried her mother, "see this non-slip lipstick, this stick-proof, no-rub lipstick, for fastidious women, used by movie stars, product of Up and Up Cosmetic Corporation of America."

"Limited," said Alma. Alma blushed. "I saw you at the bank today."

The lipstick man said, "Yes, I know." He looked at Alma's hair, then at Alma's violet eyes. He saw her curved mouth, pale hands, even observed shell-like ears. "Er—ah," he said.

And Alma sighed.

CHAPTER 3

Blonde Alma bought some lipstick. Next week she bought some for her friends. She filled her handbag, her dressing table, two trunks, her closet. Then she stored lipstick on the stairs.

She called the lipstick man "Bunky" (he called her "Babe"), included him in her prayers. "Dear God, get Bunky steady work," she prayed, "so he can marry me, me,—blonde Alma Capper."

CHAPTER 4

The moon gleamed on the reservoir, and in the parked cars on the parkway Love pulsated. One moonbeam pierced the gloom at the edge of the parkway, found a moon-white naked neck, Alma Capper's naked neck. Low voices planned.

"I'll pack my things."

"I'll fill the car with gas, Babe."

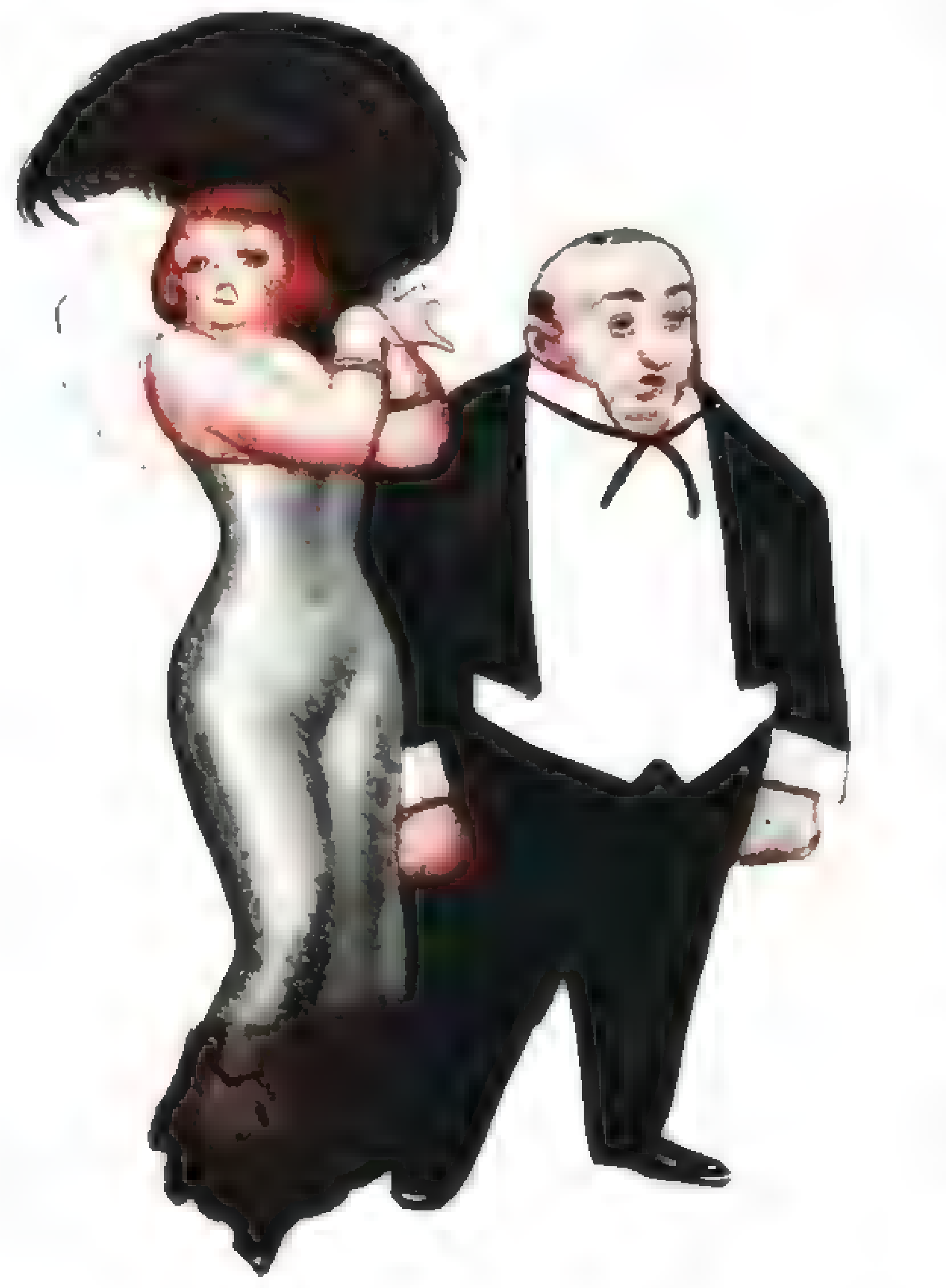
"You got the license, Bunky?"

"Yup."

"My man."

"Babe. Hot stuff."

"Oh Bunky, somehow that day when you first came into my life, I *knew!*"



"What day, Babe?"

"That day you came into the bank and tried to sell me lipstick."

"You knew what, Babe?"

"I knew Love, Bunky."

"Get ready for us to kiss, Babe."

"Okay, Bunky."

As yet he hadn't steady work. But Love and Alma could not wait.

CHAPTER 5

Alma crossed her legs angrily. "Now, sweetie-pie, what gave you that idea, sweetie-pie?"

Rennie Jenks snorted. "All I know is what a guy told me. You was seen wid dis bird dancin' at Roseland."

"What bird, sweetie-pie?"

"Don't kid me, double crosser, you know what bird I mean, dis bird dat sells non-slip, stick-proof, no-rub lipstick, fer fast wimmen 'n' used by movie stars."

"Product of Up and Up Cosmetic Corporation of America, Limited?"

"Yea, I guess so. What I want to know is, are we still engaged or not?"

"Why, sweetie-pie!"

"Cripes, y'got me. Me, a guy dat's been wit d'laundry racket fer three years and on the inside wit d'Morelli gang. Me, a guy wit steady work and dough. Me, bein' passed up fer a twirp working dis territory fer a bleedin' face-cream company. Lissen, dat ain't steady work he got. You know dat. What about it, Kid?"

"What about what, Rennie?" cooed Alma, a desire to smack Rennie's sassy face causing pale hands to tremble.

"Well, am I in or out, as far as you're concerned, kid?"

"But Rennie, sweetie—"

"Am I or am I?"

Alma bit a lip. "Gee! I suppose I gotta tell you, honey."

"Yea?"

"I love him, Rennie sweetie, I love Bunky. Bunky and I are gonna be hitched, honey; we're gonna be hitched tonight."

"Okay, dat's all I wanted to know."

Violet eyes stared and shell-like ears received the impulse of sound as the door violently slammed.

Rennie Jenks had left blonde Alma's life.

CHAPTER 6

Bunky is bare.
First, shorts:
1 pr. soiled
1 pr. too damned small
2 pr. in tatters
1 pr. no buttons

Bunky selects the pair that are too damned small and draws them on, goes to the bathroom. Hot water? Okay. Razor? Okay. Shaving soap? Right. Lotion? Here. Then shave. Bunky first consults a memo. "Shave, dress, elope with blonde Alma," it reads. Telephone.

"Hello, Bunky."

"Hello, Babe, I'm on my way over to elope with you right now. Hold tight."

"Bunky-wunky!"

Socks next. Now pants. Knife-like creases. Carefully Bunky unfolds freshly pressed pants. Gingerly he stands on the chair.

Daintily he thrusts one leg in, then daintily the other, balancing, does not fall. Shoes. Quick shine with the towel.

Next, shirt. The tie. This? No, this—wait. Yes, this. For Bunky is dapper. The vest. The coat. The light switch. And now —*hui!*—marriage!

But sh-h-h! Death stalks. Bunky, unaware, walks. Through dark streets a sleek black sedan, highpowered, low, long, careens. A flash—grim, tight-lipped men. A flash—many flashes. Gunfire! Harsh rattle. Bunky bleeds. Bunky dies.

The black sedan roars seeking cover. Harsh rattle of laughter.

Success! Grim-lipped Rennie Jenks chortles.

CHAPTER 7

Violet tragic eyes yielded tears. Curved mouth drooped. Blonde Alma wept.

Her mother rapped on the door.

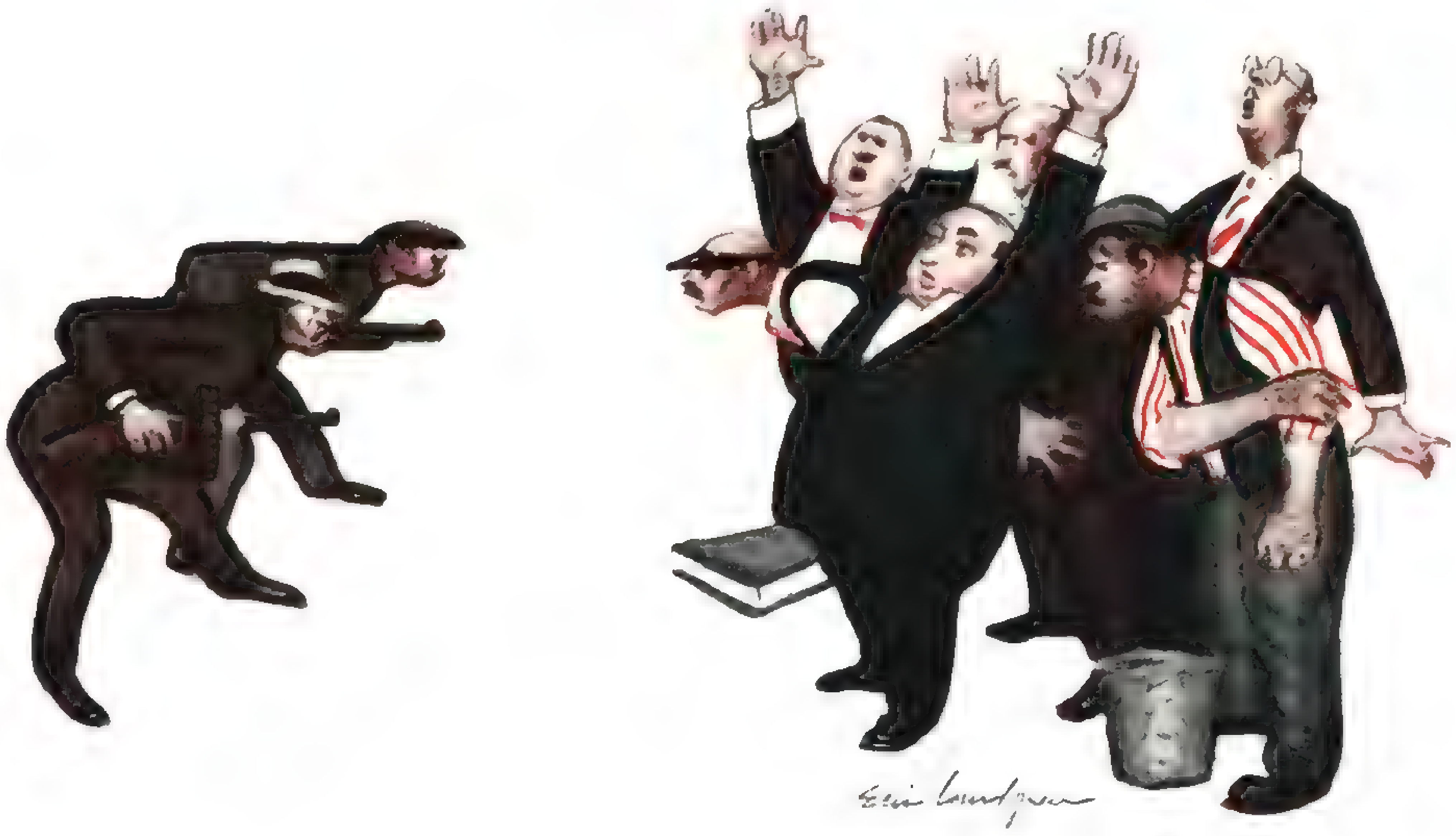
"Aren't you up yet, Almy?"

"No, mom."

"Hurry, hurry, or you'll be late to the bank."

Mournful Alma sobbed. Her mother came in.

"What is it, Alma, not feeling well—why! you're crying. Tell me what's the matter, darling daughter of mine."



"He—he's left me, momsie."

"Who? Not Bunky. The lipstick gent? My God, my daughter, I thought his Love spelt marriage."

"So did I, momsie, but he's gone. We were going to elope last night, but he never showed up."

Blonde Alma's sobbing shook the bed. Blonde Alma's mother purred. "Now, darling daughter, just cry and have it over. A year from now you'll have forgotten."

Blonde Alma sobbed, "But mom."

"Yes, darling daughter."

"But mom, oh mom, he's done me wrong."

"Done you wrong? Jees cripes, you say, has done you wrong?"

"Yup, has done me wrong. Oh mom!"

CHAPTER 8

There was order in the bank. Everything was neat. The ledgers were neat, the files were neat, the desks were neat, the floors, the walls, the ceilings, the vaults were neat, also the money rolls, the money drawers, the money boxes, the money counters, the money cages. Money was in the money cage, neatly arranged in little envelopes, counted, tabulated, stamped, recorded, checked for the payrolls. Soon policemen would come in armored trucks to take the payrolls to the factories. The policemen would be neat, stiff in uniforms and responsibility.

Everyone in the bank was at work. The guards, the clerks, the tellers, vice-presidents, the president and janitors, all at work, steady work.

"Steady work, steady work," droned a little voice in Alma. And curved mouth drooped and violet eyes were dull. Pale hands pressed typewriter keys, yet shell-like ears did not hear.

"Love is gone," soughed blonde Alma's heart. "He done me wrong."

Then masked men sprang. Guns boomed. Grim men cried warning. Hands reached high. Alma's hands reach high. Guards', clerks', tellers', vice-presidents', president's, and janitors' hands reached high.

The leader vaulted the iron grill, threw payrolls in a bag and vaulted back. His mask caught, tore, came free.

"Rennie Jenks!" cried Alma, pale.

"Yes, Rennie Jenks," said Rennie. "Listen, guards, clerks, tellers, vice-presidents, presidents, janitors. Yesterday I had steady work, had Love, had All. You, blonde Alma Capper, caused my downfall. I'm through wit wimmen, through wit Alma Capper, wit steady work; I'm through wit Love, I'm through wit All. Farewell."

He turned to go, his cohorts turned to go—too late.

The coppers numbered ninety-eight, submachine guns ninety-two.

CHAPTER 9

The jury filed in.

"Prisoner, rise and face the jury. Jury face the prisoner. The verdict, gentlemen."

"Guilty."

"Rennie Jenks, the jury finds you guilty. I sentence you to jail. I sentence you for life, with steady work. Next case, the case of Alma Capper. It's charged that you, blonde Alma Capper, are an accessory before the fact. What say you, Alma?"

Violet eyes were weeping. Pale hands were pale.

Blonde Alma rose.

"Your honor, I am only blonde Alma Capper who had steady work. Rennie wooed me, then Bunky came along. Now Bunky's dead. Before he died, he done me wrong. Now all I want is steady work, steady work. I do not ask for Love."

The judge said, "Hrrhm. What say you, jury?" "Not guilty!" to a man.

CHAPTER 10

They fired her from the bank. The president frowned. "Blonde Alma, you are not the type we want—that is, for steady work, my dear. However I can love you, though I have a wife and six cute kids at home."

"No! No! For shame!"

Blonde Alma hunted everywhere for steady work. Life dealt her its usual blows.

"You are not the type for steady work. You're more the type for Love. However we shall throw your application in our files."

For the headlines all were "BLONDE ALMA THIS," "BLONDE ALMA THAT," "BLONDE ALMA'S LIFE UP UNTIL NOW." Blonde Alma searched in vain.

"How about a vaudeville contract?" a telegram read. So blonde Alma went upon the stage.

"But what I really want is steady work." (She said this at the conclusion of her act—four times per day.) The audience applauded.

But blonde Alma got no work—no steady work, that is.

Next a night club asked Alma whether she could dance. She did — unsteadily.

Then the radio cried that she must sing. . . .

In Hollywood blonde Alma drew down two thousand for a week.

It was not steady work. Another picture, and our Alma blossomed into a star. . . .

Blonde Alma Capper's drooping mouth, blonde Alma's violet eyes, her hair, her shell-like ears, pale trembling hands became the idol of a hundred million guys, fifty million Here and fifty million Over There.

She married every Christmas, unmarried July four.

CHAPTER 11

Today I read a movie magazine.

A famous writer had interviewed blonde Alma Capper.

"Oh, I used to be a simple girl," I read, "and I loved a simple man. Though Bunky had no steady work, more important was our Love. Now I am tired. I am tired and also I am bored. Yes, Public, tired, bored, and I am through with Love (though as you know I am getting married in a day or two).

"Oh, Public, if I could only be a simple girl once more. I do not ask for Love. Just to have some steady work, some steady work.

"Oh my God, if I could just have some steady work once more!" #

Erratic Torpedoes

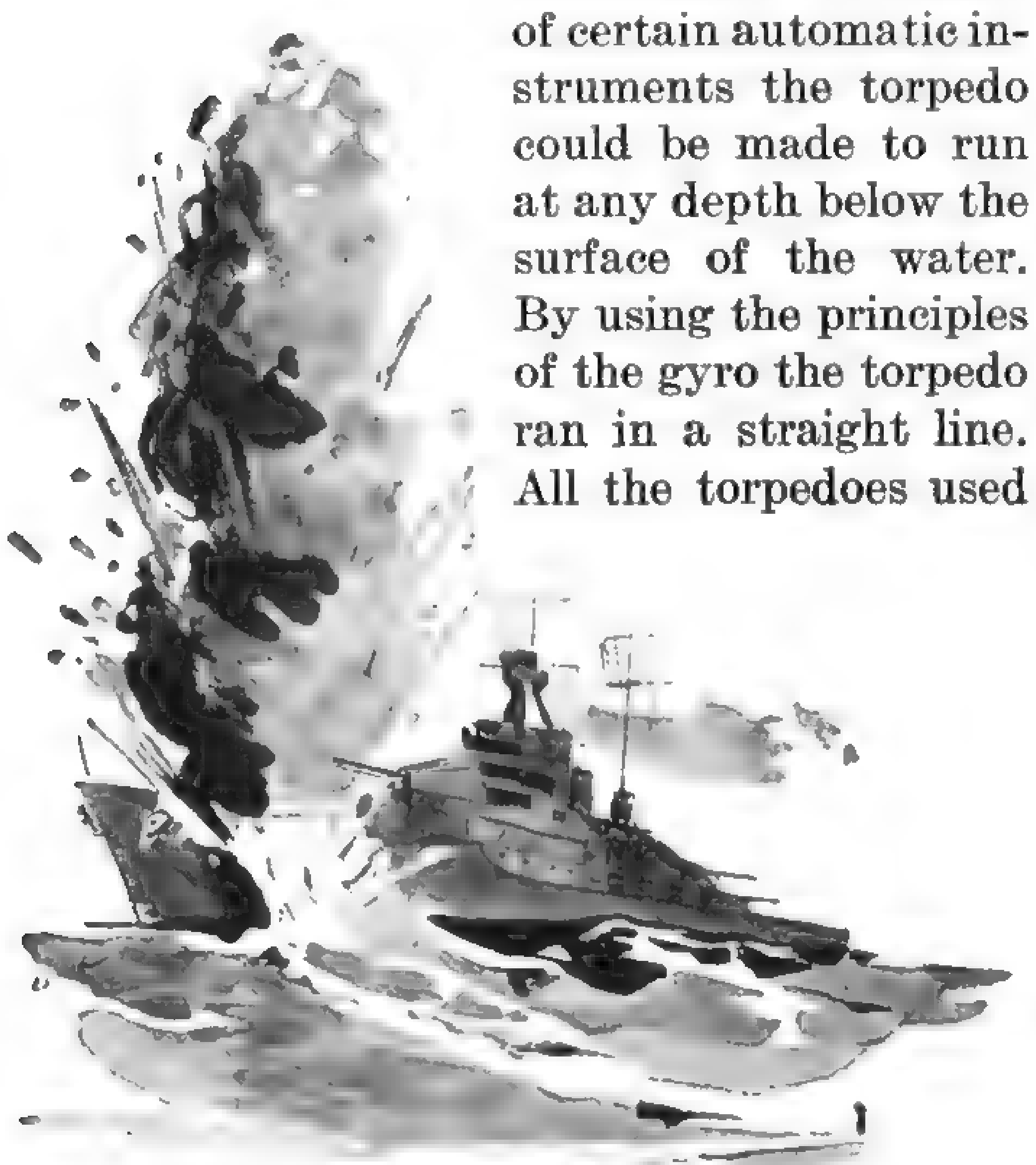
The costly and temperamental terrors of the sea can circle, dive, boomerang or hibernate

by COLBY G. RUCKER

ARTICLE

OF ALL of the inventions of man none is more temperamental than the torpedo. When automobiles were first placed on the market their vagaries were commonplace, but today the automobile has become so civilized, domesticated if you will, that an automobile in difficulty is a matter of curiosity instead of derision. But the same cannot be said for the automobile torpedo. It has been perfected, complicated and sworn at, and still retains many of the temperamental qualities of its youth. It is true that far less trouble is experienced with torpedoes today than formerly but still every torpedo officer and crew prays that each torpedo will run "hot, straight and normal."

A torpedo may be described as an unmanned automatic vehicle for carrying an explosive to an enemy vessel and there exploding itself. The original torpedo is lost in the shades of antiquity. Its forerunner was possibly the fire raft or ship which was carried among the enemy by the tides. During the war between the states the term torpedo was used to designate mines. About this same time a device was invented in the form of a steam propelled boat filled with explosives which may be said to be the first true torpedo. Inasmuch as its speed was no greater than that of the ships it was directed against, it was easy to keep out of its way; further, it was on the surface and so might be exploded when some distance off by shell fire. This naturally suggested the "tin fish"—a sort of diminutive submarine. The credit for making this dream come true belongs to an English inventor by the name of Whitehead. He perfected a device which was propelled by compressed air and which carried a charge of explosive at its head. By means of certain automatic instruments the torpedo could be made to run at any depth below the surface of the water. By using the principles of the gyro the torpedo ran in a straight line. All the torpedoes used in the navies of the world today make use of these principles and all look so nearly alike that the difference can only be distinguished by close examination. The torpedoes used by the United States Navy are manufactured on the Bliss-Leavitt patents. Bliss and Leavitt were two American engineers who developed and perfected the American torpedo.

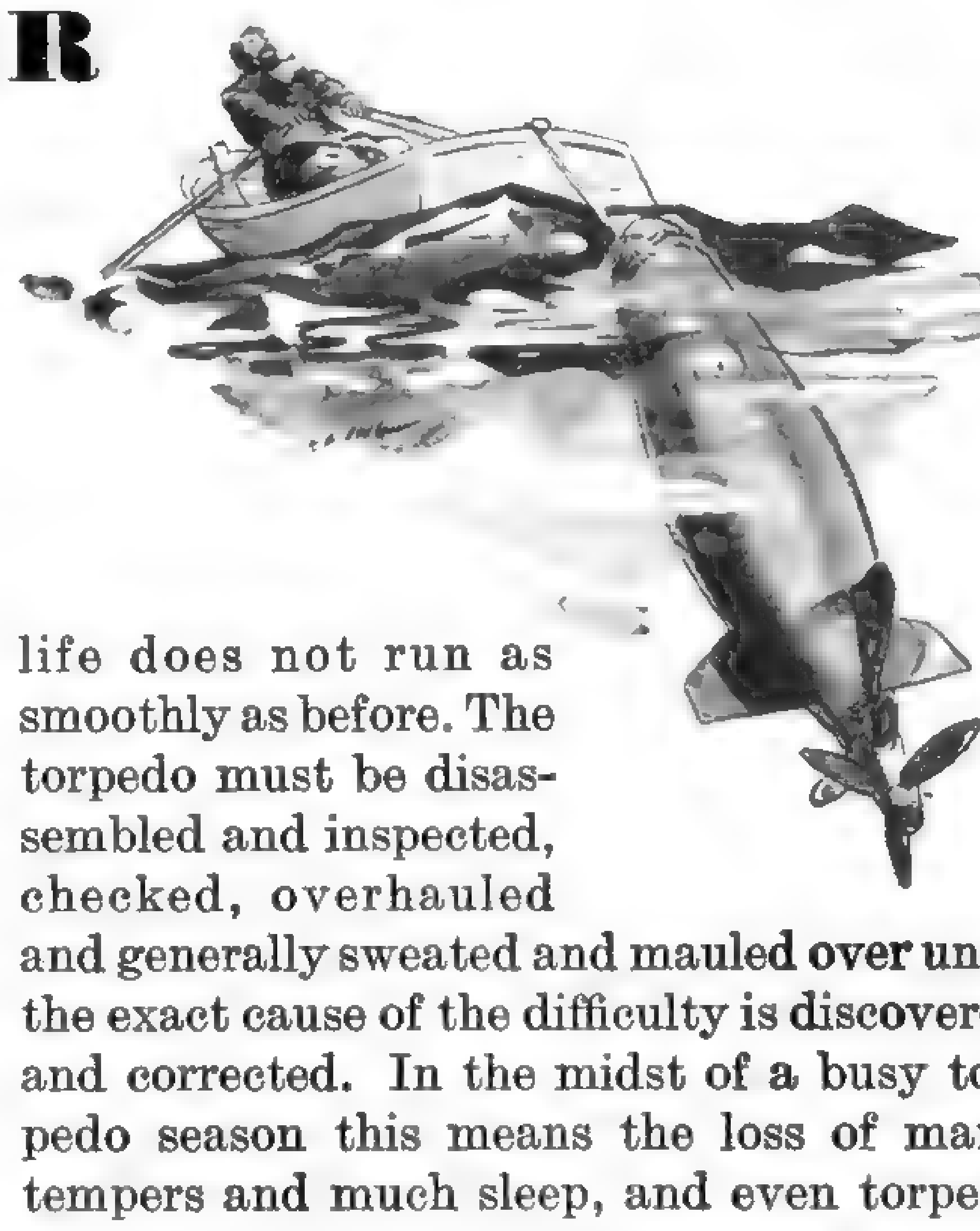


The Bliss-Leavitt and Whitehead torpedoes are by no means the only torpedoes invented. There have been electrically propelled torpedoes, the Germans used the reciprocating engine torpedo. The Italians have produced their own torpedoes as have the French. An American Admiral produced a torpedo which was propelled by a giant flywheel. This successful torpedo is possibly the most unique of all those that have been invented.

All these torpedoes are guided under the waters by extremely delicate instruments, and being very finely balanced it takes but a small defect among the seven thousand odd parts that make up a modern torpedo, to make the "tin fish" misbehave. The direction instrument fails and the torpedo runs in circles, the depth mechanism sticks and the torpedo runs down the course alternately hitting the bottom and flashing above the surface. All this would be very humorous indeed if a torpedo were not so expensive. A movie heroine's limousine is not as expensive or as well cared for as a torpedo. And because they are so expensive they must be recovered after they are fired, except of course in sad event of war, when they are fired but once and at the end of their run blow themselves to atoms against their target. Most people believe that once a torpedo is fired, even in practise, it is gone forever. Not so. The firing vessel hurries down the range, picks the torpedo from the water and swings it aboard amid the anguished cries of officers and torpedomen, "treat her gently, treat her gently," for here a bent propeller blade or a dented after body means the loss of real money and much hard work for all hands.

If the torpedo runs erratic, that is circles, diverges from her course or sinks, the problem of recovery becomes most difficult. Then the luckless vessel must haunt the area for days, airplanes search from the air, divers explore the bottom. A reward is offered in the hopes some fisherman will find the torpedo and tow her to port. The operating schedule is interrupted, captains swear, the crew is disconsolate as they see their prize money vanish and the torpedo officer is in despair as he starts filling in the stack of forms, explaining why that torpedo was lost.

Even if the erratic torpedo is recovered, life does not run as smoothly as before. The torpedo must be disassembled and inspected, checked, overhauled and generally sweated and mauled over until the exact cause of the difficulty is discovered and corrected. In the midst of a busy torpedo season this means the loss of many tempers and much sleep, and even torpedo enthusiasts like their creature comforts.



Because the rewards are so great for a successful torpedo run and the hardships of a poor run are so severe, most torpedo men appear to be highly superstitious. In other words, after doing all that mortal man can do to achieve mechanical perfection, they call on all the Gods under the Heavens for the presence of a favorable wind, sea and tide, the absence of half submerged logs, driftwood and seaweed, and in general the avoidance of freaks, misadventures and acts of God.

Thus it is customary and in fact quite correct to pat a torpedo on the nose and call it names usually reserved for the fairer sex, to rub it with a horseshoe or rabbit's foot, to spit on it (this is considered particularly effective), or in especially urgent cases to paint a four leaf clover on one side and a horseshoe on the other, and the more brilliant the paint the better. Some torpedo crews paint eyes on the head, after the Chinese fashion, so the torpedo can see the target—but among more enlightened circles this practise is frowned on as being almost cheating.

Of course a torpedo numbered 13 is particularly detested. The correct procedure in this case is to kick the torpedo (as violently as your foot will stand) somewhere in the midriff, simultaneously saying "go out and do your stuff you – – – – –." After two, or three applications of this medicine the unlucky 13 usually behaves itself and sometimes works up to be the pet of all hands in spite of superstition.

A lost torpedo is sometimes recovered months or even years afterwards. A storm or tide may wash it ashore or may start it clear of the bottom to float about the surface. Fishermen have keen eyes, made especially so by the prospects of reward, so a lost torpedo is speedily returned to its owner if recovered. Many a skipper of a destroyer or submarine has paid twenty-five to fifty dollars for a rusty green torpedo in

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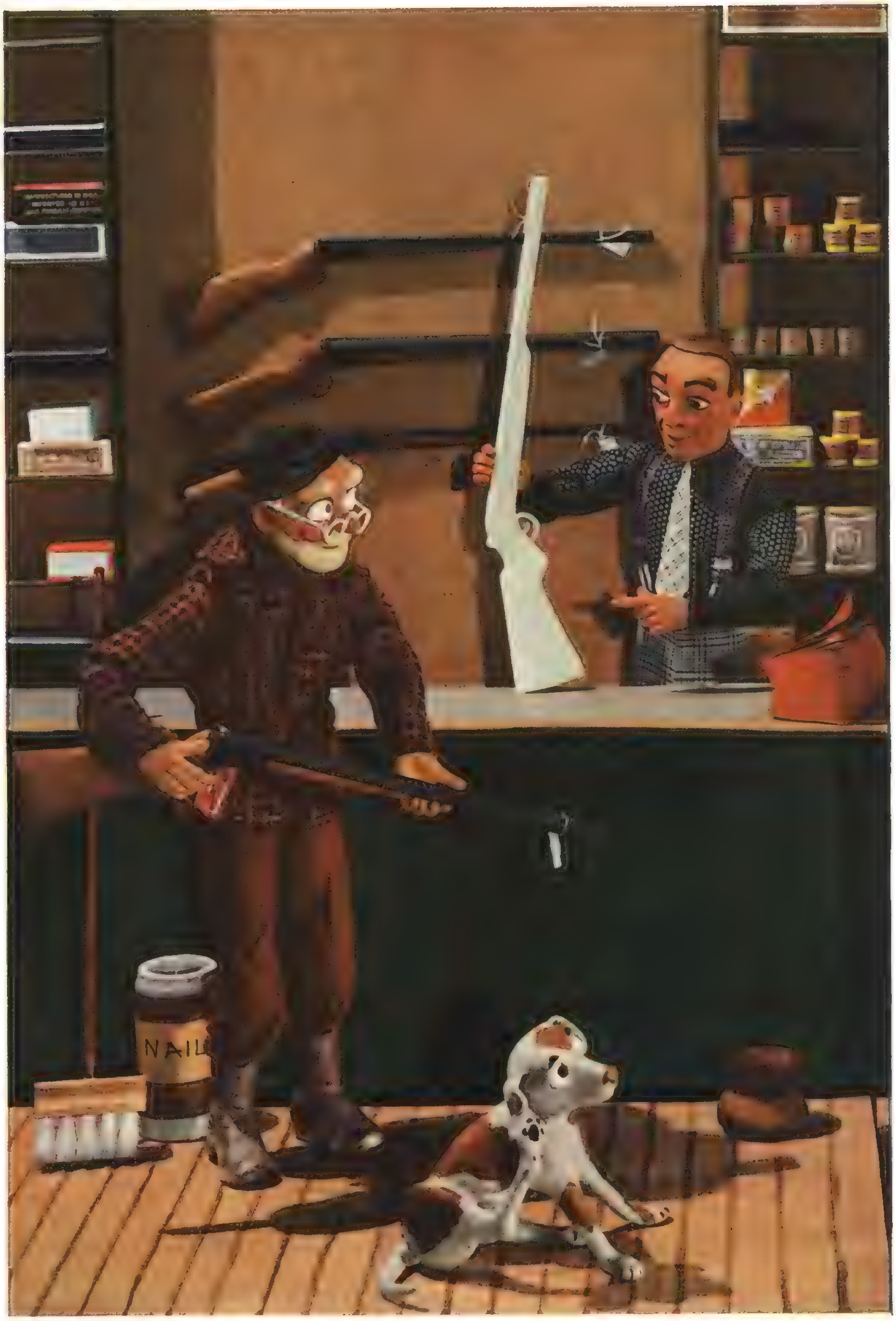
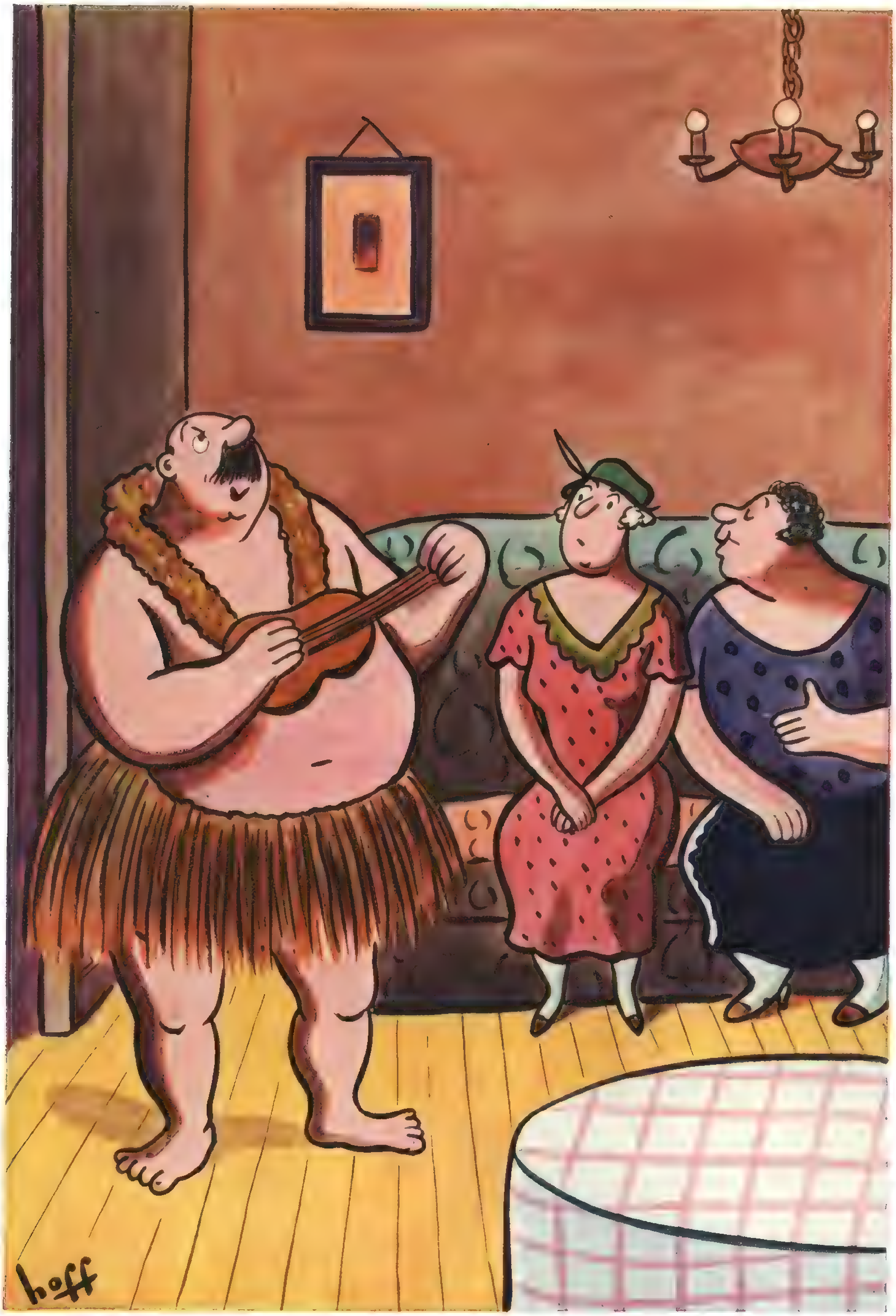


MODELED AND STAGED BY L. NOLAN

"Here's the latest—an all white one for weddings"



"He always gets the wanderlust this time of the year"

Enjoyable Days at Sea

An outline of sensible strategy which facilitates good hunting within the shipboard game laws

by QUENTELL VIOLETT

▪ ARTICLE ▪

Steamship advertisements call them "Enjoyable days at sea" on the basis that you will have the initiative to make the most of the many amenities your steamship ticket entitles you to. Actually whether the time interval between the two terminal piers is to be thoroughly enjoyed or not, depends partly on the barometer and your fellow passengers and to a greater extent on your own discernment and wisdom. Such instructive literature as has been written on the subject of shipboard conduct avoids any of the finer little points of personal comportment afloat and is restricted in scope to the questions of tipping stewards, professional gamblers, nostrums for seasickness and etiquette at deck quoits, etc. From such lack of sympathetic erudition in this direction comes the inspiration for this timidly tentative venture into the realm of instructive *belles-lettres*.

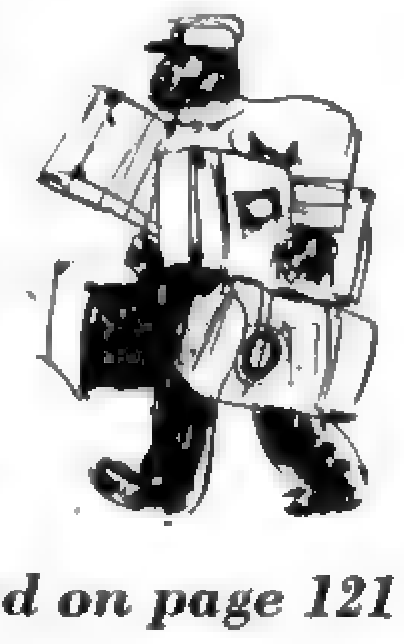
The first facet of a sea trip that one should digest thoroughly is its complete disassociation from the normal course of one's everyday life. If in Pleasantville (any State) you throw a dead cat over your fence onto Joe Brown's front lawn, the repercussions of this gesture will recur periodically down through the years; probably as long as you and Joe Brown keep the same relative positions anent the fence. On the other hand, on board ship, ninety-eight per cent of what you may do, within reason, loses its significance in your life when the gangplank goes ashore at the other end of the voyage. Your days at sea can be merely pleasant interludes free from any relevance to the well ordered scheme of your destiny and should therefore be appreciatively utilized.

Likewise, unless you are a headline celebrity (and then this is not written for you), just as your life afloat should have little influence on your future, your past should bear small weight at sea. You may be the president of the First National Bank of Pleasantville but no one will be aware of the fact unless you disseminate the information in casual asides. Revealing your status in this manner is not advisable as it may clothe you in an awe-inspiring aura of importance and exclude you from the lighter and more festive impromptu occasions that come to pass on the ocean wave. The virtual anonymity of a hundred or more souls sequestered for a week or a month under conditions of close contact and possible intimacy has a definite potential charm and you should respect it accordingly. Also it is well to remember that the prosperous looking country shop-keeper in whom you would off-handedly confide, may be just a partner at 23 Wall Street.

The preceding assumes the premise that you are a traveller who wishes to enjoy himself between ports—and the limits of marine standards—and who has had the sagacity in attaining this objective to avoid the "floating palaces" of the Atlantic Ferry Service (henceforward to be called the A. F.S.) and to select one of the smaller excursion steamers of thirty thousand tons or less. This assumption also largely eliminates the presence of the aforementioned headline celebrities. Tonnage below the 40,000 mark cannot hold satisfactory audiences. Let us accordingly place you on something of about twenty-five thousand tons burthen and consider what you will find about you.

In fundamental analysis four elements will compose the society of the vessel to which you are entrusting your life; lone men, unattached women, children, and couples, married or approximately so. It is generally conceded that the single rather than the double units can extract the most from the potential enjoyments of a passenger's life before the mast, and of the two categories of singles, male and female, the lone man is usually believed to have the best breaks. Therefore, in order to give the greatest scope to this essay, I am proceeding on the assumption that you, my discerning reader, are one of those "lone wolves" that appear on every passenger list, regardless of whether actually you are masculine, feminine or middling. In reality you may be one of those big bad wolves and consider what is to follow as suitable material for a kindergarten primer. In which case I would ask you to remember that you are exceptional and that there is many a man who finds the vaunted romance of the sea only on the shelves of the ship's library.

Of paramount importance to marine contentment is a cabin to oneself. It is more essential than a private bath. Place solitude above sanitation. Seeing your cabin draped with the litter of your stablemate and tidying up your own débris are unpleasant and distasteful experiences. Possess your own cabin and you avoid both. The jarring aspect of what the steward does not put away, softens with late hours and a convivial evening and impresses you actually as giving an intimate atmosphere to your little home from homes. Aside from the above, if the weather turns rough and you find that you have not the mariner's stomach, you will prize solitude above all else. Even if your cell-mate is a good fellow and not one of those who reel in with monotonous regularity with a hiccough and a bad sense of the cabin geography, you will abhor a witness to your travail. If you are feeling merely squeamish and your neighbor sacrifices to Father Neptune, you will follow and you will not thank him for leading the way. If you lead and he follows, you will resent the unnecessary mimicry. If you only are sick and he remains deeply sympathetic, you will hate him with an emotion bred by Despair out of Envy. Should he become solicitous, you will cogitate on such values as the spasmodic force of your ventral muscles, high angle trajectories, and similar ballistical data. Anyway, let us take it that you have moved heaven, hell, a few influential friends, and either the president of the line or the ship's purser and have a wee stateroom reserved all to yourself.



The next step to consider is boarding the ship. This is largely a matter of individual taste. Logically however, it is better to complete one's farewells elsewhere prior to sailing time and stride up the gangplank alone, or nearly so. If you operate on a budget as do most of us since 1929 and yet believe in entertaining a mob scene in your cabin until "All visitors ashore" booms through the passageways, you will have saddled yourself with a bar bill before the mooring hawsers hit the dock which may cramp your style for the trip. In exchange you will merely have gained an additional twenty or thirty minutes with friends whom you have been seeing steadily for the preceding weeks, months or years. Try to kiss them all goodbye ashore and save the shekels for development work in this new community that you are joining so abruptly. It is worth it every time. If you are a sentimentalist there will be so many people waving blindly and indiscriminately from the dock that no one will mind if

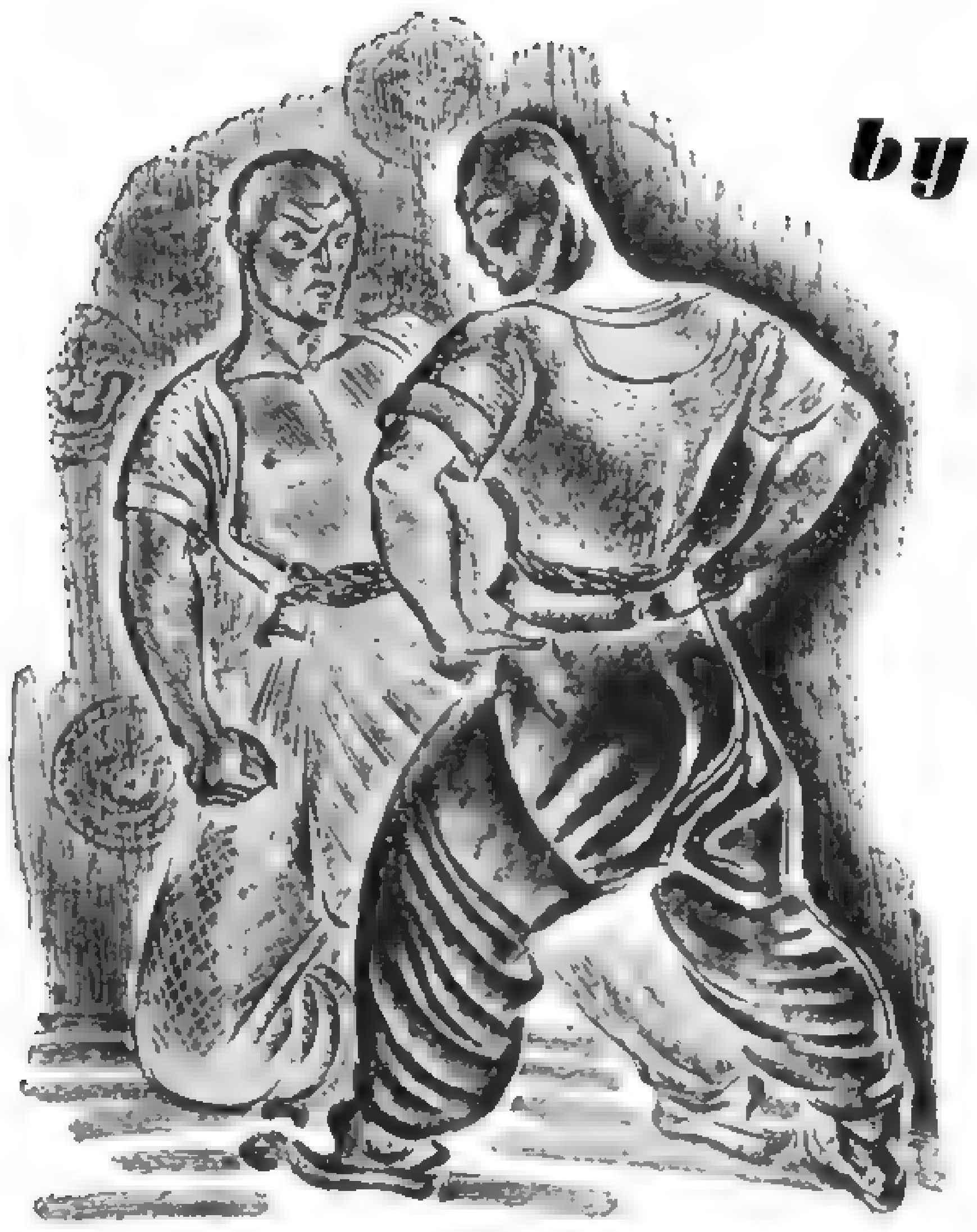
Continued on page 121

Wrestling: China Fashion

Poetic insults are substituted for groans and grunts by the lyric laocoöns of the orient

by JAMES W. BENNETT

SPORTS



"WEI!" moaned the telephone boy at the hotel switchboard. "*Wei! Wei! Wei!*" There followed a string of angry-sounding Chinese phrases, then an astonishing transition to a dulcet cooing which the boy fondly believes to be English:

"Missiter Be-nu-ta iss on the telephone now, Missiter Han Fu Ssu."

"Hello. Hello. Bennett?" came a thin reedy voice.

"Your humble servant," I answered. "Handforth?"

"Hello. Hello. Bennett, are you on the wire?" The voice was now loud and booming.

"Yes. Fire away. I can hear you."

"Hello. *Hello! HELLO!*"

The hook at the other end of the wire went click-click-click, then I heard:

"Damnation, Central, can't you stop that buzzing? . . . No. *No!* That's *worse!* . . . Now, what the— No, Madame, this is *not* the Lotus Silk Shop! . . . Why *isn't* it? Only God and the Telephone Company can answer *that* question. Now be a dear kind soul and get off the wire. . . . Hello! Hello!"

It was developing into a typical Peiping 'phone monologue, the sort that sears men's souls. At intervals I hopefully shouted "Hello!" but, although I was hearing perfectly, Missiter Han Fu Ssu was apparently hearing nothing. Finally he remarked in accents of despair:

"Probably I'm talking into a void. But here goes. Bennett, you said the other day you wanted to see some Chinese wrestlers. Well, hop into a rickshaw and come over. I've got my Number One model here, and his assistant. He's the chap—"

The telephone began to whistle loudly. As the whistle subsided, I distinctly caught the phrase:

"Bit her ear off."

"*What—?*" I bellowed into the mouthpiece. "Bit *whose* ear off?"

"Goodbye," said Han Fu Ssu. "If you come, I'll know you heard me."

Rendered slightly uneasy by this odd tag of information, I popped out of the hotel and hailed a rickshaw. I knew that Chinese wrestlers thronged to H's courtyard, posing for him. I wondered if his Number One behemoth had suddenly gone berserk and had bitten off the ear of any of the lovely ladies who came to H's studio and bought the products of his crayon, lithographer's stone and etching needle. It struck me forcibly that such an incident might not be very good for the art business.

When I arrived, I found H. maintaining his habitual calm. He was working. Before him in the courtyard were two tall, powerfully built Chinese—each in the act of clutching the other's padded jacket; each with leg extended, trying to trip his opponent. Patiently they were holding that difficult posture.

I demanded: "For the Lord's sake, what was that you were trying to tell me over the wire, about biting off ears?"

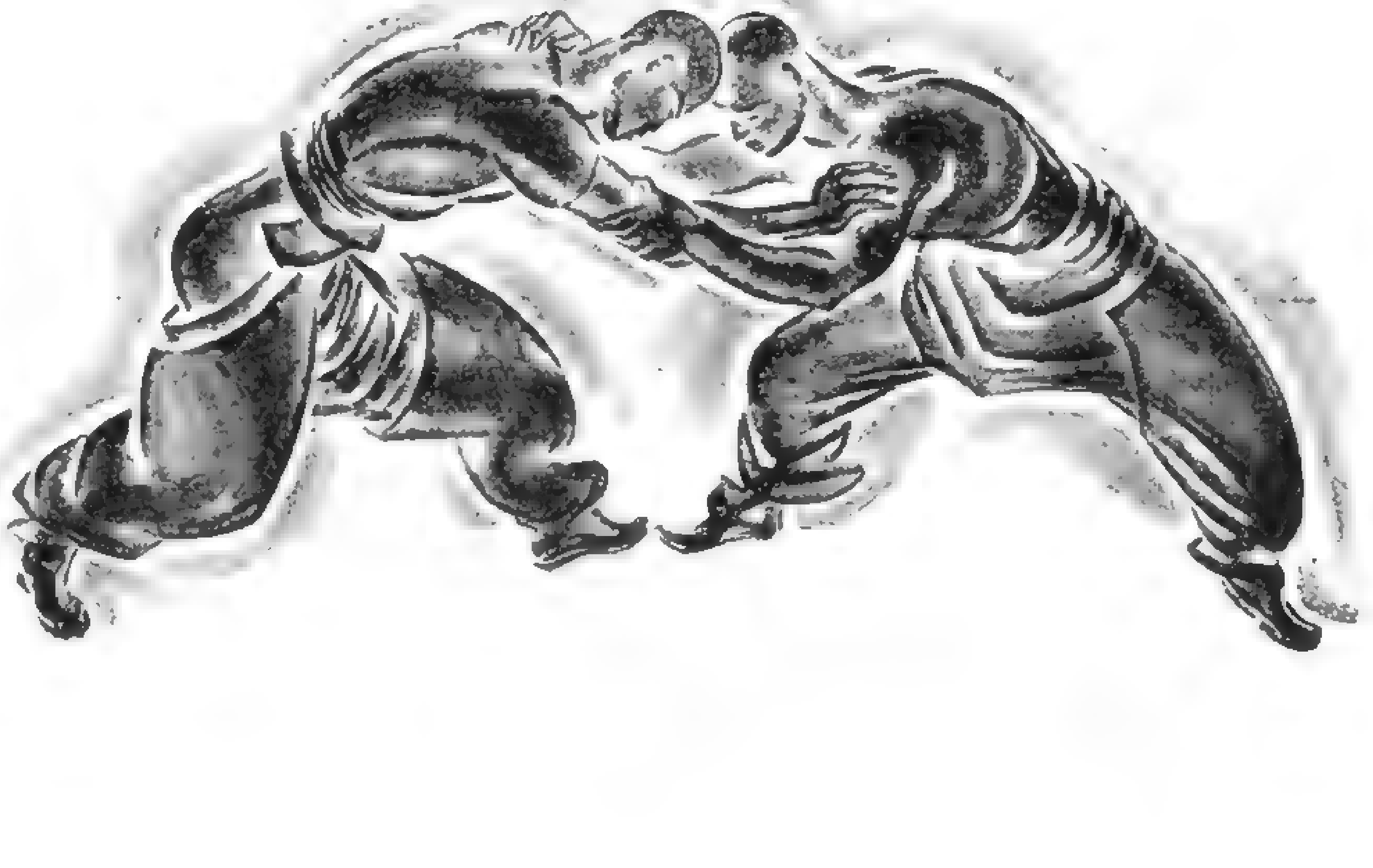
"Ears—? Oh, yes. See the man with the stubble of beard, the grimmer of the two wrestlers? He chewed his wife's ear off. She left him. She said she didn't object to his biting it, since it was done in sheer passion, but what she *did* object to, was his absent-mindedly swallowing it."

H. turned to the men. "All right, boys. Rest."

The pair loosened their grip.

"Speaking of my Number One model," H. went on, "he's something of a poet, too. He presented me with a scroll which he claims he painted himself, and composed the verse. A very delicate sentiment. It read:

"Some persons enjoy strolling with a
songbird at dawn,
Others, in passing their time with old
friends;
But nothing is quite so satisfying
As filling one's belly with
Sharks' fins,
Peking duck
And rice."



"Highly edifying," I said. "But I thought these wrestlers were coolies. I didn't know they could write."

"Most of them can't. But this chap has worked up a fairly lucrative sideline, teaching the rudiments of wrestling to young scions of the wealthy. One of them must have shown him how to use a writing brush. But, speaking of teaching, wrestling shouldn't be difficult. There are only a certain number of holds permitted. Like everything else in China, it's formalized, and has been so for centuries."

"What if some ambitious soul tries a hold that isn't allowed?" I asked.

"If it were attempted in a match, the crowd would howl him out of the ring; it wouldn't let him go on. The bystanders know each hold. For that reason, a referee is never needed. But suppose I put the boys through their paces for a moment or two."

H. turned to his models. "Hi! Mix it up a bit!"

The next second, the air was full, almost too full, of flying arms and legs. This was a combination of *la savate, jui jitsu* and primitive wrestling. The grim chap, the one with the sullen, pockmarked, copper-brown face, suddenly lifted his opponent high in the air and cruelly dumped him down on his shoulders. The worsted man grunted, picked himself up, and advanced warily on his foe, shot out his leg, dove solidly at his opponent's midriff and butted him to the ground.

"That's a fall apiece," said H. "They don't have to pin down each other's shoulders; just send the other fellow on his back."

"How many falls to a match?"

"Four or five, usually."

"Any rest periods?"

"None. They get their breath, circling around each other—as they're doing now. All right, boys. You can stop. *Hao! Ting hao!*"

I added my praise: "Good! Very good!"

The four of us went inside, for it was bitterly cold in the court. There I watched my host fill in certain lines and shadows on the sketch he had just been making of the men in action.

They sat truculently on a bench, looking most un-Chinese, for the Celestials are a race who make a fetish of always appearing amiable. I decided that I should not care to dispute the way on a dark lane with either of those two bruisers. Then I noted that the grimmer of the two men was beetling his brows ferociously at me. I tried staring up at the ceiling and whistling in a carefree manner, but the scowl grew more pronounced. The wrestler pointed a huge, grimy finger at me and erupted in thunderous Chinese. I edged toward the door.

H. laughed. "*Bu yao!*" he said to the man. "This Master no want." Then he explained to me: "My model's trying to drum up trade. He thinks you're a painter and he wants you to hire him."

The mighty eater of feminine ears, learning that he could get no further business, lapsed sulkily into silence. Then he broke out with another idea. H. listened for an interminable time and then translated:

"He says that one of the best wrestlers, and the funniest, in North China, is putting on a show this afternoon just outside Chien Mên. He wants to take us there. What do you say if we pop over and have a look-see?"

I agreed, feeling that it would be decidedly unwise to cross the will of that wrestler, twice in one day. Later, as our motor car jolted us down the *hutung* toward Hatamên Street, I wondered why the man had used the adjective, "funniest," to describe a top-notcher of his profession. Certainly, our model could by no stretch of the imagination be classified as funny.

As we arrived outside the Chien Gate, we found a fair in full swing. Some five thousand Chinese were aimlessly and placidly wandering from concession to concession. In little knots they stopped and stared awhile at the tiny girl contortionists, aged four to eleven; at the swordsmen who fought by rote and who executed neat ballet steps and incidental somersaults as they whirled their ancient, curved blades; at the dentist who guaranteed to pull teeth "painlessly" and who shouted a loud patter to drown the agonized cries of his current victim.

By far the largest crowd, perhaps a hundred persons, had been drawn to the wrestling performance. As we approached, we heard roars of laughter, spattered with applause, from the onlookers. In the center of the ring, towering over the heads of the throng, was a Chinese. He must have been at least six feet six in height. He spied us and arrogantly shouted to the docile Chinese throng: "Give way, give way. Let the foolish foreigners approach."

Politely the mass drew aside. We were given seats on one of the four long benches which formed a square and which served to define the wrestling ring. We were now able to gain an unobstructed view of the giant, from the ground up. He was an impressive object. His wrestling jacket, barely covering his shoulders, disclosed the largest, best-larded belly it has ever been my misfortune to see exposed to the biting winter air. But in spite of this enormous excrescence, he gave no impression of flabbiness; his arms were powerful, his shoulder muscles huge. In strict training he would probably have weighed two hundred forty pounds and have proved himself a formidable fighting machine. As it was, he must have tipped the scales at three hundred.

The giant continued to address the crowd, from time to time drawing a laugh. But H., I noticed, was not amused; he gave the wrestler a malevolent stare. My knowledge of Chinese was too rudimentary to catch more than an occasional word. At last, I prodded H. into translating.

"Well, if you must know, he's been describing us to the crowd, saying: 'Here is the drawing-man who makes strange pictures of us wrestlers. He is very odd—but what West Ocean Barbarian is not? And look, look well, my friends, at *what* he has with him! Ey-yah! A Mei-guo-ren (American) with ears that stick out like handles. I could hang up my wrestling shoes—one on each ear.'"

Since his stiff, high, felt shoes were at least size sixteen, the reference to my ears was hardly complimentary.

H. halted the flood of oratory finally by lifting a hand and commenting drily:

"Babbler of words, I hear you are the funniest man in Hopei Province. But can you throw so much as a half-grown boy?"

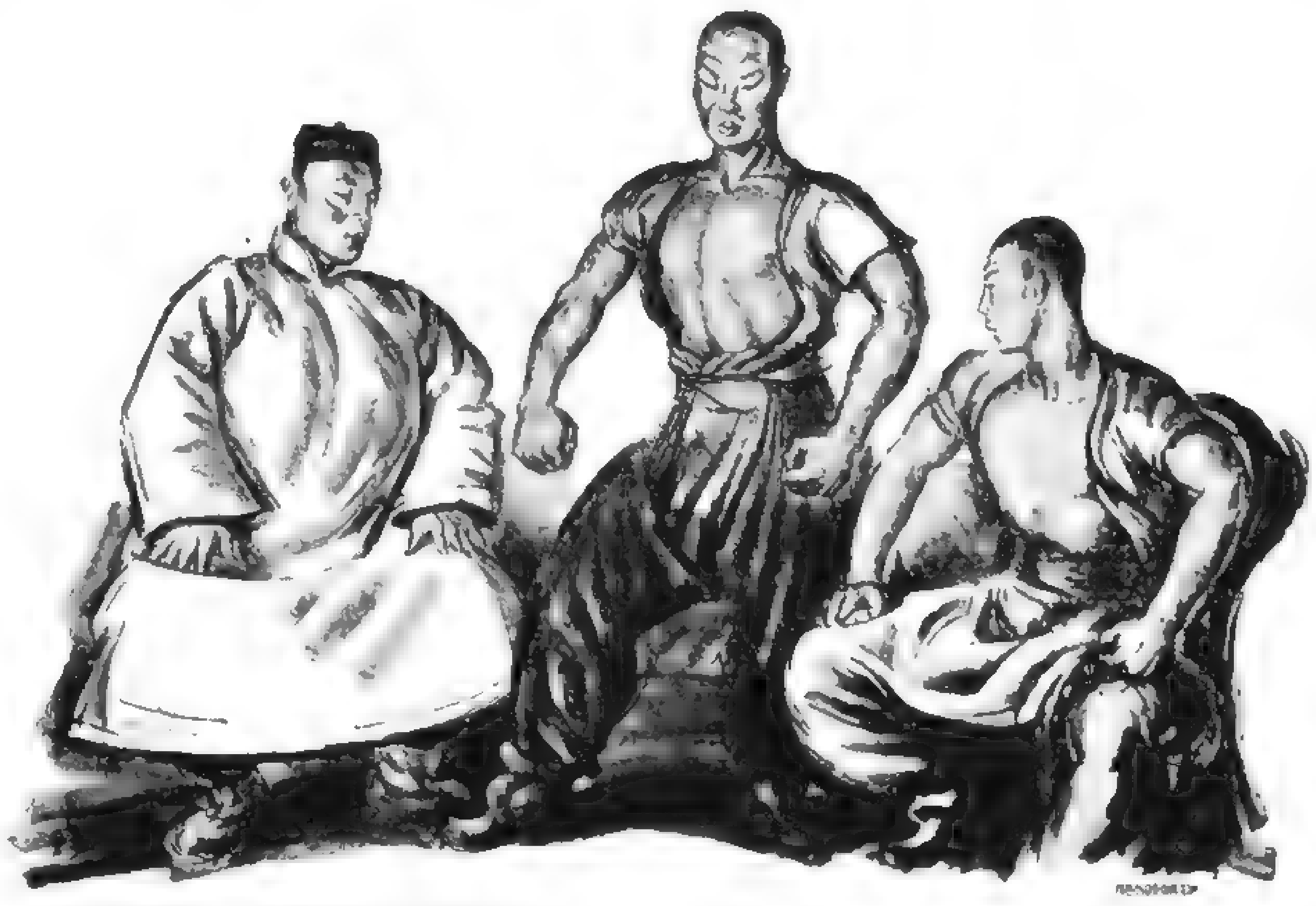
The wrestler guffawed. "Master, I can throw ten men. Any ten you name."

"I can name one you can't throw—and he's here with me."

H. turned to his scowling model, lithe as a tiger, weight 180 stripped, and magnificently muscled.

"Take on that ball of fat! And see that you down him—because I'm going to bet on you."

Our wrestler rose slowly and without enthusiasm. "Does the Master wish me to wrestle him?"



LITHOGRAPHS BY THOMAS HANDFORTH

"Are you getting hard of hearing? Have you not defeated the best men in North China? Or so you said. Have you not won a fall from the champion of Mongolia?"

"This person does not deny."

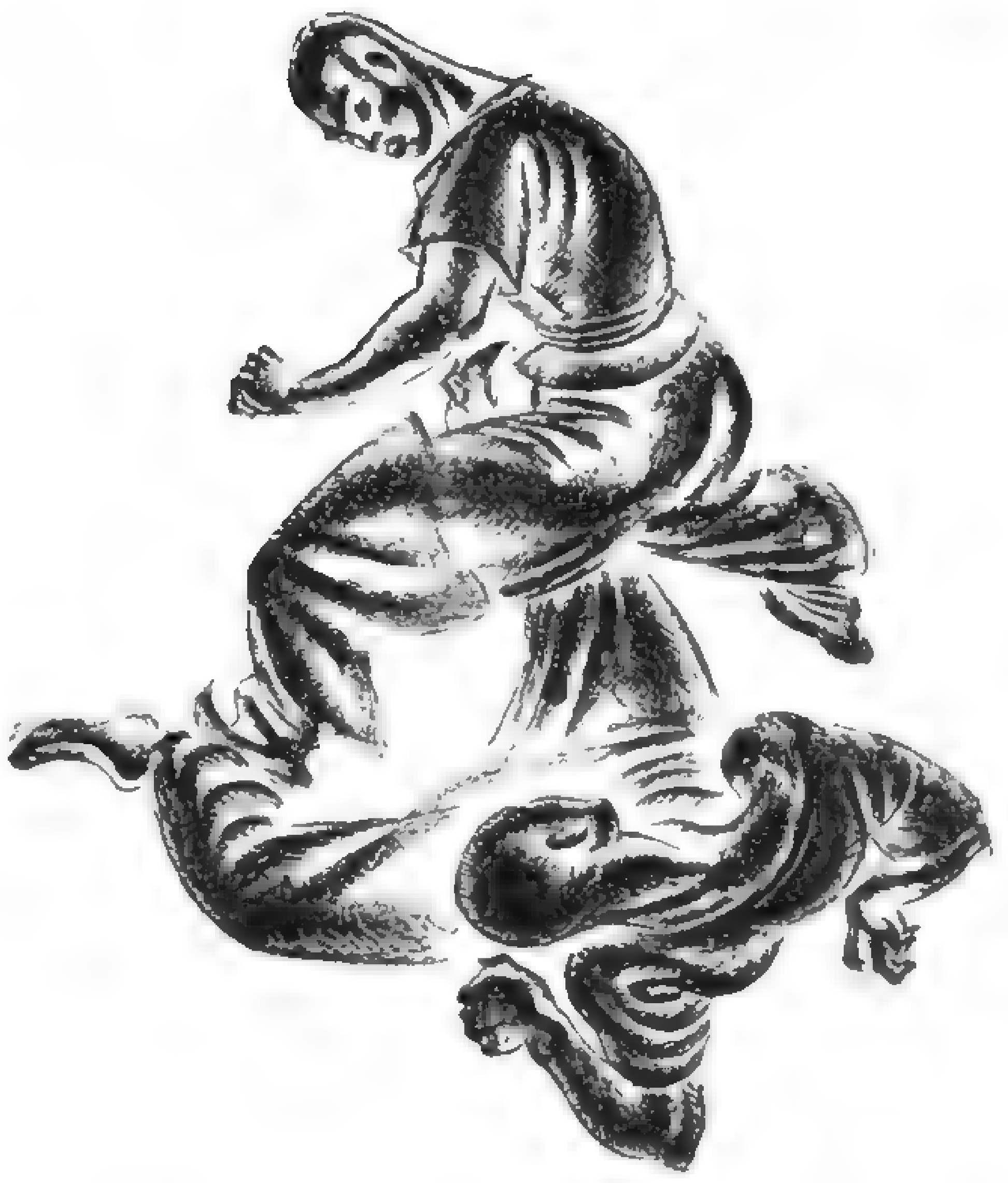
"Then prove what you can do." And H. pushed the model out into the well-trampled earthen ring.

The big man emitted a roar of laughter. "Ey-yah! If it isn't our bantam friend, the poet! The man who writes poems in praise of his belly. Well, look at this!" He gave his paunch a resounding slap. "*This* is a belly to write about! Not *your* cramped little woman's waist! Go back to writing poetry, and don't push in where real men gather—"

"If you'll stop talking for just one second," interrupted H., "I'll lay a bet with you, on our man. Five Yuan dollars, even money."

"*And* five," I added.

"Taken," said the big man. "Ten Yuan dollars, for the best three out of five falls. Are there any more fools in the crowd?"



Apparently there were not. Our model slowly took off his outer padded robe and twisted a length of rope tightly about the waist of his wrestling jacket. Warily he stepped to the middle of the ring. He made no formal obeisance to the audience, (the mendicant's gesture of the itinerant wrestler: with two hands, fists closed, lifted before the face), but immediately tried to grapple with his foe.

Almost contemptuously, the big man pushed him away, at the same time talking, talking, never stopping. The giant was a typical buffoon. He rolled his eyes, made clownish faces, and kept the crowd in a frenzy of merriment. Yet, there was something poised, sure and dignified in the pose of his huge body. Our man's coppery cheeks darkened as shaft after shaft of wit sank home. With a goaded roar, he at last threw caution to the winds and lunged awkwardly at the giant. . . . The next moment, our wrestler lay on his back, the big fellow bending over him in mock solicitude.

I blinked. The motion had been too quick for me.

"Hell!" said Handforth. "He taunted our chap into losing his head and giving an opening that even I could have avoided. But that's only the first fall."

They began now a cautious fumbling for advantage. Again the big man took up his goading. Our chap was little baby Waugh-waugh-waugh. Had he been weaned? Could he drink rice brandy like a man? Had he ever known love of women? Or was he a eunuch?

There followed a passage of raw obscenity in which the giant offered to make certain phallic measurements under certain conditions with his opponent. At this, the crowd rocked with laughter and pressed closer. I could feel them breathing down my neck and the air grew poisonous with the exhaled fumes of Chinese leeks.

After that first fall, H. had warned our wrestler to keep a tight grip on his temper, and the model had promised to do so. But this last gibe proved too potent. He made a bull-like rush—squarely into the path of destruction. Fall No. 2 was neatly scored against him.

I decided that I would have to revise my judgment of the big man. Despite that

Continued in center of page 136

Before It's Too Late

Praise-laden buckshot aimed at radio and cinema by the critic-at-large of the arts

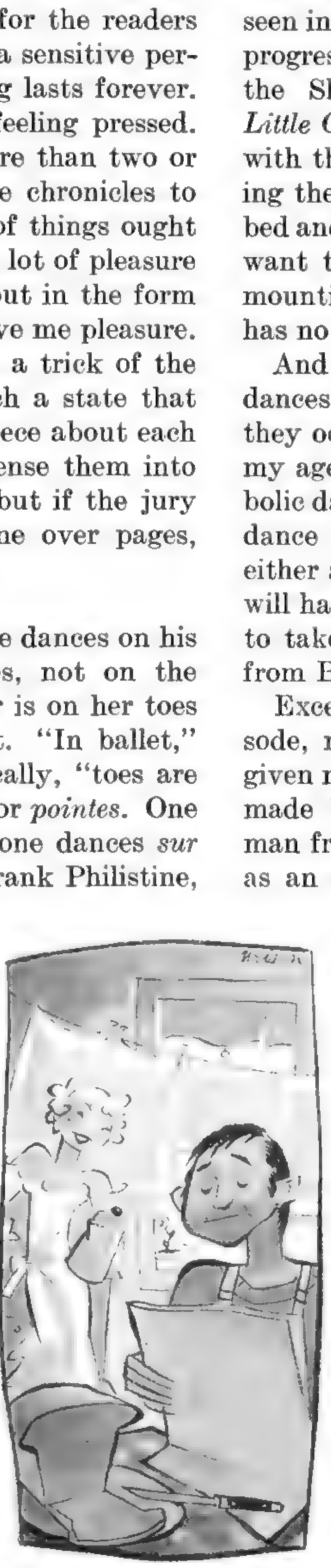
by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

Was there anything sinister in the Editor's note, two months ago, about me and only one other contributor having appeared in Esquire without fail, in every single issue, right from those dim quarterly beginnings? A hint? A warning? I caught no note of enthusiasm behind the remark; it was put down as a fact, for the readers to take as they pleased. To a sensitive person, it was enough. Nothing lasts forever.

The result is that I am feeling pressed. With the prospect of no more than two or three hundred more of these chronicles to write, I am hurried. A lot of things ought to get down on the record, a lot of pleasure I have had ought to come out in the form of gratitude to those who gave me pleasure. Maybe the whole thing was a trick of the Editor's, to get me into such a state that instead of writing a whole piece about each of a dozen subjects, I condense them into notes. Here are the notes; but if the jury acquits, I'll expand each one over pages, when I get my breath back.

Astaire. When Fred Astaire dances on his toes, he dances on his toes, not on the points; when a ballet dancer is on her toes—but you mustn't say that. "In ballet," says Irving Deakin sardonically, "toes are never toes. They are points, or *pointes.* One never dances 'on the toes'; one dances *sur les pointes.* Unless one is a rank Philistine, one *never* speaks of 'toe-dancing'." One of these days someone is going to call a red hunting coat a red hunting coat and the social system will fall and we will be permitted to mention the fact that dancers are on their toes—and that Fred Astaire is incomparably a greater dancer than ninety-nine of a hundred who haven't got toes, but *pointes* instead. And then will come the question of what Fred Astaire is doing when he dances on his heels.



I should say, for myself, that Astaire has long ago stopped dancing on anything, except air perhaps and sound; he dances the way a figure in a Silly Symphony dances, completely removed from anything solid and yet making movements more precise than you and I make when we walk. I remember seeing an Egyptian fantasy of Walt Disney's, in which a frieze of characters suddenly were animated and started to dance and gradually moved along their wall until they stepped off, the dance-movement continuing in space; just at that moment when they detached themselves from the wall, they were like Astaire—or, say, he is like them.

The greatest single dance I have seen in ten years is Bill Robinson's progress up and down the stairs in the Shirley Temple movie, *The Little Colonel.* A minute plot goes with the dance: Robinson is coaxing the little girl to go upstairs to bed and she is unhappy and doesn't want to, and he shows her a new way of mounting the steps; beyond that, the dance has no meaning.

And I am so goddam tired of meaningful dances that I could stand up and yell when they occur in revues and I am trapped and my age-long resolution never to see a symbolic dance is broken. Massine's bartender's dance in *Union Pacific* has no meaning either and it is a tricky dance; but Massine will have to forget a lot before he can begin to take lessons in the art of pure dancing from Bill Robinson.

Except for this one supremely fine episode, nothing I have seen in dancing has given me such pleasure as every single move made by Astaire in *Top Hat.* The young man from Iowa is getting a nice reputation as an actor, he is an engaging person on the screen and got so used to being a hoofer, and must have observed so many actors while he danced, that he escapes all the faults of the common male movie star. But the important thing is that he dances with everything he's got, from the chin down.

There are dancers who start at the ankle, the knee, or the hips; Astaire doesn't start anywhere. his whole body goes into action and while I suppose he has the usual number of joints, his body has the flexibility of a single piece—and it isn't metal or rubber or anything made, but something grown, like a willow branch.

There will be another Astaire movie, with music by Irving Berlin, along presently. The plot may be formula—and the formula is a great deal more agreeable than the big-revue-all-the-girls-popping-out-of-teacaddies type which I hope it will ultimately destroy. But the music will be Berlin, which means freshness and lightness and grace and the dancing will be Astaire which means another glimpse of perfection.

Lovelorn. A once married woman (now widowed or divorced, I do not know) writes me that she has four suitors, any one of whom she can marry overnight—her words, not mine. But she's not having any. The reason she writes to me is that I wrote something in this magazine, a few months ago, about the remarkable absence of beautiful women in crimes of passion, and this falls in with her own observation. And she adds:

"It all surprises me, but most of all, it surprises me to have you discover it and state it. I've known it a long time. Best looking girls still old maids and all the plain ones loved, supported, and contented. Lots of evidence. Rich men, plain wives; poor men, pretty ones."

The final statement has nothing to do with my argument whatever. I make it public in order to give a little point to the way we observe the married lives of our friends. There has been a lot of marrying going on recently, particularly among the emancipated and the intellectuals and the old propaganda against matrimony has broken down. Men have taken to marrying the girls again and the girls seem to insist upon it. The economic motive implied by my correspondent ought to be analyzed, at least.

Plugs. Something pretty desperate has happened to the old-fashioned radio advertisement, or plug. You can hardly hear it any more and I am afraid that the capitalist system is breaking down after all. For when we handed over the air to the manufacturers, it was understood that they would soundly and solidly advertise their wares, and they did it for several years. You could absolutely count on orders to the conductor to rush through the andantino because the announcer had to get on with what we really wanted to hear, the name and virtues of a product we couldn't afford to buy.

Then the critics got busy. They howled about commercialism; they even tried to persuade the sponsors that our noses were being rubbed in the dirt and we resented it. Somebody remembered that Raymond Knight had kidded sparkplugs or something right at the beginning of sponsored radio; Ed Wynn began his obstinate rejection of the blandishments of Graham MacNamee and Texaco—and nothing serious happened to sales except that they went on up. Now they're all doing it. Some do it with a silly leer, some do it with a pun, but each man kids the thing he sells, and only the brave man does it with a straight announcement. (Maybe I mean Woollcott, he's started plug-

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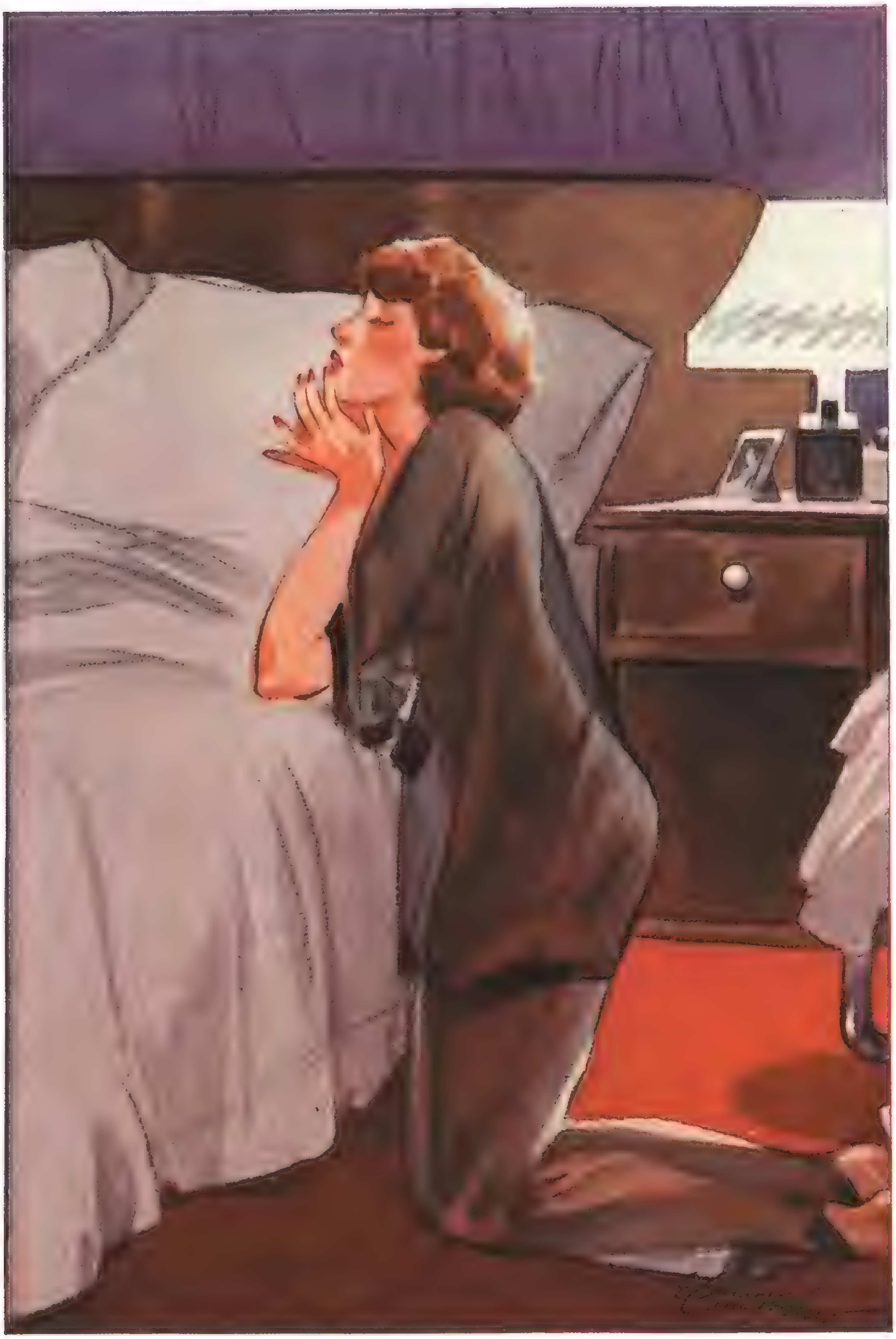
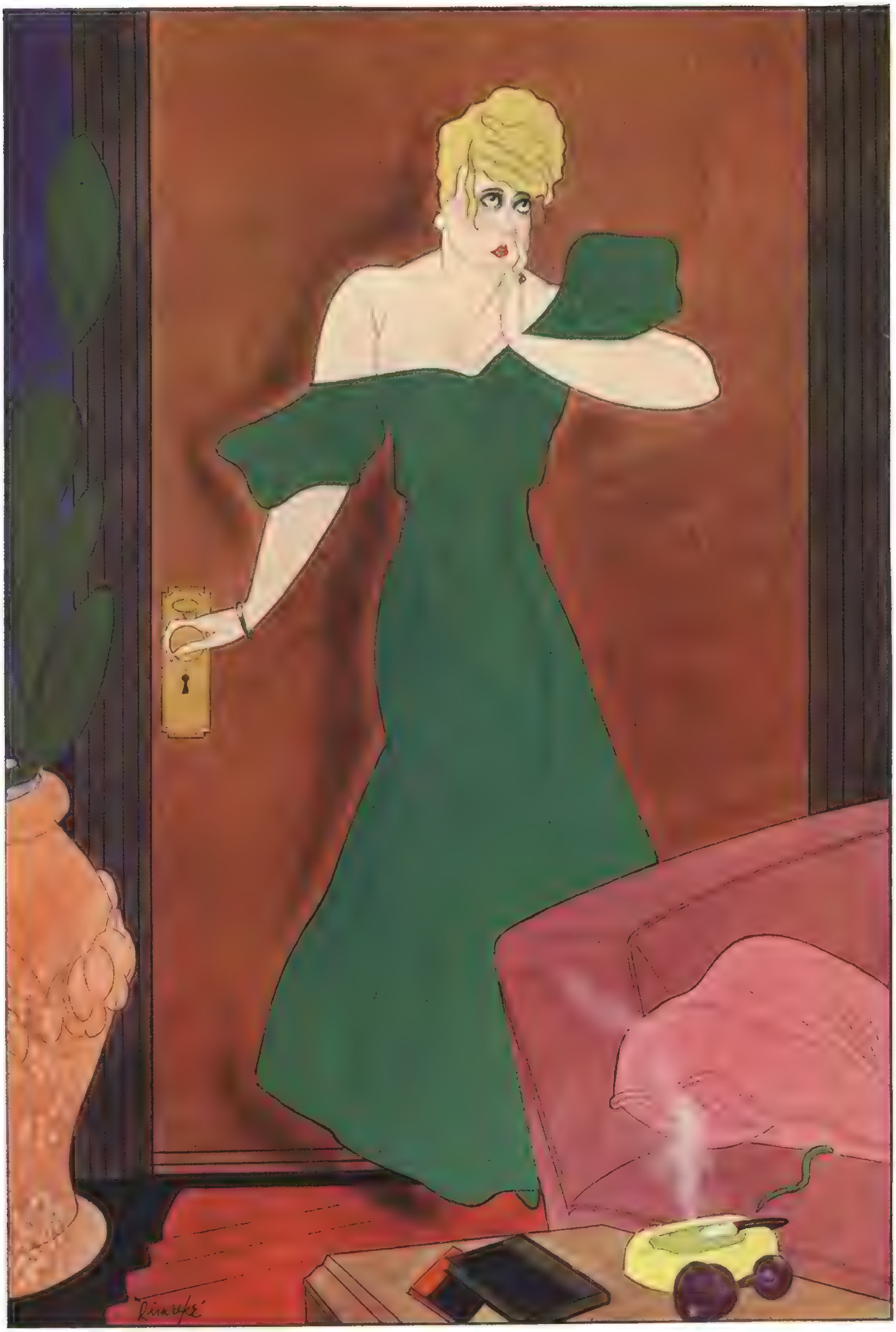


"—make me a good girl and make Mr. Bixby's wife give him a divorce"



"Oh well—now at least I can write my memoirs!"

Woman As Creator

She can't write symphonies, she can't write epics, all she can do is maybe give a man ideas

by CARLETON SMITH

• ARTICLE •

As CREATIVE artists, women are flops. Their every attempt in the arts results in a miscarriage. Their sonatas, their songs, even, are still-born. Things have come to such a pass that the editor of a woman's magazine is giving a thousand dollars to find out why there are so few women songwriters.

Think of it! For centuries, in far greater numbers than men, they have been trying to scale Olympus. And not once have they succeeded. Through the ages there has not been a transcendent genius among the female of the species. She has made countless abortive efforts to command the genii. She has indulged in endless reveries . . . imagined she knew "such stuff as dreams are made of" . . . and never has her dream come true.

Measured by the highest standards, woman in art has been barren, impotent, sterile—not pregnant of a single great conception. If her aspirations have gone up like a rocket, they have come down like the stick.

It's a fact. No matter what sacrifice she makes, what feathers she sprouts, or what divine affinity she invokes, woman with all her persuasiveness is not able to coax, or to jolt, jog, jar or jerk Euterpe loose from a blue-ribbon. Every solitary one, without exception, has been awarded to a man.

In bed at night, woman may have given many ideas to man, which the next morning he has been glad to claim as his own. But she has not been able to put them into permanent form and thus claim them as her own.

* * *

Since it is certain that I am addressing these remarks to men, and that no woman will read them, I can speak out boldly, without fear of stimulating any more complexes among the other sex. And, if you argue the question with your *frau* (or whatever you call her), that is, should you have need for proving your native supremacy on other grounds than physical strength—well, you'll know when to stop. And, moreover, what happens afterwards will be no business of mine.

I can give you only a start, anyway! Briefly: you may say with full confidence, and without fear of contradiction, that a woman has never created any great work of art, unless, perhaps, it be a man. Or, to state it positively, man has created every monumental master-work in sculpture, in architecture, in painting, in literature, drama, and music. Make no mistake! If you, in traveling down the aisles of history, pause five seconds for an *objet d'art* produced by a woman, you will pause fifteen seconds for the next one by a man. If a woman, now or in the past, has caused so much as a ripple in one of the arts, a man has caused the wave.

Mention a long list of names, at random, and try to match them with a female equivalent. Cite Homer, Li-Po, Lucretius, Petrarch, Aeschylus, Aristophanes, or Cervantes, Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe! Even Swinburne, Keats, Shelley, where is their female rib?

Suggest Phidias, Michel Angelo, da Vinci, Rembrandt! Think of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner, and Debussy, and try to find a comparable woman composer. It's not possible!

* * *

Oh, yes, the excuse is obvious! "Woman hasn't really had a chance. She has been kept too busy in the kitchen and the bedroom." There is some truth in it. It is a man's world. We admit that, right off!

Woman was created, according to Holy Writ itself, to be a helper. And so she remains. Of herself she creates nothing. She may inspire what is created—at least, she gets man to say she does—though, myself, I've always doubted it. And she bears and raises and trains the guys who turn the trick. But she can't come through herself. She obviously hasn't got what it takes. For, if she had, in the ups and downs of her fate since the beginning of time, she would have attained eminence as a creative artist . . . at least, once.

The earliest society was matriarchal. Time was, anthropologists tell us, when woman ruled the roof absolutely, and man was only a biological incident. The child, being able to know who its mother was, took her tribal customs and her name. The oldest Japanese name for husband (and, incidentally, it is the oldest ethnological name in history) means not lord or head of the family—nothing so important; this early Japanese name means "the man who is permitted to visit a lady's house at night." As Louis K. Anspacher has pointed out, "he has no rights, he is permitted to do things." Perhaps times haven't changed so much, after all.

Fact is that at one time, at least, woman ruled the world. But there is no evidence to prove that at that time women were better pipe-blowers or lyre-thrummers than their lovers. Then the lady built the home and provided the food (somewhat as she does in Soviet Russia today), and this fact became attractive to the male, who was able to "wish himself in as a star boarder when he had no better place to go on cold winter nights. By sheer usurpation he began to rule the roost, and the woman permitted it because she happened to love him."

Contrary to the common opinion that woman existed as a degraded concubine, having no moral or ethical rights, until suddenly the Bible came along and made her free, the exact opposite is true. According to the leading ethnologists, the position of woman was never better than in Egypt and in Sparta, and in the latter days of Rome. It was Christianity that put her down. In the Bible, she becomes the property of man, and her rights are derived from her relation to some man as mother, wife, sister, or daughter.

The Bible is, in Doctor Anspacher's words, "a man's book. It puts woman down as a chattel, in a class with the ox, the ass, and the servants, which the Ten Commandments tell us not to covet. . . . Woman, moreover, is regarded as the source of all evil. We are told that through her, sin and death came into the world. Woman is the temptress, the snare, and the net."

The Bible wastes no time about it either. In the very first chapters of Genesis, woman's subjugation is made definite. God says, "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children, and thou shalt be under thy husband's power, and *he shall have dominion over thee.*" (Italics mine.) Lawmakers ever since have justified the position of male superiority, and have enforced it, except now and then when woman shrewdly retaliated and put over such rejoinders as the alimony-racket.

Poets and philosophers have continued to represent woman as inferior. They have granted her credit for being capable of more tenderness, more love . . . perhaps, for being all those things which have come to be classed as feminine, and which any man will readily grant his wife because they do not overshadow his own activities.

After the Church Fathers at the end of the sixth century pondered and finally voted *by a majority of three* that woman was a human being and thus had the possibility of developing a soul, her position slowly improved. Nevertheless, she has frequently

Continued in center of page 133

Blind Man's Buff

A marriage of companionate misery with two souls shuffling to a single beat: futile quest of a kindly light

by LOUIS ZARA

• FICTION •

Nasally the accordion began to wheeze, *Santa Lucia* skirling out of it, and the fiddle scraped its high accompaniment. The two beggars stood close to each other, a round tin bowl containing the decoy, two nickels, a dime and several pennies, sitting on the cement walk before them in the midst of the snow. Several children now gazed up, open-mouthed. In a half-circle a few passersby had gathered. The sign on the man's soft black hat: "We Are a Blind Couple," had halted them.

"Sa-anta Lucia!" sang the beggars. Her voice was high and shrill, his deep and raspy, pitched for bass but coming off a poor and rusty baritone. He pumped the accordion vigorously, the bellows folding and expanding, his fingers, long, dirty and talon-nailed, flexing rapidly as he found the tune. She worked the fiddle as energetically, the bow sawing at the strings. "Sa-anta Lu-chee-ah!" Her voice squeaked on the high notes and broke and he carried on in his chest-tone.

But when the song was ended the tin bowl did not ring with coins. She stood there holding the bow in one hand, the fiddle by the neck in the other.

"No clinkers, Fritz," she mumbled. Her head was sunk toward the bosom of her brown sweater dress that had been patched with gray knitting at the elbows and under one armpit. Her eyes were closed shut and the black lashes made them look as though they had been sewn shut with black thread. "No clinkers, Fritz," she repeated.

He stared at the gathering with large blue sightless eyes. His lips moved as though he was cursing. But "God bless you all, my friends," he uttered softly and to the woman he said, "*Mother Machree*, Victoria."

She did not lift the fiddle to her shoulder now. Slowly Fritz squeezed the accordion and she sang in a plaintive voice. A few coins plunked into the tin bowl. Her ears strained to identify them: penny, penny, penny—as she went on.

When she was done Fritz let his accordion hang from one hand and to Victoria's accompaniment he rendered *The Prisoner's Song*. His voice sank gravely and came up sadly on the rises. "Someone to call me their own—." He put his free hand on Victoria's shoulder and from his sightless eyes two tears slid down to his mouth.

The crowd had become larger. "Look at him cry," someone whispered.

They sang two verses and no sooner had the last note died away when there was a burst of applause and a rain of coins. Victoria counted eleven pennies. One struck the bowl and rolled away. Fritz put out his foot and brought it down unerringly.

Now together they played *When Day Is Done*. Then Victoria put fiddle and bow under one arm and stooped to pick up the tin bowl and the penny in the snow under his foot. Fritz saluted, his fingers to his hat, military style: "God bless you all, my good friends!" and slowly they shuffled on their way, the snow scuffling at their shoes. The wind was sharp and growing colder.

He was a gaunt man with a large bony jaw and long hands. He wore a thin brown suit coat and a pair of baggy blue trousers with the cuffs tucked into army-shoes. She was a head shorter than he, as thin and bony. A wide-brimmed velvet hat with a veil caught on it sat on her graying hair.

As they walked she sang softly *Lead, Kindly Light*. At the next corner they halted before a grocery-shop but the proprietor came out and led them away. Fritz set a bony hand on the man's arm.

"God bless you, brother!" he said hoarsely. "We are a blind couple."

The man snorted, then tucked a piece of money into the beggar's palm. Fritz rubbed his fingers over it. "God bless you all your life, brother!" he prayed.

"A jit?" she asked.

"Two," he muttered and they went on to the next corner.

But there was an organ-grinder there. They heard the rolling song *Under the Double Eagle*, and the glee of children watching a monkey dancing in the snow. Fritz swore softly and aloud he said: "Bless you, strangers!"

When the winter sun began to set the glare hurt Fritz's eyes so they turned homeward shuffling along at the same pace, singing a few songs in each block. When they cut off Madison Street they became silent. The bowl was empty, the coins were in Fritz's purse hidden inside his shirt at the waist.

At the Sangamon Mission they stopped for the evening prayers, soup, doughnuts and coffee. When they left it was already dark.

They went down to Madison Street again but there were hostesses in all the taverns—they could hear the strident voices plowing through popular songs—it was not like the days just after repeal when they could enter any tavern and earn drinks and a few cents for giving three or four numbers.

Finally they halted before a tavern where an overflow crowd seemed to have gathered on the walk. They began *Mother Machree* but the bouncer came out and led them away with a rude hand.

"God bless you, brother," Fritz said. "May God watch over you!" The bounder glared at him.

"God bless you, brother!" Fritz repeated in a louder tone. The hangers-on loafing on the sidewalk watched them. The bouncer fumbled in his pocket and gave him a nickel. "You have a good heart!" the beggar said and steered on, Victoria clutching his arm.

"It will be a hard winter," he said when they were heading homeward again. "We need a good neighborhood. Or a good sign. Landlord told of a fellow with a sign that said 'I cannot beg: Give if God is in your heart.' That was keen."

She nodded. "Maybe we should have gone to the Salvation Army this winter."

"We'll do all right by ourselves. A man can never get anywhere at the Army," he grumbled.

"It ain't cold there," she complained. At the boarding-house it was freezing some nights.

That angered him. He grumbled again and muttered to himself now the rest of the way home. And before they went to their lodging he insisted on getting a pint of grain alcohol at the drugstore. Plain grain alcohol was cheaper than cheap whiskey.

"Can't afford it, Fritz," Victoria cautioned. She said that every night now when they earned the price of the stuff.

"Man got to keep warm, don't he?" he snapped. Something made her titter at that. "You old tramp!" he growled and she became silent.

The room was two dollars a week. "Dirt cheap!" the landlord had called it and so was the room. The boarding house was a two-story with a gable roof and in the attic the two beggars had their room. A narrow bed, a window, two backless stools and a crate set end up for a table.

They climbed to the attic and after he had put his accordion on a nail above the head of the bed—so it would not be gnawed during the night—and she had hung the fiddle and bow on the opposite wall they sat down and each had a swig from the bottle. The unblended alcohol made her cough. He swallowed without a grimace, but after the first drink he would not give her any.

"It ain't for women—or old tramps!" he said after his fourth swallow.

"I ain't an old tramp."

"Didn't take you out of no old ladies' home," he cackled.

"Didn't get you from no bargain counter neither!" she retorted.

He struck her across the mouth with the back of his hand.

"Hold your tongue!" he cried. "Weren't for you would have made plenty today. Nobody likes an old crow."

"It's the blue glasses you should have been wearing this afternoon," she hinted.

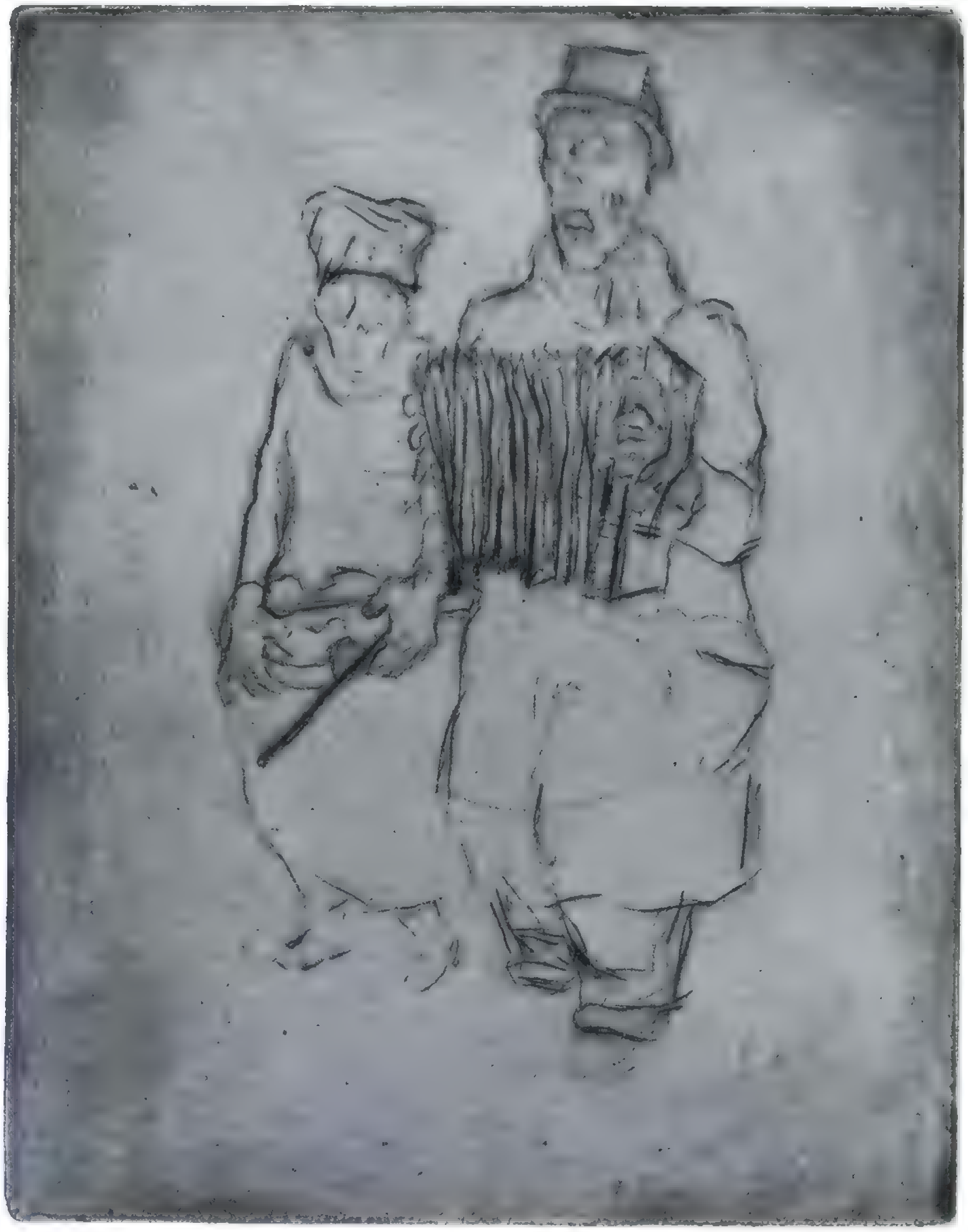
He snorted. "And can't a man be blind without the blue glasses?"

"They ain't believing," she insisted.

"It's you they ain't believing!" he bellowed. "You keeping them shiners closed they think is the fake, not me." He clenched his fist and threw his arm out and caught her on the chest.

He shoved at her with both hands and when she fell he kicked out at her.

"Ow, Fritz!" she coughed. "You'll be hurting me and it ain't my fault them are shut."



DRYPOINT BY JOHN GROTH

John Groth

"You're no help to me!" he shouted. "Squeaky voice and squeaky fiddle goddam!

"If it wasn't for you I'd be living on easy street."

She rose to her knees and clutched at his legs, twining her arms about him.

"Fritz, my own Fritz," she whimpered, her hair falling down and strands dragging in her mouth. "You'll be hurting me and then you will be sorry. My loving Fritz!"

He tried to get away from her, his hands sawing at the air but she would not release him.

"Let me go!" he shouted and cursed. "Goddam, Victoria, let me go!"

"I can't, Fritz," she wept. "You're my own darling, my lover, my baby."

A light foam flecked the corners of his mouth. Suddenly he bent over and began to hammer at her head with his fists.

She sobbed and fell away from him. There was a thump on the door.

"Cut out the racket!" a thick voice shouted.

"Landlord says he'll be coming up with a pipe-wrench soon."

Fritz swore and let Victoria go. She fell in a heap and went on weeping. He went over to the crate and lifted the bottle for another long drink. The pint was empty before he had quenched his thirst. He wrenched open the window and savagely hurled the bottle out. He listened till he heard the glass shatter and a howl rise from the street.

Then he staggered toward the bed, his hands passing swiftly over the bedclothes. The sheet was stiff with dirt: the pillowcase smelt equally of filth.

The landlord charged them enough but never gave them a clean bed. He swore, then sprawled his length across the mattress. He lay in a stupor for a moment, his head on one arm. Then he began to snore.

When he awoke she was beside him. Some time during the night she had moved him over and taken his shoes off. Otherwise he still wore all his clothes save his coat. She slept in the same knitted brown dress she had worn on the street. It was cold in the room and she had thrown his coat over the two of them.

"It's morning already," he said listening to the noises outside. "Must be about eight o'clock. I'm hungry."

"We can have coffee-and," she returned quickly.

She had been lying awake waiting for him to stir. "Got enough to buy it if we can't sing it out at the Bean-Pot."

"Have to pay," he muttered. "Can't sing at breakfast nowhere." He started. "You been in my pockets."

She lay silent, trembling.

He got up on his elbows. "You damn slut, Victoria, you been in my pockets!" She locked her arm about his and pulled him down.

"Aw, Fritz," she whimpered. "I wasn't neither. You was drunk last night—don't you remember?"

"Drunk."

"Yah, you killed a pint."

He passed a hand over his forehead. "Drunk?" he repeated. "By Golly!" And after a moment of thought: "Did I beat you, Victoria?"

"Yah," she squeezed out.

"Shucks, did I hurt you?" he continued.

"Yah."

He breathed slowly, his mouth open. "Hard?"

"You didn't mean to," she said proudly, "but you couldn't help it was hard."

"Ain't never meant that, Victoria," he mumbled. "Ain't never meant to beat you hard."

"I knowed it," she said and put one hand on his face. "I knowed it you wouldn't hurt me."

His mouth quivered and as he sniffled, his nose pointing toward the cracked ceiling, two tears rolled out of his eyes and down toward his ears.

"You hadn't ought to let me drink, Victoria, you hadn't ought to." More tears flowed down to his ears. "Everything's just going against me, everything."

She pressed her lips to his wet cheek.

"Come on now, Fritz," she said, her own tears dry the moment his began. "Don't take it so hard. Last night when you were asleep I heard One-leg next door talking about a good place on the northwest side. We'll go there today. Maybe our luck will be better."

"All right, but what good will it do?" he moaned. "I'm miserable, miserable and unlucky."

"No, you ain't," she countered. "You ain't miserable and you ain't unlucky. 'Cause we still got each other and nobody can take that away from us." She kissed him fiercely.

He lay there, his mouth set bitterly. Then he turned and his unseeing eyes stared at her.

She reached over and patted the coat down about him.

"Victoria," he snuffled hoarsely. "Sometimes you're sure wonderful. And nobody can take that away." #

The Last Three Seconds

An additional instant on duty in the sky gave an officer a lifetime to seek its meaning

by C. S. FORESTER

▪ FICTION ▪

The balloon which swayed at the end of its five hundred feet of cable was of the fantastic appearance, like something seen in a nightmare, which seemed to characterize the weapons employed during the war. It was sausage shaped, and yet trilobed in sections, and at the stern it bulged into four ungainly excrescences designed to catch the wind and keep the thing, like a weathercock, pointing in a constant direction. Yet at the same time the minute variations in the wind pressure made the car suspended below the gasbag roll and pitch far worse than any small boat at sea. Only the strongest and most experienced stomachs could endure that uneasy motion for long.

The two officers in the car, their telephone apparatuses over their ears and mouths, had suffered two hours of this pitching and tossing by now. Woodward had accomplished the most difficult part of his task in that two hours. He was spotting for a battery of heavy howitzers a mile away, and had quite early succeeded in detecting the heavy black smoke of the shell bursts and in guiding them closer and closer, one over and one short in an everdiminishing bracket, to the target which had been allotted them. He sat now with his binoculars to his eyes watching the shells dropping monotonously on the spot which headquarters had decided would be all the better for receiving a few 9.2's.

Below him was all the manifold apparatus of the balloon section—the gas producing plant, the winding engines with their drums of cable, the huts and tents of the personnel. As he looked down he could see the men walking about, absurdly foreshortened, and minute in size, and at that moment an unexpected movement of the car produced an unusual giddiness in him so that he felt slightly sick and ceased to look straight down. Two miles away was the line of the trenches, and then a desolate strip of No Man's Land, and beyond that another line, half hidden in smoke and flying débris, where the Germans awaited the new attack under an overwhelming barrage. Beyond the German line, again, was the back area upon which certain batteries—Woodward's among them—were raining shells with the object of hindering the strengthening of the German line. Woodward resumed his observation of the fall of his shells after a grin of sympathy at Lenham, his fellow officer in the car, who had not yet succeeded in directing the fire of his gun upon its allotted target.

Lenham's task had been a great deal more difficult. He was spotting for a twelve inch gun on a railway mounting four miles away, and the bridge which constituted the target was six miles beyond the front line trenches. It was the third day he had tried to wreck that bridge, and he had not yet been successful. The target was so far away, and was frequently obscured by smoke from the rest of the bombardment. Moreover, ground mist had interfered over and over again, and Lenham darkly suspected the Germans of deliberately fogging his view by the use of artificial smoke screens.

If the target were as valuable to the Germans as Headquarters insisted it was the enemy were very sensible to do so, but it added enormously to Lenham's difficulties. With the car rolling and pitching in that fashion it was hard to maintain observation, and Big Lizzie, the gun on its railway mounting, took so long to train and load that a quarter of an hour elapsed between each shot. The first day Lenham had not observed a single burst—half the times something or other had prevented his observation, and the other half he had not been able to pick out the burst from among the hundreds of others.

Yesterday he had been more successful towards evening with the sun behind him, and he had succeeded in telephoning corrections until just when he was hoping for a direct hit, either atmospheric conditions changed or Lizzie developed a temperament and began to drop her shells quite differently. A variation of two hundred yards in range is not much in a trajectory of eight miles, but it is of supreme importance when the target is a bridge thirty yards long and ten wide.

Today things were going better. He had spotted the third burst, short, and the fifth, over. The sixth and the seventh he had lost, thanks to the antics of the car—although the major at the other end of the telephone wire had not spared blistering comments on his inadequacy. The next shot ought certainly to be close to the target. Lenham was waiting for the signal which would tell him that the shot had been fired. In his mind's eye he pictured the trajectory of the shell as it left the gun at nearly a mile a second, to climb up into the air higher than the summit of Mount Everest, and then swoop down with a sound like an express train to burst in a fountain of dust and smoke nine miles away. Lenham kept his binoculars to his eyes and prayed that the car would remain reasonably steady for the next half minute, and the smoke screen remain transparent, and that the rest of the barrage would not interfere.

The telephone receivers at his ears suddenly gave their sharp bleat which indicated that Lizzie had fired, and Lenham began to count to himself—one, two, three, four. He kept the distant bridge, a minute spot on the grey landscape, in the center of the field of the glasses with the skill resulting from long experience.

"Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen" counted Lenham, and at the last word he saw a little puff of smoke suddenly come into view close to the bridge. But the bottom of the puff was hidden from sight—Lenham had only a second to make that observation—and therefore the shot was over the target. He spoke into the telephone mouthpiece.

"Shot observed," he said.

"That's a change," said the sarcastic major at the other end of the wire, and Lenham, as a mere lieutenant, could not reply so forcibly as he wished. He could only proceed in businesslike tones.

"It's just over," he said. "Not more than fifty yards. Direction's exactly right."

"Good," said the major, surprised for the moment into monosyllabic praise.

Lenham could take the binoculars from his eyes for a space. Four miles away a sweating gun's crew was loading Lizzie again with her half ton shell. Some gunnery expert or other was calculating how much conditions would be changed by that last shot—by its wear on the gun, and the change in temperature. Then he would have to calculate what new elevation to give the gun to drop the next shell fifty yards shorter. Then the driver of the locomotive attached to the railway mounting would have to admit steam to his cylinders and push the gun up again into the firing position from which the recoil had

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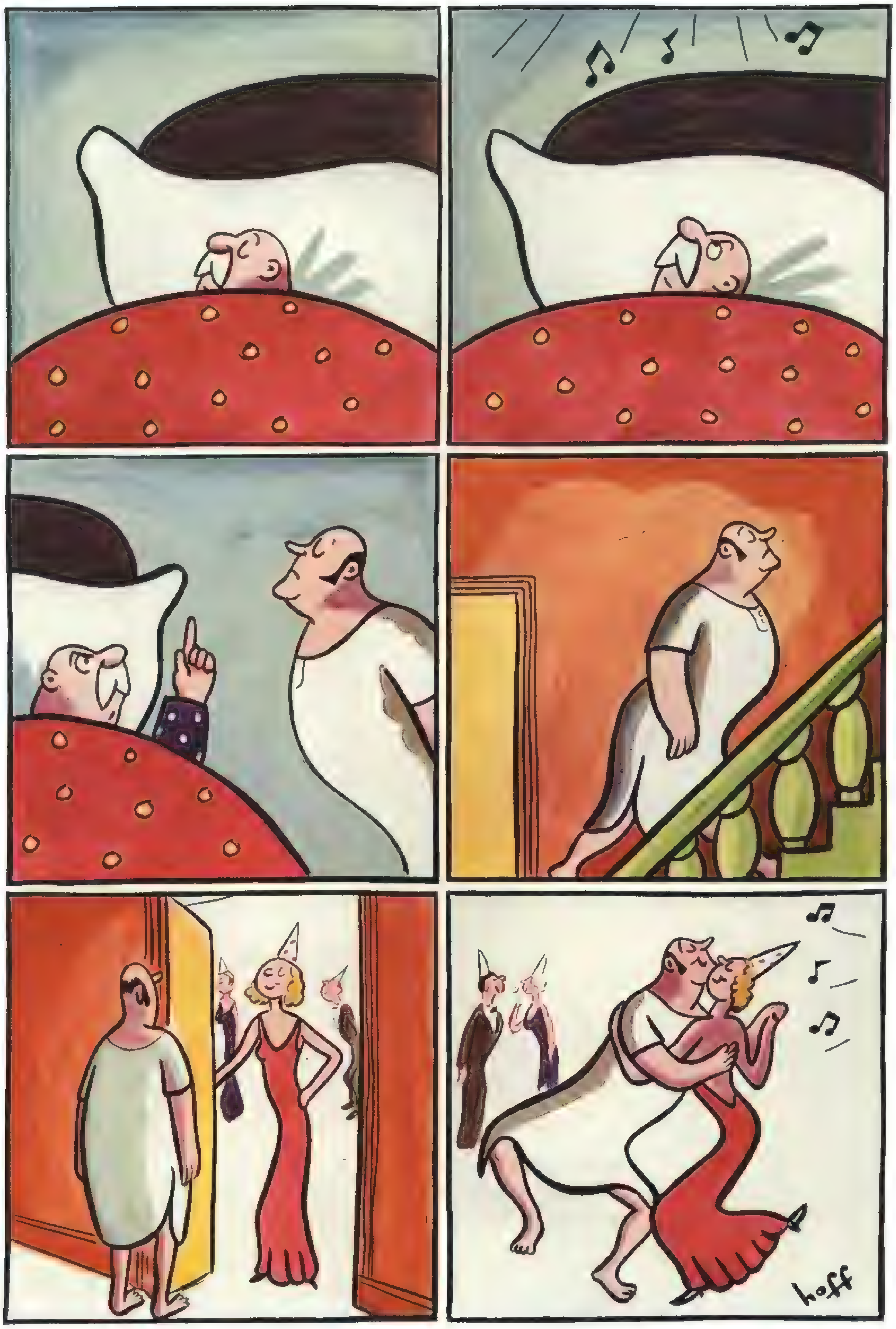
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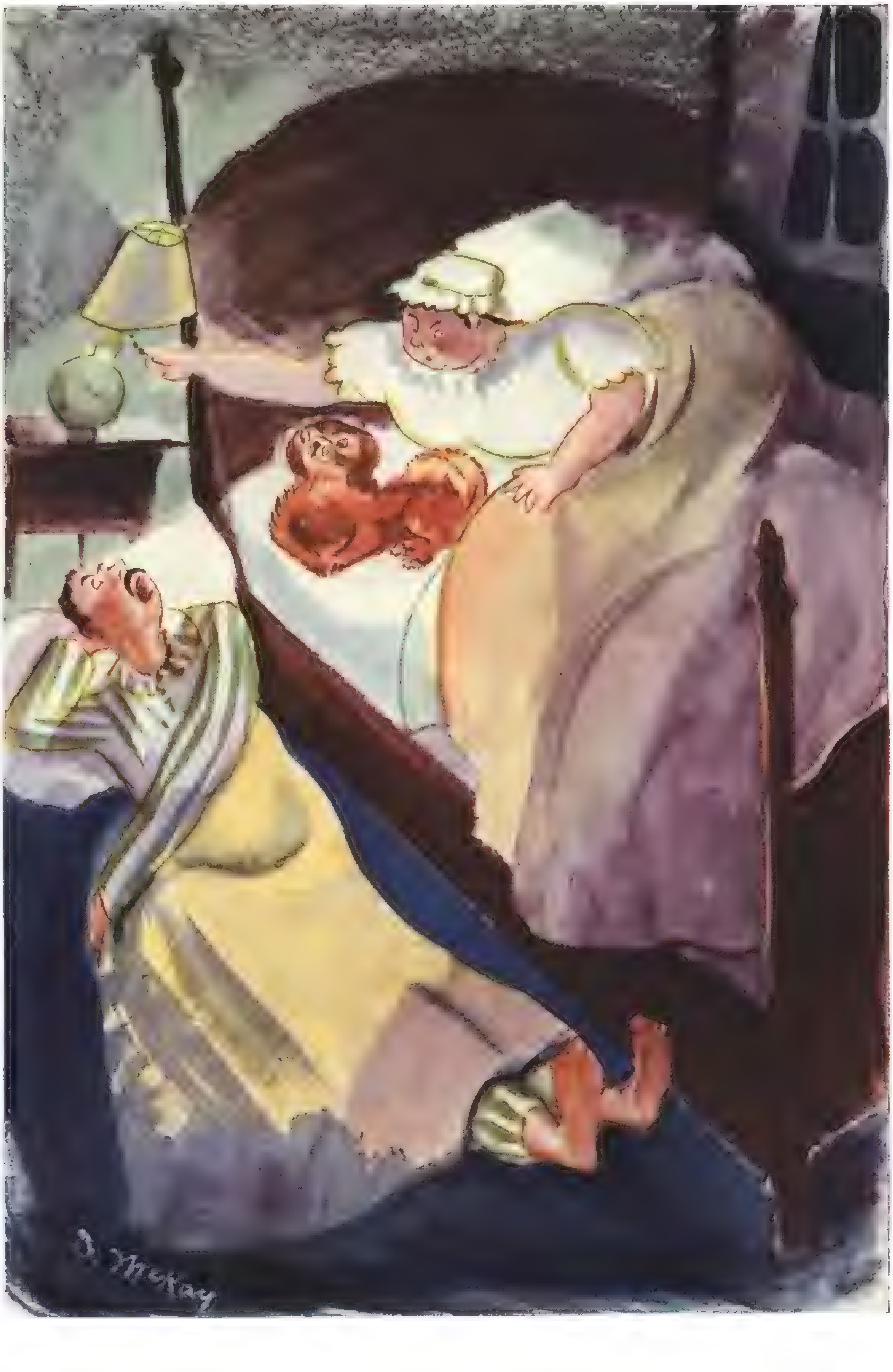


"Well, now am I crowding Fifi?"

In the Dog House

A thesis for the married man who may know how he got in but doesn't know how to get out

by JOHN JAY DALY

• ARTICLE •

My old drinking companion remarked the other day, "You haven't been in the dog house for some time, have you?"

Right away I commenced to brag. Fatal: "No, I haven't been in the dog house for quite a spell, and I don't think I'll ever go there again."

That very night I went out and got in the dog house.

Now the dog house is the place in the mind of the little woman where she keeps her man on those occasions when he violates, willy-nilly, the rules of domesticity.

Soon as he steps off the reservation, every married man is a candidate for the dog house. Whenever he leaves the water wagon, goes out on a bat or a bender, coming home three sheets to the wind, the dog catcher is on his trail. Sentence to the dog house is pronounced soon as the culprit staggers through the front door, or is thrown in the vestibule by his companions.

When a woman gets a man in the dog house all hell breaks loose, and the yapping begins.

Off and on, I've been in the dog house so many times I'm all flea-bitten.

In long years of experience, I have discovered all the ways there are to get in the dog house. There is only one way out. The dog house has many entrances but just one exit.

The way out of the dog house leads eventually to the pathway of peace on earth—reconciliation with the little woman.

Just how to bring about this boon is something that comes only with a great deal of experience—and experimentation.

Wives differ in many respects, but they are all alike when they stand as sentinels at the lone door of the dog house. The poor old dog in the manger has a sad look in his eyes. All he wants is a friendly pat on the head. What he gets is a kick in the slats.

Easy to get in the dog house. So hard to get out.

I recall the first time I was there. It came about in a perfectly innocent way. At least I thought it was, but the good wife had other ideas. So she put me in the dog house.

Bill had come to town and dropped into the office. He was anxious to talk over a business deal, so we stepped over to Dinty's Place for a bite. It turned out to be a dog bite.

Along about 6 o'clock the fact dawned upon me that I had a home—and that the bride was waiting for her loved one.

Home was a seven or eight miles out in the suburban country, a good thirty minutes away, dinner was scheduled for 6 o'clock, here it was six, and there were guests.

Bill and I were tossing off a few highballs when I looked at the old timepiece: "Bill," I said quite solemnly, "I'm in dutch."

"Whatdye mean, in dutch?"

"It's six now, I'm due home at six, and there are guests for dinner."

"T'hell with th' guests," Bill drawled. "This is business." He contemplated the bottom of his glass. "Call her up."

So I called her up.

What that gal said to me was plenty:

"Where are you?"

"Where have you been?"

"Why didn't you call before?"

"Why weren't you in your office?"

"Who are you with?"

"Where is all that noise coming from?"

"The next time I have any of your friends out to dinner, you'll know it," and so forth, et cetera, and so on, ad infinitum et gloria patria and nuts to you!

Eventually I got to the little house on the hillside and entered the dog house waiting for the prodigal pup.

The silence of the dog house is intense. It is a cold, frigid affair—even on the hottest nights. No man, whatever his nature, be he the most silent creature in the world, absorbed in his own thoughts, relishes being stared at and not spoken to by the little woman.

That, I believe, is the hardest blow to bear—those silent stares.

If the old gal would only say something—that is, after the first barrage. She says plenty then, but the poor duffer on his way to the dog house would rather not listen. Paradoxically, he would welcome the sweet sound of her voice after he has been in the dog house a day or so—even if it was another good bawling out.

To be in the home and not of the home is the equivalent of being in the dog house.

To sit in a little family gathering, have the good woman talk to all other members of the group, and ignore the old man—that is the pay off. It comes from being a lodger in the dog house.

God help the poor devils in dog houses on occasions like this. There is one other slap that hurts, too. That is to be reminded by innuendo that you are in the dog house—the remark passed along in conversation over the telephone, or to some neighbor over the back fence, or at the side of the house.

"No, we are not going anywhere this week, George was out on a party last night and doesn't feel any too good. Yes, he stayed home from the office today—poor fellow. His head hurts. Yes, I gave him aspirin. What he really needs is a good stiff drink—but he's gone on the water wagon. Yes, he went on this morning. I saw to that. No, there isn't any in the house. While waiting for him last night, I took the last drink in the bottle."

So that's where it went. I had wondered who tapped that till. Curses on forgetfulness. Should have brought home something for the morning after. And the day in the dog house.

Hells bells! This is terrible. If I ever get out of the dog house again I'll never go back.

I can hear loud laughter now, as someone remarks: "That's what they all say!"

Well, so they do. And they mean it, too. But there is an old saying to the effect that boys will be boys. By the same virtue, men will be men—and the man doesn't live who has been in the dog house once and never goes back. They all get there sooner or later, for one reason or another.

Now it may be that looking upon the sherry and port when they are a bit too red or black is one man's method of getting the tag on his neck.

That is not the only way to get in the dog house.

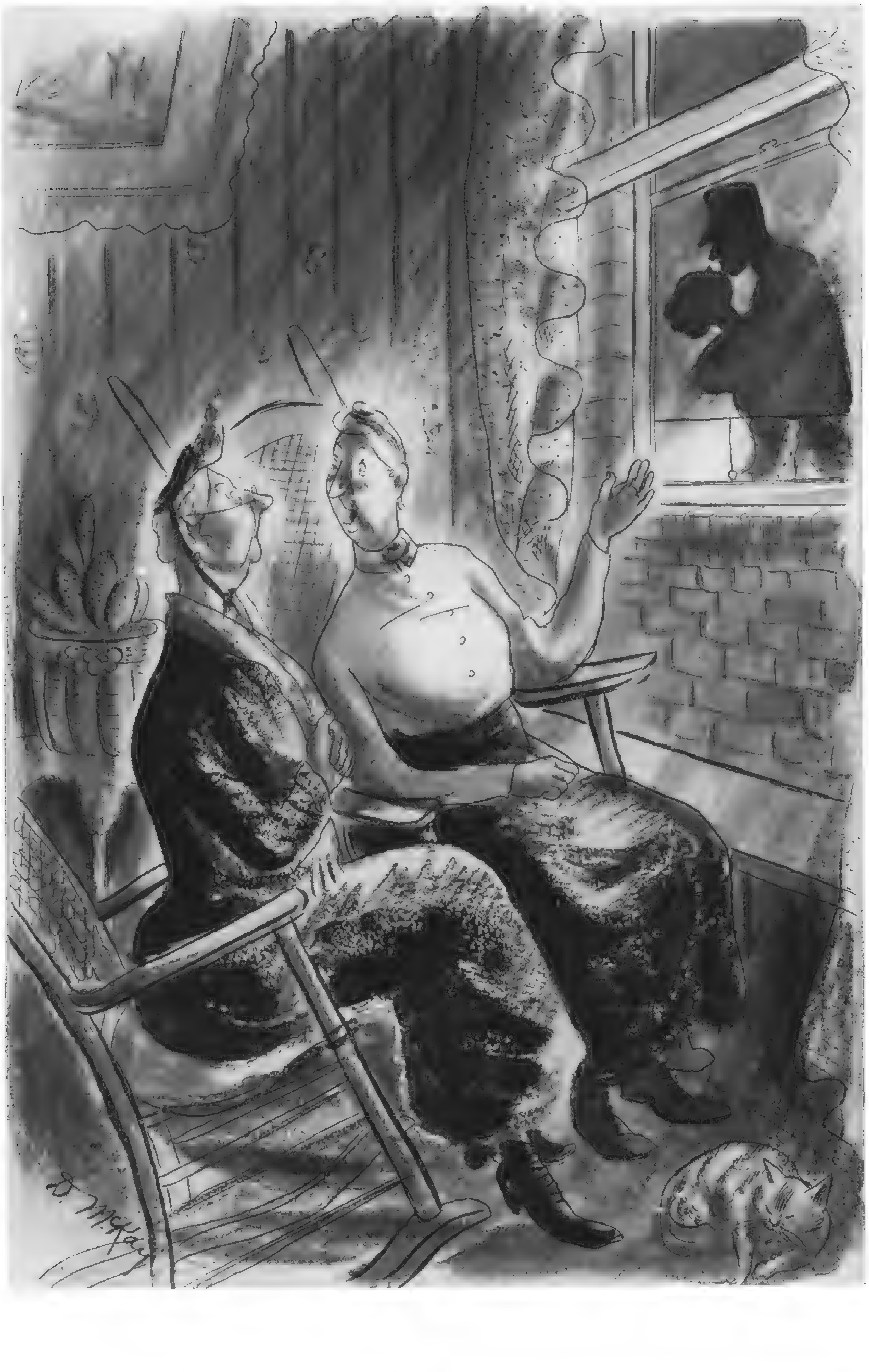
Jim, for instance, tells me he goes to the dog house regularly, every time he and his wife visit the country club for one of those dollar Sunday night dinners.

Invariably, Jim sees some woman he knows, renews an old acquaintance, gets a little too familiar, giving her the old slap-on-the-back stuff and gets sent to the dog house.

Going into the dog house with some men is almost like an actor going into his dance.

Oscar tells me that he goes into the dog house every time his wife's mother comes to town. Now the old lady is all right, y'understand, and she and Oscar get along like a couple of old side kicks—but just the same the old lady has a certain effect on Oscar. He begins to get too mushy when she's around. Helping her with her coat and bonnet. Putting his arms round her shoulder. Squeezing her, calling her mother.

Continued on page 118



"That's the milkman kissing her now. The iceman always takes his hat off"

Portrait of a Torch

Big Time Arson was stretching Brooklyn's insurance rates until justice overtook the Ace Torch

by CHARLES H. D. ROBBINS

• ARTICLE •

For at least three years previous to May, 1933, the number of fires of apparently incendiary origin in the Borough of Brooklyn, New York City, grew so large that the rate fixing committee of fire insurance companies was on the point of raising the insurance rates for that district. The companies themselves had been paying out more in losses than they were receiving in premiums.

The state of affairs came to a spectacular end with the arrest on May 17, 1933—and subsequent confession—of the most skillful and ingenious firebug ever caught in the United States. His name is Samuel Skablow, an erstwhile prosperous business man who turned arsonist to tide himself over the lean years of personal and national depression.

Skablow at first resisted attempts to make him confess but as the net was pulled tighter finally broke and started to talk. He kept speaking in public on and off very interestingly until this fall. Now he has entered upon a period of silence which is expected to last from 20 to 40 years—at Sing Sing.

During his two years of garrulity Skablow admitted setting 54 fires and his testimony for the state has had a sad effect upon the careers of quite a few previously respected citizens. Meanwhile, the number of suspicious-looking fires in and around New York City has returned to normal.

Skablow was not an easy man to trap. In fact, it took a lot of intelligent people including assorted fire marshals, detectives, and investigators for The National Board of Fire Underwriters, a service organization maintained by 210 fire insurance companies, several years to catch up with him.

On the spring morning the hoped-for event finally took place; two inconspicuous-looking men emerged from a Brooklyn apartment house, talking earnestly. They had not gone far when they observed that there were strangers on either side of them, others at their back. These strangers did not keep their identities long a secret. They turned out to be detectives and Chief Fire Marshal Thomas P. Brophy. Samuel Skablow and his last client, Bernard Barnett, a shoe manufacturer, were placed under arrest. In Skablow's pockets were found the stump of a candle and $35.00, cash; in the closet of Barnett's apartment, a cardboard box containing celluloid scraps.

Both men insisted that they were innocent but Skablow dropped this pose when, several weeks later, he was confronted with the damaging confession of another of his clients. Barnett has never admitted anything and at the moment is nursing his injured feelings in jail, serving an indeterminate sentence.

A talkative ex-clothier named Abraham Goldner is the man Skablow and his fellow arsonists have to thank for their present inactivity. When the profits began to fall off, Goldner forsook the men's clothing business and began trying to pick up a living writing insurance. It was not long before he had begun to specialize in fire insurance and incidentally, to discover that people were not always willing to let nature take its course. Goldner therefore began to look about for a "torch," one whose business it is to put the match to insured property. Through a firm of public adjustors he finally found the man he wanted. The adjustors boasted that they had a torch who was the best in the business.

ETCHING BY ERIC LUNDGREN

In the course of coming to an understanding, Goldner and Skablow travelled around town together and Skablow pointed out the sites of many of his past fires and even introduced his new acquaintance to some of his satisfied customers. Impressed, Goldner began to turn business Skablow's way. When Goldner would hear of someone who wanted a fire he would try to get Skablow the job. Skablow's fee was usually 10% of the insurance carried on the premises and Goldner's cut was 20% of the amount paid Skablow. Wherever possible the adjustors were introduced into the case to settle the amount of the loss with the insurance company. Their charge was a percentage, usually 10%, of the amount collected.

To the layman, the mechanics of fire adjusting and kindred activities are a great mystery. A model case may help to clarify Skablow's story.

Mr. Jones, the proprietor of a grocery store, wants to safeguard his property with fire insurance so he pays a visit to a neighborhood insurance agent. This man (also known as an insurance broker) most likely represents a number of insurance companies and is prepared to write various types of policies. In this case, at Mr. Jones's request, the broker sells him a $2000 policy with the XYZ Insurance Co. The policy is Mr. Jones's assurance that the XYZ Co., in the event of fire in his grocery store, will pay up to $2000 worth of the damage.

The next thing that happens is that a fire actually does break out in Mr. Jones's store and burns it up pretty badly. The public fire adjustor may enter the picture at this point (about as close after the fire engines as a shyster lawyer's chaser after an ambulance—and on similar business bent) or he may enter a little later. Supposing the latter to be the case, Mr. Jones, so far untroubled by anyone but firemen, goes around to see his insurance broker.

There are one of two courses open to the broker. Either he can handle Mr. Jones's case himself or he can advise the grocer to let a public adjustor handle it. If the former happens, no adjustor figures in the negotiations at all. Mr. Jones with his broker's help estimates the extent of damage to his property and communicates with the XYZ Company. The insurance company sends an appraiser around to the premises in question and he makes *his* estimate. Then they all go into a huddle and try to reach an understanding. Sometimes this comes about am-

Continued at bottom of page 133

The Stick of Gum

Melodrama in a barber's chair when a man's wits had to be sharper than a barber's razor

by J. M. HOPKINS

• FICTION •

JOHN LATHAN put his hands on the steering wheel and drove the touring car filled with brown leather cases and pasteboard boxes down the street. He turned the corner and found the barber shop where the café man had told him it was located. At the point where he parked his car on the white shell road he could see the Gulf far across the marsh. The sun was very hot and a sultry breeze blew over the marsh from off the Gulf. The water lay grey and choppy. Far out where the water seemed to curve upward Lathan could faintly see a three-stacker, with a little smoke above it.

He got out of the car stiffly and started up the steps of the tiny barber shop. Inside the shop a youthful Italian, with dark hollow eyes, cut hair in silence.

"Good day," Lathan said, using a smile.

The Italian gave him a swift searching look. "Hello, stranger," he said loudly. The man in the chair gave a grunt.

Lathan found a seat and sat down stiffly. In the back part of the shop he could see into a room with the door partly closed. The room was dim and quiet.

"Where you from, stranger?" the barber worked the scissors.

"St. Louis," Lathan told him. "I'm selling shoes."

"Yes," the barber said. He worked the scissors very busily.

The meal that Lathan had just eaten, the iced shrimp and the beer, produced in him a sensation approaching sleep. He closed his eyes and tried to visualize his brain as a clean white sheet of paper. It was very difficult to do, however, requiring the utmost of concentration, and he soon gave it up. There were various other things to think of; Scarpelli who was hiding out somewhere on the Florida coast, for one thing. Then, if he didn't select his thoughts, he easily found himself back in Vermont in the autumn, with the flying brown leaves and the smell of smoke. At such times the picture of Beth and the baby fitted in very nicely. In addition, it was very pleasant to think of doing something unexciting. Planting a garden, for instance. Then, slipping out of the small dark corner of his mind—where he isolated the unpleasant details—came the thought of how Captain Murphy's widow was feeling. Lathan put his hands on his knees, and his head in his hands. Well, he thought. I'll have to find him.

He looked up and saw the barber watching.

"Shoe salesmen," the barber said carefully, "they don't ever come here."

Lathan said calmly: "That's why the company sent me." And he closed his eyes and waited for the rest of the questions.

After a while the barber spoke: "Like I told you before, Joe, the doc's there now. He said she'll have it any minute now."

The man in the chair grunted. "She sure to catch hell," he said in very bad English.

The barber spoke again: "Sure. It's got me off my nut. The doc said he'd let me know if it got bad."

Lathan opened his eyes. He watched without interest the barber turn down the customer's collar, and holding it down, take a brush and wipe the neck clean. Then the barber pulled off the white cloth and the man got up and paid and left.

Carefully Lathan hung his heavy double-breasted coat on the clothes-rack near the barber chair. He said: "Shave. Trim the mustache."

The Italian loosened Lathan's collar and tied the cloth around his neck. He said loudly: "Nobody here sells shoes, Mister."

"In that case," Lathan told him, "I'll have to work the next town."

"There ain't no towns out here."

Lathan looked at him. "Thanks," he said.

The barber saying nothing, worked the soap into the beard. He took up the razor and began to shave along the cheek. Out in the street someone was running. The barber stopped working, and turned to the door. His face had got white.

A boy, out of breath, ran up to the door.

"Tony! Doc say: 'Come quick!' Mary, she bad off!"

"   " The Italian's eyes got very dark. The razor that he was holding dropped to the shelf; his hands went to his face.

"Oh, Christ," the Italian held his face. The boy said: "Come quick, Tony!"

The Italian's eyes moved to the barber chair and then back to the boy. "What else can I do . . . ?" He went to the back room door.

"Joe," the Italian talked fast, "you shave him—the shoe man. Mary bad off!"

The Italian came back to the barber chair and said: "Joe—my cousin—he was asleep. He shave you."

"Sure," Lathan said sleepily. The front door slammed and he heard the two of them running down the street. Lathan began to feel very heavy and he stretched out in the chair. Shortly he heard behind him the razor being stropped; next, he felt fingers touch his face.

"Okey. Ready?" a voice said. An Italian voice.

"Sure." Lathan's eyes half-opened and he saw Scarpelli standing over him, the razor in his hand. His eyes closed.

John Lathan did not move or speak. At first our brain appreciates only what our eyes tell it. In an agony he waited for the inevitable razor slash; the sting of cold air and then the choking gash in his throat. When it did not come, he asked himself: "Why?" And it was fully a minute before the idea struck him that Scarpelli knew of him only by name. A feeling of strong relief came over Lathan. He opened his eyes and his lips moved:

"You're a pretty good barber."

Scarpelli had flat, thin lips which barely moved as he said:

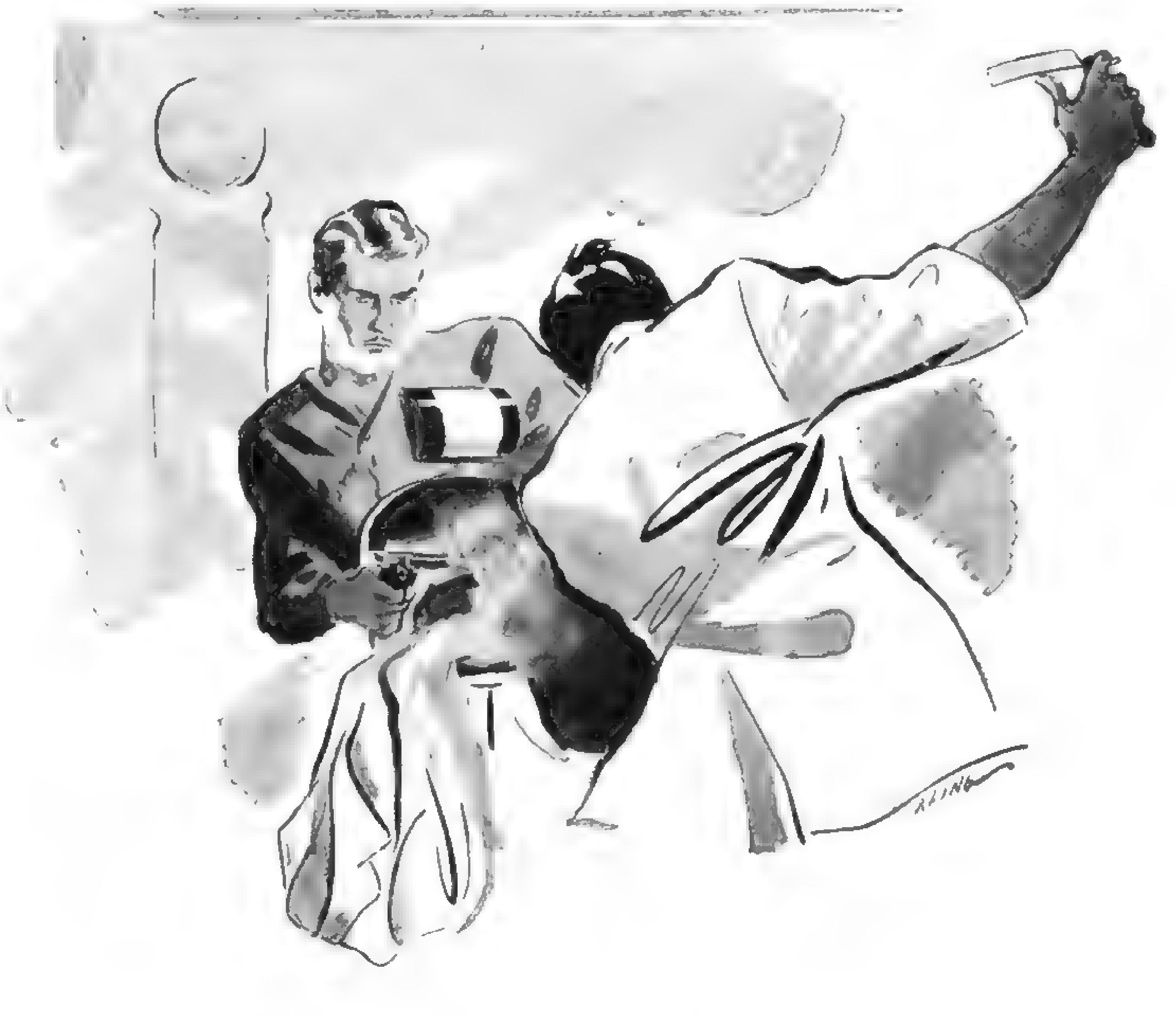
"Sometimes. . . ."

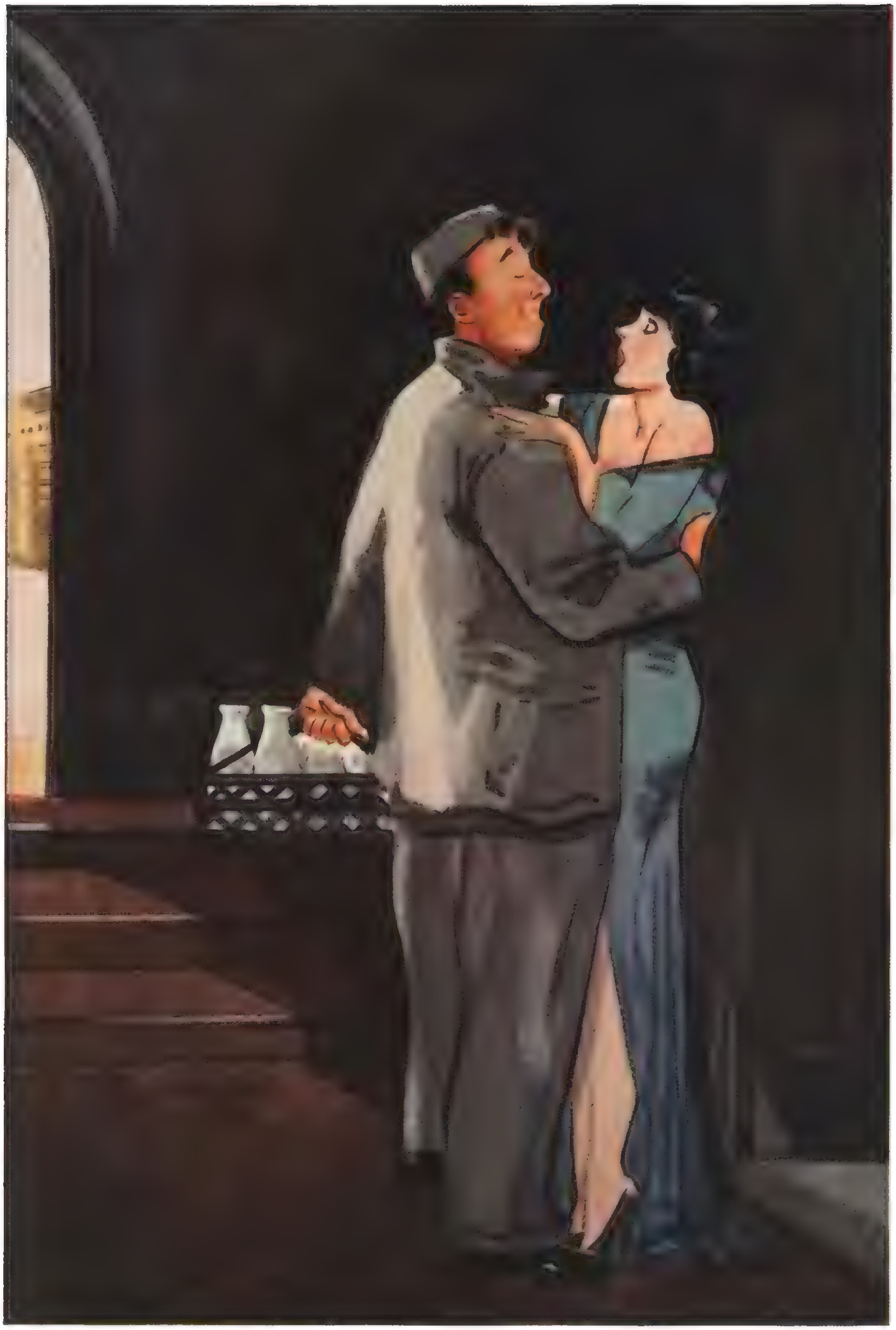
Lathan closed his eyes.

"First trip here, stranger?"

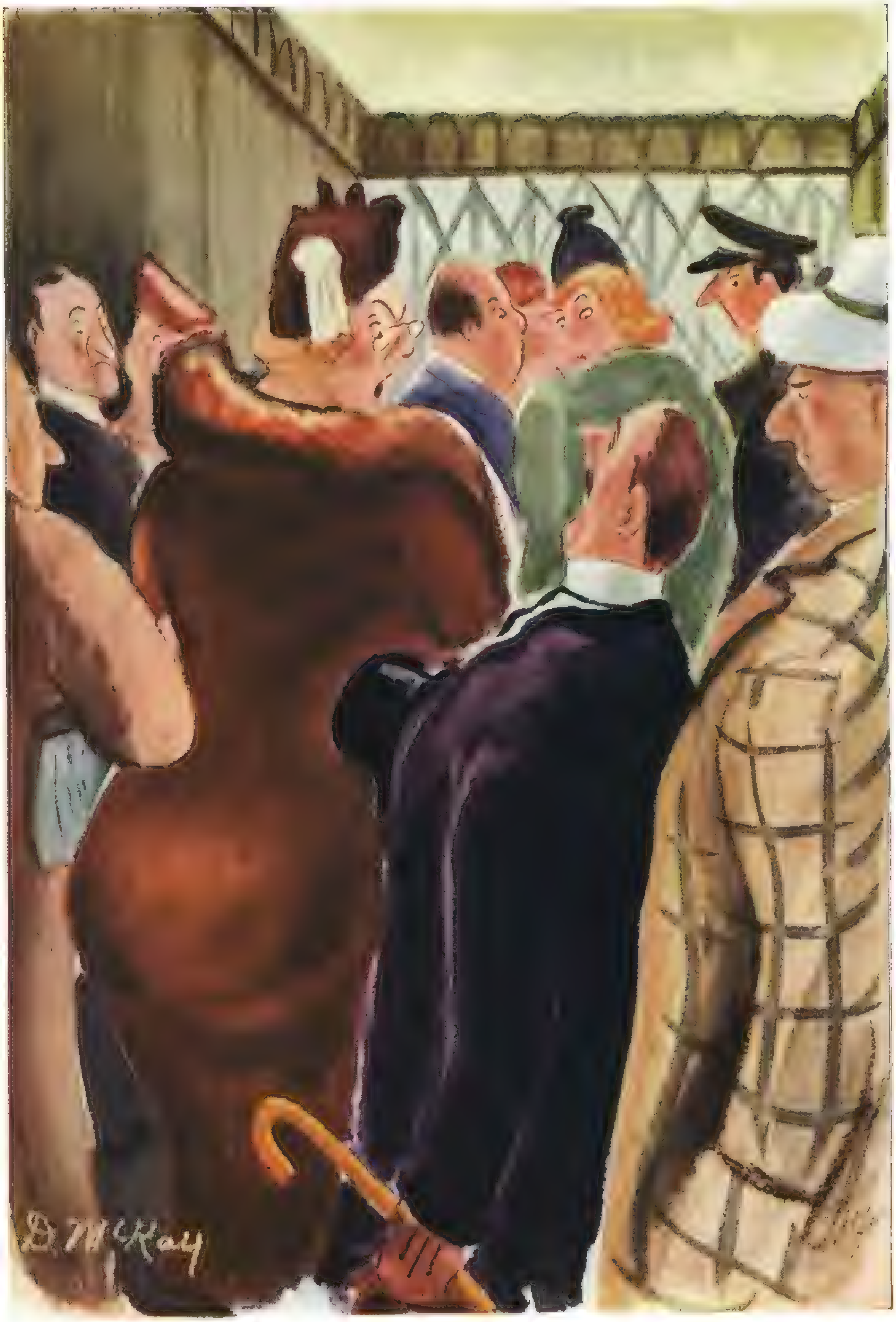
"What?—Oh, yes! First one—planning on selling some shoes here. How about

Continued on page 152





"No extra charge Madam—it's Superior Farm's way of making friends"



"Try that again and see what happens!"

Sourdough Pilots

Call for another Robert Service to sing the high deeds of these bravest of Alaskan frontiersmen

by LT. H. B. MILLER

ARTICLE

An emergency landing field on the Kuskokwim River. Low scudding clouds scarcely visible in the darkness of the Arctic winter. Leaden skies with an occasional snow flurry. The crunching of snow under heavy mucklucks. Figures made huge and grotesque in their fur-lined parkas. The dominant note of this scene is the silhouette of a cabin plane reflected against the faintest tinge of light, hinting the possibility of the oncoming day.

The engine of the plane is encased in a canvas sleeve reaching to the ground and at the lower end of the hood a blow torch sends its terrific heat upward to warm the vitals of the powerplant. The reflection of the torch flickers about catching footprints in the crusted snow.

A second blowtorch hisses and flares under a grate upon which sits a five gallon can of thick, black oil. It is stirred from time to time. A pot of coffee shares the grate bubbling happily and emitting its familiar, comforting aroma upon the cold grandeur of the scene. About a bonfire is gathered a group of men, their figures huge, misshapen in their bulky wraps, their nostrils sending forth sprays of steaming vapor towards the heavens. Cigarettes glow and are thrown away as the men tramp and flail their arms in an effort to keep warm.

"What time is it, Curley?" asks the hooded figure who obviously is in charge.

"Eight-thirty, Doc," answers a muffled voice from the depths of a fur collar.

"Okay, boys. Time to get going. Looks like it'll clear by daylight. Pull the engine cover and pour the oil in. Get her kicking over."

Doc himself advances upon his plane, working as he directs. The prop is pulled through several times by hand as the cover is removed. They work fast, for sixty degrees below zero will soon reduce the heated engine to its former frigid state. Someone jumps on the inertia starter and keeps it turning over. The heated oil is poured in. Now the starter begins to whine as it picks up speed. A good priming, after which the pilot engages the starter dog. A few muffled moans as the air is sucked into the carburetor. Then a single cylinder fires with a lonely exhaust blast. This is followed by another and another until finally the echo of a roaring airplane engine rebounds from the adjacent mountainside.

Two hours work to get the engine started! It still needs half an hour of idling to get its temperature up to normal. Then all the passengers will have to push and haul on the craft to free the skis which will most probably have frozen in the snow. But, by daylight, nine o'clock in the morning, the plane of the Sourdough Pilot, at rest in one of the outlying fields of Alaska, will be ready for flight, weather permitting. Winter flying in Alaska!

The pilot's base will generally have hangars where his craft will be kept heated. Obviously he makes every effort to avoid being caught out from his home field. This, however, is oftentimes difficult to do because darkness will begin to settle down on Central Alaska as early as three in the afternoon in the winter season.

At the risk of a hard starting on the following morning, no seasoned flyer in those parts, wants to get caught aloft after dark. Practically no lighted airports are available and no lighted airways exist. Fields at best are few and far between and often consist of nothing more than a partially cleared strip through the underbrush. They are difficult enough to find in the daytime and few pilots are eager to look for them at night although, in cases of extreme emergency, night flights have been made.

Few landing fields. No lighted airways or lighted fields. No radio beams to hold the pilot on his course or tell him of changes in the weather. For that matter, little enough information concerning the weather before taking off. A land which breeds storms upon the slightest provocation. Rugged mountains extending well above the ceiling of the average airplane. Narrow, brush-covered valleys in between. That is what the Sourdough Pilots are up against!

It is tragic to think that the existence of a radio beam station at Point Barrow might have prevented the fatal accident of Wiley Post and Will Rogers. Had he known his exact location it is reasonable to doubt that Post would have landed within fifteen miles of his destination even though he may have been experiencing a certain amount of engine trouble.

Or, had they known that fog was setting in, it is probable that they would have landed in a lake or river well short of Point Barrow until the weather opened up. All of this information would have been available through the beam.

The Department of Commerce has had its hands full bringing the airways of the continental United States up to its high standard. When this work is finished, far-flung Alaska will undoubtedly receive its share of attention.

The marvel of it is that so few accidents are experienced in the Territory. It is only through the skill and resourcefulness of Alaskan flyers that this splendid record has been possible. They maintain their engines in perfect condition. They learn to know the variable weather as much as it is possible for anyone to know such an uncertain factor. Foremost, they know the country. These men think nothing of flying over the top of fog and clouds for several hundred miles guided only by compass and the familiar mountain peaks that emerge from the murk. The one essential is to know that their destination is open. Where is the Robert W. Service of today to sing the ballads of these frontiersmen of the air?

A forced landing in the States may offer many difficulties, but the Alaskan pilot really has his troubles when down. He carries a good supply of firearms and fishing gear and it is likely that he could sustain himself in the wilderness for some time. A load of passengers to fend for, however, add to his responsibilities. Snowshoes are part of the load of all planes in the winter.

Fellow pilots respond to a call for searching parties on a moment's notice. Paid passenger flights are cancelled in order that all hands may rush to the rescue. Expense is of no importance in such a case and all the aviation clan respond wholeheartedly. Witness the recent case of pilot Arthur Hines, when twenty planes searched incessantly for ten days. If a craft has gone down near a well traveled air route, it is generally discovered in a short time. However, if the pilot has been forced to detour by weather, it is another story.

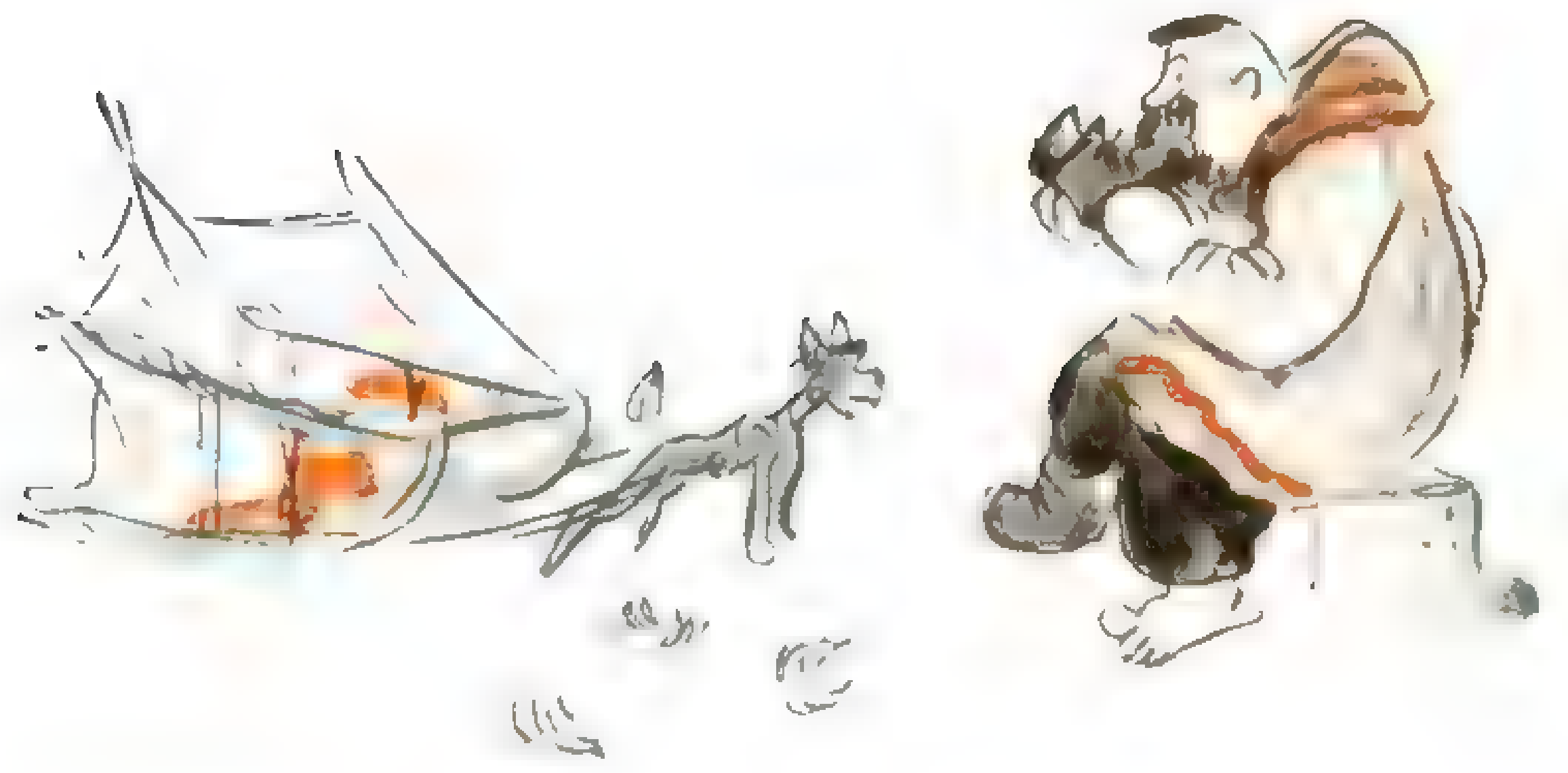
In spite of such handicaps, aviation bids fair to become the greatest factor for development ever introduced into Alaska. The booms brought about by the Klondike and the Nome gold rushes were of no lasting good to the country. What Alaska needed and wanted was a permanent population. The miners, however, took their gold and returned to their native States to scatter it far and wide. Alaska lost her gold and received nothing in return but a dramatic reputation and a few poems. Even the salmon fishing, which provides the present wealth of the Territory, is a seasonal industry which attracts workers during the summer months only to

Continued on page 139

Rowdy-Ditty of Horizontal Man

by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

O I might be camping on the veldt
Or over tundras trekking,
Where the Honolulu moon is an influence felt
On a beach I might be necking—
O I might be a rover the far seas over—
Or half-seas-over instead
In an Eskimo speak-easy where the whale-
oil's greasy . . .
But I think I'll stay in bed.



Chance and romance and khaki pants—
A freighter salty and tarry,
A perch on the scalp of an ice-capped Alp
Or a jungle-deep *safari*—
O young adventurers, choose your pitch,
But pardon *me*, Abercrombie & Fitch!
Until an improbable wandering fit come,
Please excuse me, Raymond & Whitcomb!

I might be tunking a large guitar
Under balconies in Seville,
Or along the Riviera in a high-powered car,
Be scooting with a female devil—
Write your own scenario of a gay Lothario
To prove Don Juan's not dead;
But my present plight is—a touch of neuritis
So I think I'll stay in bed.

Flame and shame and the name and the
game
Make brightly-jacketed fiction,
But women on the brain drive a man insane,
And hence my dereliction.
So, juvenile Casanovas, see
One lost to the Modern Libraree—
Alas, come ecstasy or come wrath,
My life's not even worthy of Womrath!

With Piccard up in the stratosphere,
In a bathysphere with Beebe,
Just imagine me adrift—so I'm glad I'm
here
Where neither sky nor sea be—
Where the radio strums and the frigidaire
hums
And the lamplight's glow is shed,
And one's breathing's taken care of—and the
one thing you're aware of
Is—it's nice to be in bed!

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN GROTH

Apprentice of Manly Art

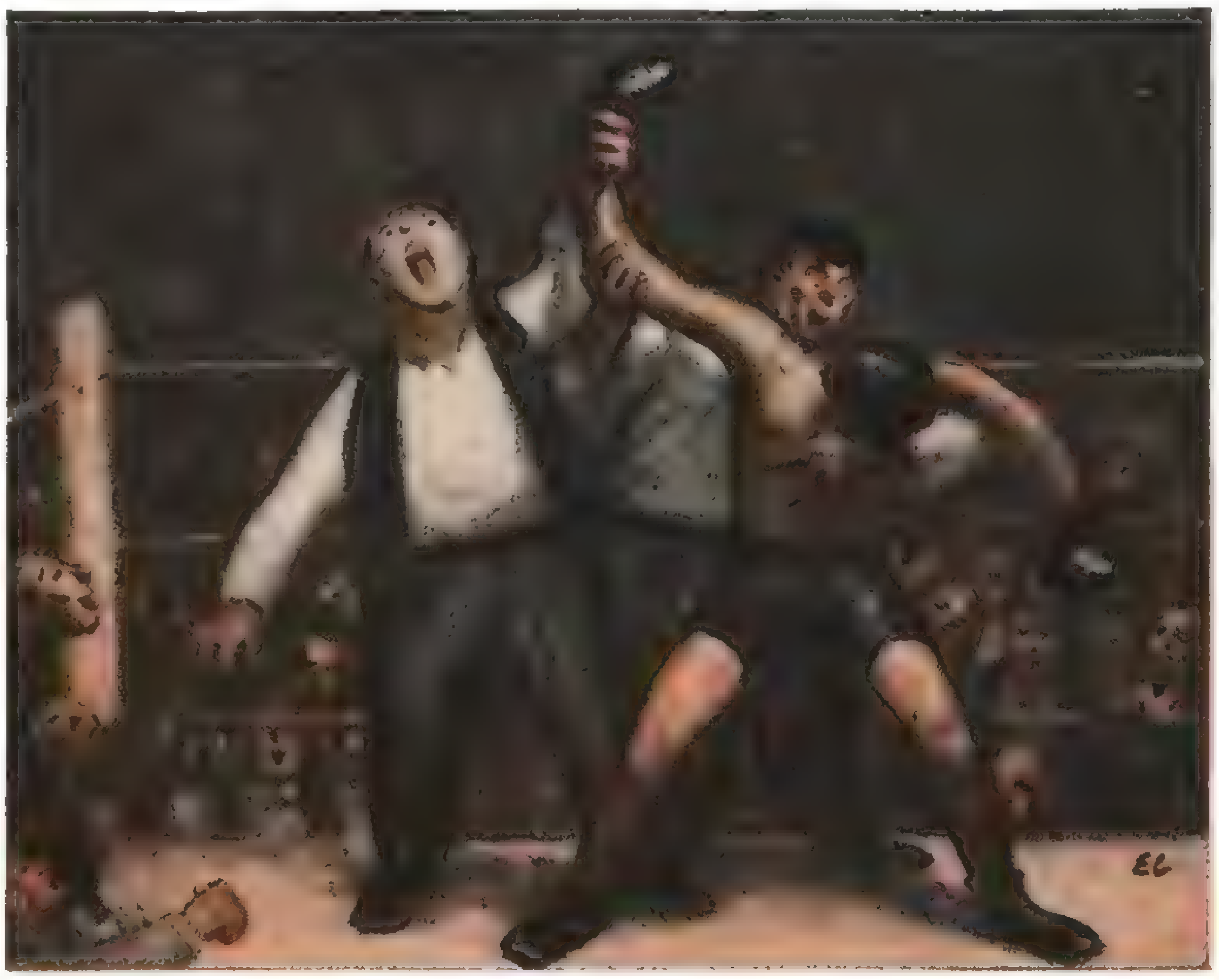
He went pretty good in there, a very nice little battle for three bucks and a certificate

by MORTON THOMPSON

▪ FICTION ▪

HE THREW his left leg over the second rope and then his body writhed through and his right leg followed limply and he was standing up and waiting self-consciously for the announcer to flip the little piece of black and white cardboard.

Behind him his manager and one of the boys who was acting as his second bumped into him as they clambered through the ropes into the ring. The round piece of cardboard was spinning way up beyond the bright light high over the middle of the ring. Everybody's eyes followed it. Then they swung down as it fell and it turned up white and he jerked and went to the white corner. He had on the old red and grey bathrobe. The one Mom gave him two years ago for Christmas. It was too small. Here and there if you looked close you could see the threads. Mom wore it around the house sometimes. The boy who was acting as his second pushed the stool under him. It hit against his legs at the back and he sat down. He stretched his legs out in front of him. The other boy was coming into the ring now. He had on a pretty cheap looking outfit. Just swimming trunks and sneakers. No bathrobe or nothing. In the dressing room he'd had to borrow a cup and a jock from one of the boys.



His manager was rubbing the back of his neck gently. Then he reached behind him and pulled up the bottle. The bottle was covered with bicycle tape to keep it from flying in case it broke. His manager was tilting the bottle into his face. With one hand the manager held his mouth open. He rested the neck of the bottle on that hand. That was so his teeth wouldn't click against the neck. He swilled the water around in his mouth and his manager began to rub his legs a little.

When the dry feeling was gone he spit out into the funnel that had a tube attached to it. The second crouched on his heels beside him. The crowd was getting restless. Two drunks in ringside kept telling him to kill the other boy. A blonde woman with a hard face was screaming at him. Her man looked uncomfortable. Some of the woman's hair was coming down.

The referee was climbing into the ring. The referee was so big he could have held a beer barrel on one palm. He was a retired world's heavy-weight champion. When boys didn't fight he kicked them out of the ring. When a fellow went down and he suspected the boy was taking a dive the referee would stand over him with his hands on his hips looking like he wanted to spit on him. When you went into the ring with that referee you knew you were on your own. He wouldn't deign to notice anything but the most flagrant fouling. It was just up to you to protect yourself, that was all.

He hoped he'd make out all right tonight. This was his fifth fight in three weeks. You weren't supposed to fight too often. Forty-eight hours or something. But three bucks was three bucks. The other boy didn't look so tough either. His manager was telling him just to go in there and feel him out for a round. He listened and nodded with his mind a million miles off. If he won tonight he'd get another certificate. They weren't good for anything. But they looked nice. Seal of the athletic commission and all. He had eighteen so far. Eighteen wins out of twenty-seven fights. Some fellows waited until they had a hundred fights before they turned pro. Pro was where you made the money. Down at Pico the boys in the prelims got six bucks for four rounds. Two bucks went to the manager's cut. Joe Andreadi went pro too soon and nearly got killed. A pro license cost ten bucks, too. The manager draped his bathrobe over his shoulders.

The announcer was hollering in a high squeaky voice. He waved his arm. The arm came to rest pointing rigidly, accusingly right in his face. In this cawn-uh, he was saying, we have Louis, Dynamite, Peters from Chatsworth. There was a faint tinge of derision in the way he said Dynamite. He got up while the crowd was yelling smilingly, appreciatively and without looking at anyone bobbed his head from this side to that. He kept his gloved hands crossed to keep the bathrobe from sliding off. He waited. The announcer was ending —Walterson, C.C.C. Camp. The other boy got up too. He looked green as hell. He looked nervous. Probably hadn't had many fights. His manager put his arm around his shoulders. They were walking toward the center of the ring. It was the third spot. The referee pulled at his hands to make sure he hadn't any plaster under his gloves. Then he looked at the other boy's shoulders and wiped some of the grease off. You put grease on yourself to keep the skin from cracking and bleeding when you got socked. The referee was saying menacingly: break clean when I tell you to, protect yourself at all times, no holding and hitting, shake hands now and go to your corners and come out fighting. He went to his corner. His manager took the bathrobe from his shoulders. He mumbled a parting something in his ear. Then he slipped through the ropes. The referee was leaning against the ropes in one corner. The other boy was standing up looking at him. Finally the bell rang.

He stepped in and out for a few seconds. The hard ball in his stomach began to get worse. His throat was dry as cotton again. The rubber guard over his teeth stuck to his lips. The other boy kept bobbing away. He looked pretty clumsy. He looked scared too. Suddenly he got a terrific wallop right over the mouth. It rocked him all over. Little lights went spinning. Then the lights went away and he felt cold suddenly and he had his hands up and he was crouching over and the other boy was flailing away at him crazily. The hard ball was gone. His mouth was full of spit. He saw an opening big as a delivery door.

He let loose a hard looping left. The green boy went down. He went to his corner. The referee began to count. When he reached six the green boy got up on one knee and before he could say seven he was on his feet waiting. The green boy backed away.

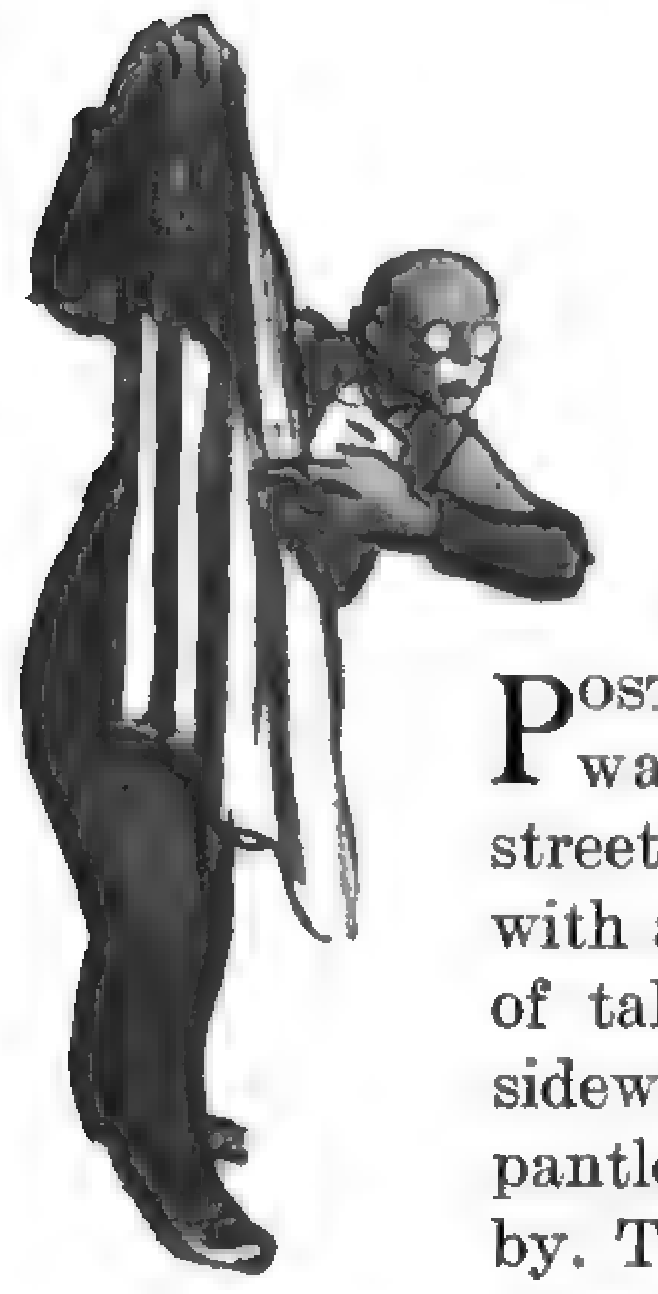
Continued on page 114

The Post Office Flag

Competition in patriotism between a loyal Boy Scout and a small town postmaster

by GEORGE MILBURN

• FICTION •



POSTMASTER Shannon came walking up the quiet street brushing his teeth with an elm twig. A fringe of tall ragweeds along the sidewalk grazed his baggy pantlegs damply as he went by. The road dust was still laden with dew. Not far ahead the naked August sun was rising out of the M. K. & T. railway cut. He squinted as its rays glinted on the nickel bows of his glasses.

He had left home a little earlier than usual, because he had the biggest day of the year before him. The Fall-and-Winter mail order catalogues had come in the night before. He had worked late at the separating table, but he was anxious to get back and see the catalogues out that morning. He walked briskly for all his slight rheumatic limp.

A short way up the street the low brick post office stood shadowed by the two-storied buildings that faced eastward on the courthouse square. Each end of its corrugated iron front awning carried a modest tin sign:

United States Post Office No. 62571
Third Class
Conchartee, Oklahoma

Postmaster Shannon paused at the edge of the shade and looked up at the sign nearest him. A patch of paint was missing. There was a large bright dent where the last two figures of the office number should have been.

"Now what do you reckon could've possessed the son-of-a-gun who did that?" he muttered to himself, stretching his leathery neck. "Throwing rocks at the United States Post Office sign just like it was an old patent medicine ad out on a barn some place! They'll be shootin' at it next—I wouldn't be surprised. It's a downright insult to the U. S. Gov'ment, that's what it is. Somebody is going to teach these toughs around here to respect this post office, if I have to teach 'em myself."

He moved on, muttering and clicking his tongue.

He stood in front of the plate-glass doors, fumbling with his keys. His image looked out at him: a straight, stocky old man with pleasant gray eyes and a firm jaw. His Panama hat, colored like meerschaum, was pushed back on his moist crinkled forehead, showing a tough mop of white hair. He had on black sateen sleeve guards, elbow-length, in place of a coat, but even in August he wore a clean starched wing collar knotted with a black string tie.

He gazed into the dark glass and ran his fingers over a corner of his jaw, feeling a grizzled patch his razor had missed that morning in his haste. There was a scurrying noise in the gravel round the corner. He started and looked round to see a lumpish young man in a Boy Scout uniform hurriedly emerge from the alley alongside the post office building.

"Hi, there, Bill Huggins!" the postmaster called. "What are you up to, boy scoutin' around this time of morning?"

Huggins plunged to a halt and his lumpy face went so pale that the pimples on it stuck out like gooseberries. He was about seventeen. His uniform was tight on him, but there was an odd bulge in his shirt front. It gave him a napoleonic look. He jerked his faded khaki coat together and glanced furtively at the postmaster.

"Howdy, Mr. Shannon, howdy!" he blurted. The next moment he wheeled and fled.

Postmaster Shannon stared after the running boy. Then he chuckled softly and turned to unlock the lobby doors. He pushed open the doors, gathered up a small sheaf of mail from the night letter-drop, and peered over his crescent-lensed spectacles at the disordered lobby. Lately things had come to such a pass that he had taken to having Art Smiley, the town marshal, lock the doors every night at ten o'clock. Apparently that was not early enough.

Someone, the night before, had tipped over the wastepaper barrel in the center of the lobby. A clutter of wadded wrappers, torn newspapers, lavender smithereens of love letters, slick red-printed folders with one-cent stamp seals unbroken, all splotched darkly with tobacco juice, lay across the cement floor. Over at the wall desk an entire pad of money order application blanks had been painstakingly torn into paper lace. There had been scuffling or lounging against the big bulletin board: its outer layer of onionskin legal notice manifolds was wildly rumpled, and though all the stout black Government announcements were still in place, a lithographed recruiting poster, brilliant tropic background with army officers looking resolute in white linen uniforms, dangled by a single thumbtack.

Postmaster Shannon gazed at this slovenly scene with as much startled disapproval as he would have had if he had never seen it before.

"Downright disrespectful to the U. S. Gov'ment, that's what it is," he repeated aloud as he set the wastepaper barrel upright. "'By gunny, I'm going to have the patrons of this office understand that this post office represents the Federal Gov'ment in this town, and that it's got to be treated with the respect beholden to such, or else I'm going to know the reason why!"

Waggling his head, he let himself in through the varnished partition door. Back of the partition everything was neat and orderly. The manila-wrapped mail order catalogues, all ready to be delivered, lay stacked in snug brown pillars. Early light fell gray through the opaque stamp windows and through a dingy iron-barred clerestory above the long separating table.

The postmaster, his footsteps soft on the rubber matting runner, walked back to the steel entry cage where the midnight and five o'clock mail bags were already piled. He unlocked the iron-barred door. An open flivver came chugging into the deserted alley and Earl Plunk, the Route One carrier, came in the back door just in time to help drag the mail sacks up to the separating table.

"Well, I wisht you'd look at what Santy Claus brung us last night!" Earl said when he saw the stacks of catalogues.

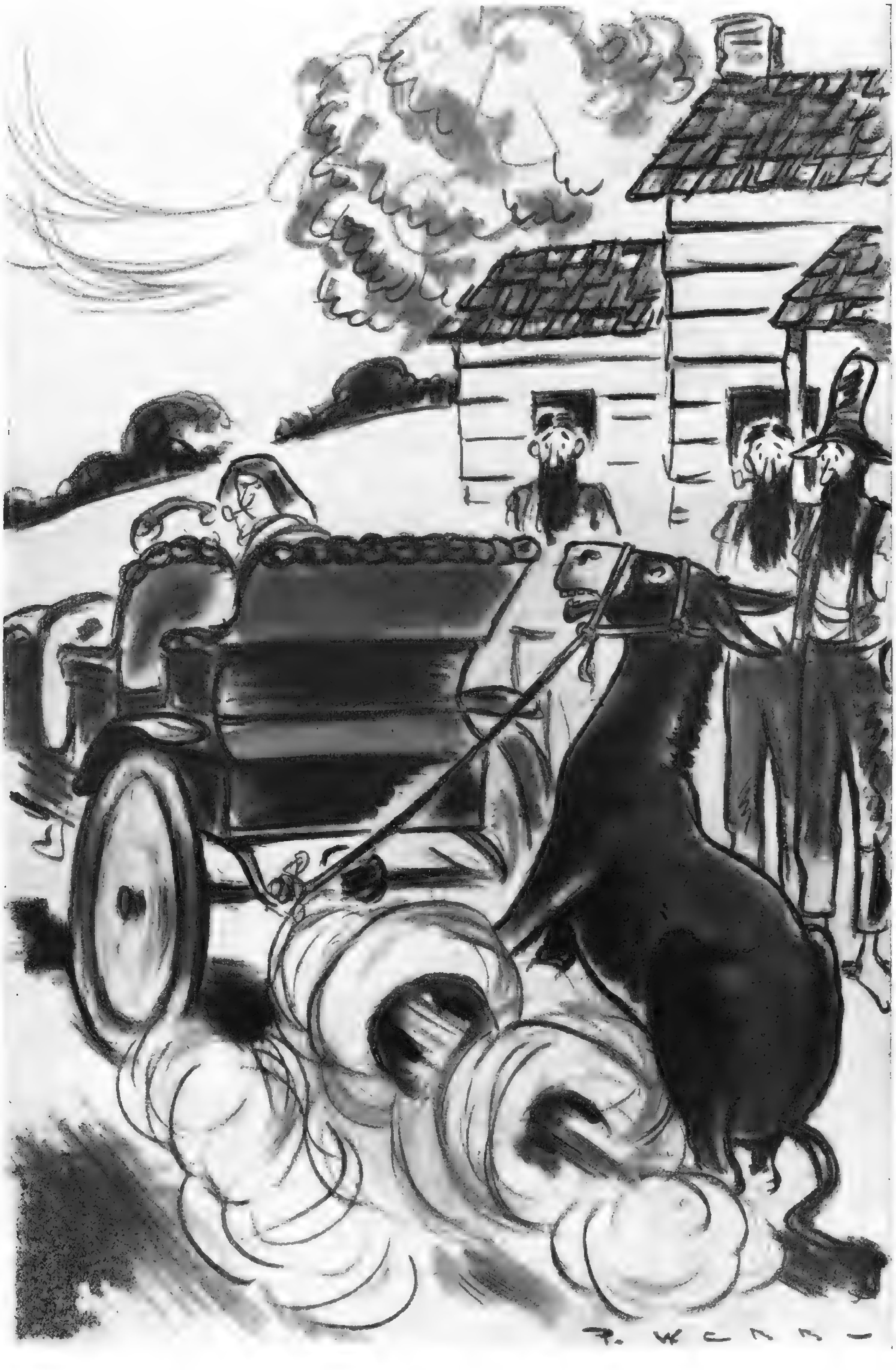
"Yep, and all ready to go out again, Earl," the postmaster said proudly. "The girls and I worked till nearly nine o'clock last night getting them sorted."

The snaplock on the partition door clicked and Elvira Draper, one of the clerks, came in, yawning and sleepy-eyed. Gladys Ferguson arrived a few minutes later. One by one the R. F. D. carriers' automobiles came clattering into the back alley. As each man straggled through the back door he had some exclamation to make about the catalogues.

Up at the main separating table there was a whisper of shuffled letters and the tock of envelopes flicking into lock boxes. Everyone worked in silence for a while.

Promptly at eight o'clock the carriers shouldered their big square leather pouches and shuffled out to their cars. Their engines banged and sputtered in the yard back of the post office. One by one the cars rolled out

Continued on page 146



"The mule's jest damn fool enuf t' think he's stubborner then Gran'maw"

Women Are Good Drivers

In which man eats the lady's careful dust, since figures on driving don't lie, or do they?

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

ARTICLE

Editor's Note: *We asked Mr. Kearney to do a piece on the lady driver, thinking (we've since wondered why) that it was a made-to-measure subject for a man's magazine. Anyway, we cast this bit of editorial bread upon the waters of conscientious research, and look at the piece of cake that came back! There isn't much we can do about it but squirm, since we can't prove him wrong. But maybe you can. We hope so. In fact, it's our only hope now.*

Can women drive as well as men? Ask the men and they'll say NO in a loud, rude voice.

One insurance company did put the question to five hundred men selected at random and 76% replied in the negative. Which gives a fair idea of the prevalence of the conviction.

Yet the cold truth is that the men are cock-eyed in their assumption. And you could ask no better proof of it than the "reasons" given in support of the notion that the ladies are invariably crazy drivers.

Women are supposed to be too excitable; they lose their heads in an emergency; they don't pay attention to their driving; they talk too much to others in the car; they are not mechanically inclined, etc., etc. During the past few months I've put this question to hundreds of men: policemen on city streets, state troopers on the highways, traffic court magistrates and attendants, motor vehicle officials, hack drivers, truckmen and what have you.

The majority believe that women drive poorly. Yet when you ask them *why* they think so—how they arrived at a conclusion—what comparisons they've made—they all begin to talk in round numbers.

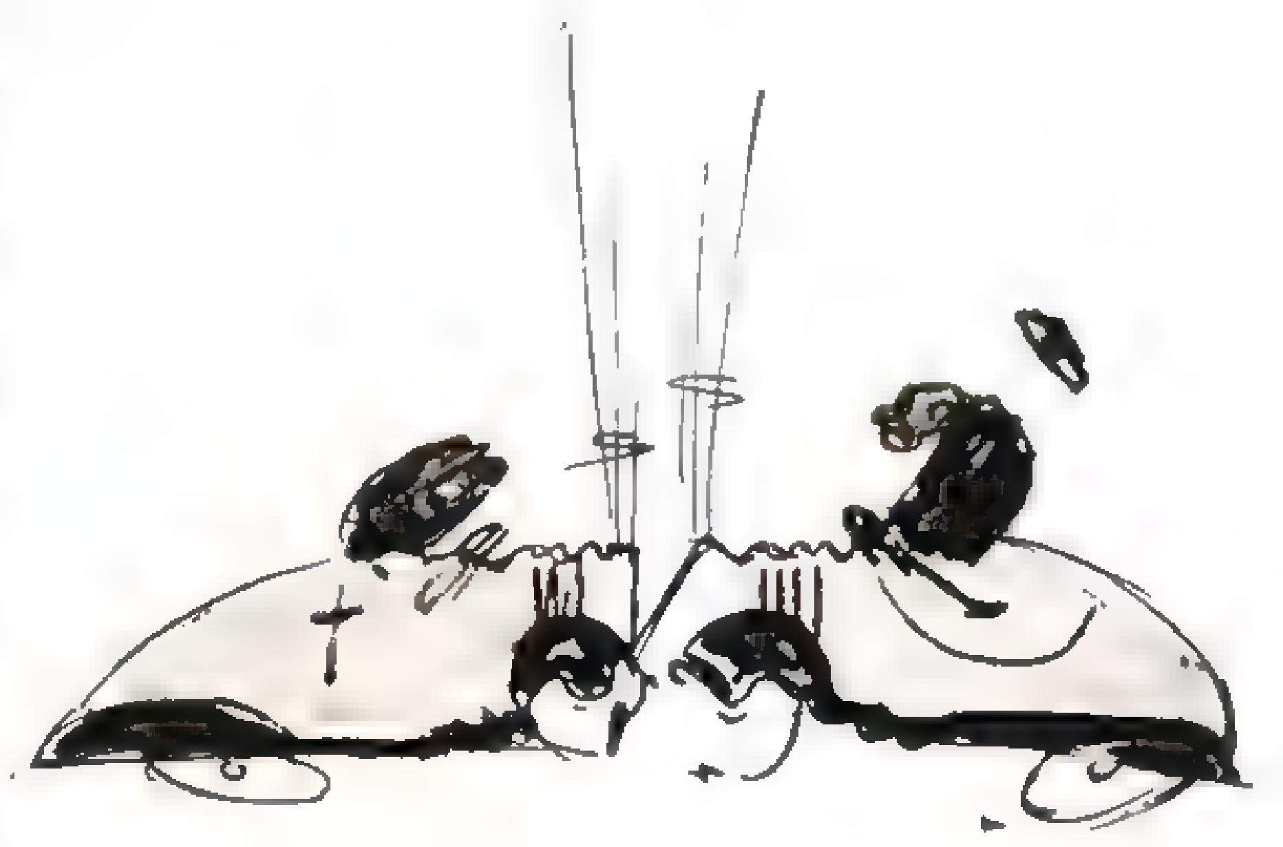
They regale you with tales of women turning their heads to argue and running up on the sidewalk as a consequence. They tell you about women gaping into shop windows or fiddling in handbags for lipsticks with dire results. Counter with instances of men lighting their pipes while driving—or suddenly cutting in in front of you to "make" some cutie standing by the curb—or losing their tempers with a road hog (also masculine) and smashing the car in an effort to "teach him a thing or two"—well, that's different.

Women too excitable? Phooey! One curse of the highway is the male hot head. And he's such a heavy contributor to accidents that more and more commercial fleet operators are devising tests which try an applicant's temper and show whether or not he has enough self control to be a safe driver. And these are men testing men. Query some of the larger concerns, by the way, and you'll lose some of your sublime faith in the supremacy of Man behind the wheel when you discover just how few private automobile operators are considered good enough for a full-time job.

The whole point is that there is no fundamental reason why sex should influence driving skill. This seems like ordinary common sense, but Dr. F. A. Moss, of George Washington University, took it into the laboratory and demonstrated it. Indeed, his comparisons of men and women drivers selected at random actually tended to show that the women were slightly quicker in their mental reactions to driving emergencies than were the men and were generally safer drivers.

Elaborating on his tests, Dr. Moss was firm in the conviction that the popular deprecation of the woman behind the wheel is the bunk. "I have made many tests," he told me, "on women motorists as well as on women fliers including Amelia Earhart—than whom, I venture to say, there are few more accomplished male pilots!—and I find no shred of support for the belief that sex in itself has any bearing upon skill in either field. As for the popular notion that women are more apt to lose their heads in an emergency, there is certainly no scientific foundation for such a conclusion."

Of course, if you are still firm in your conviction, you will promptly rationalize your way around this contention. Perhaps Dr. Moss was prejudiced in favor of the women when he started his tests? Well, consider the only other large-scale comparison on record: the Philadelphia test of taxi drivers.



This was conducted by Dr. Morris S. Viteles and Helen M. Gardner (50-50 as to sex!), of the University of Pennsylvania and is reported in detail in *The Personnel Journal* for February, 1929. This survey covered eleven months' record of 2,000 men and 150 women (the latter representing an average force of 40) taxi drivers, and it is the only study in which such variables as mileage, type and condition of vehicle, weather and traffic conditions remain fairly constant.

At first blush, the report gives great solace to the Anti-females by showing that the women hackers had three times as many accidents per thousand miles as did the men. Yet the investigators seem to weaken their case materially in admitting that the one variable not accounted for was *experience*. In other words, "a number of the women operators were not experienced in driving when hired" but had to be taught whereas all the men at least had operators' licenses before they applied and, in addition, received the company's driving test.

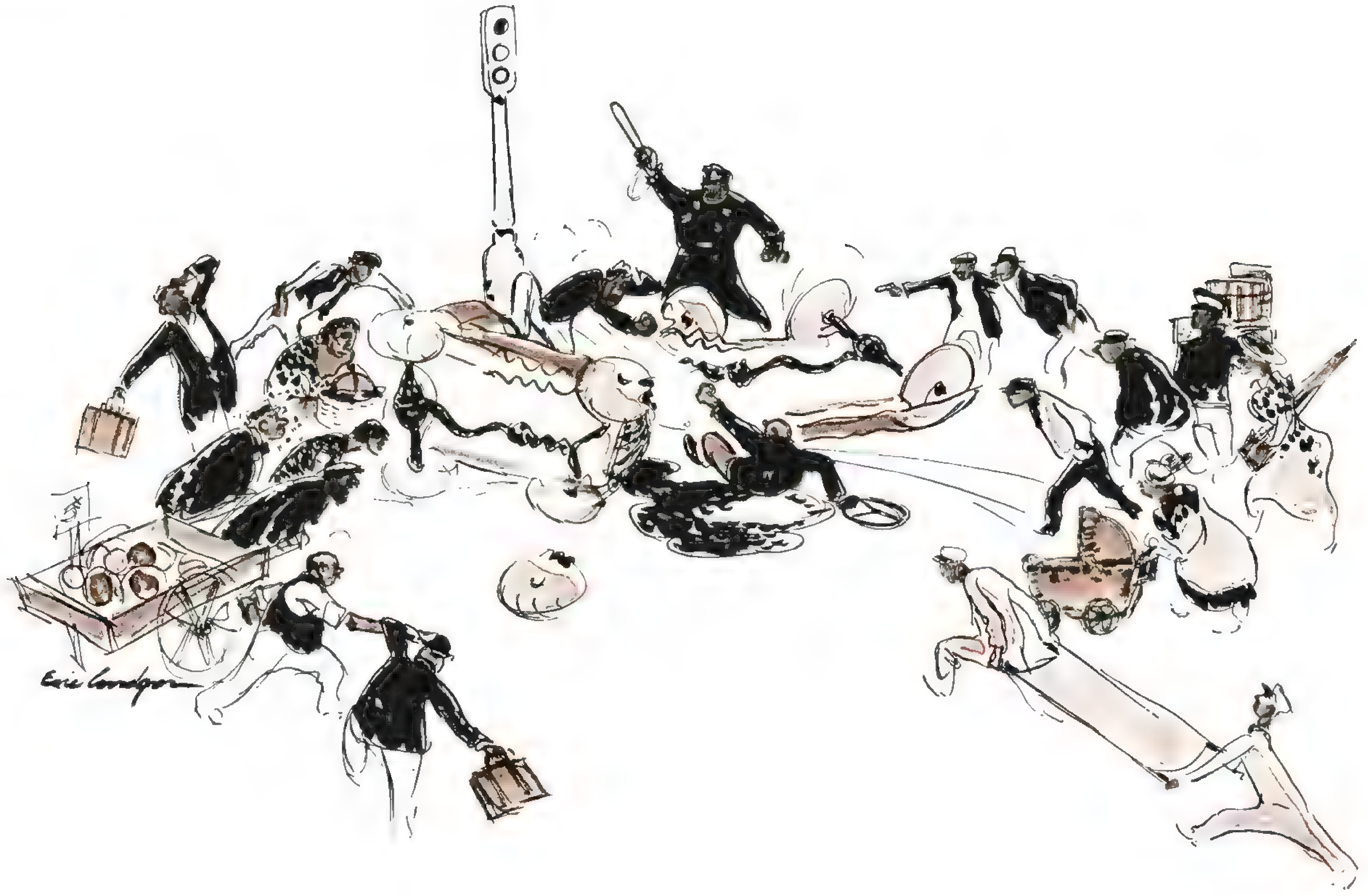
Some 14% of the women had no previous driving experience. So the comparison seems about on a par with matching a football team of high school freshmen, two of whom never played before, against a varsity squad which has been teamed together for three years!

Furthermore, neither fatigue from long hours nor the element of labor turnover are considered—both vital factors in any industrial accident study. Yet in spite of all these factors unfavorable to the women, their accident cost was actually only $2.68 per thousand miles as against $5.77 for the men. And whereas claims were filed against the company in only 16% of the mishaps in which women were involved, 28% of the male drivers' accidents resulted in claims.

Obviously, the women drivers' accidents were less serious than the men's regardless of previous experience. Exactly that same conclusion was reached in Massachusetts where the authorities made a careful study of 3,000 random mishaps in which the responsibility could be definitely fixed. These men weren't trying to prove anything: they were trying to learn something. And what they learned was that the women drivers were to blame for 57% of their smashes while the men drivers were at fault in 65% of theirs.

Beyond these few smatterings, we get very little help in this debate from accident records in the aggregate. Reams of figures are published, of course, by numerous agencies, and if you examine them you'll find that men kill five times as many victims as women in ratio to the number of drivers. But this is a misleading conclusion because it does not account for a scad of elements such as hours at the wheel, mileage driven, weather conditions, etc. And until statistics are presented differently, they will throw little light on this particular issue.

That being so, the next best bet is the



observations of men who come in direct contact with many drivers of both sexes. As a logical start, I sent to the headquarters of the Westchester County Parkway Police for the simple reason that these traffic men doubtless see more women drivers in their well-to-do suburbs than almost any other police force: the female percentage among registrations and their mileage driven is higher than normal.

With the help of Captain Frank J. McCabe a poll was taken of 50 motorcycle men, and while opinions were at great variance, here is how they break down:

Women are worse drivers than men 38.7%
Women are as good or better than men 61.3%

Still opinion, of course: how about figures? How do the violations compare for men and women?

That was easy: going through the 1934 report we checked 1153 major violations of traffic laws for which tickets were given—7% of these went to women (who represent 25% of the drivers at least) and 93% to men. And remember that the feminine mileage in this territory is higher than average!

Incidentally, how does the woman act when she gets a ticket?

Well, nine out of ten used to burst into tears, but "they're getting over that now. A goodly proportion try to flirt out of it; a fair number argue; some get as abusive as the men." As for tears, one officer reported that he'd had four different men cry on him but only one woman.

The most pronounced feminine failing on the road? That was easy for everybody—the woman *won't* keep to the right. And no matter what traffic rule she violates, it's all right with her so long as she wasn't going over 25 miles an hour!

"Isn't this a typical ear-mark of inexperience rather than sex?" was the logical question.

"Yes," thought Capt. McCabe. "Inexperience plus poor teaching. In my mind, most of the faults they hang on women go right back to improper instruction. I've taught driving in the army and in civilian life and in my experience, the woman is the better pupil."

All right: so much for the policemen and their viewpoint—still another angle might come from the men who handle automobile registration and control. Connecticut, for instance, might have a different experience than New York, so at Hartford the issue was presented to Col. Michael A. Connor, Commissioner of Motor Vehicles in a state which has a traffic problem of considerable magnitude.

Col. Connor came right to the point. "We have a great deal of faith in the woman driver," he said, "because we have found her to be sensible, prudent and inherently courteous on the road. As a matter of fact, we have always felt that a woman in the car is a good safety influence even when a man drives. Such driving faults as are commonly charged to women as a group seem more likely to be due to inexperience rather than to feminine reactions to a given situation."

Other officials more or less checked with this opinion, some making allowances for the physical factor of long periods at the wheel; others bringing up the mechanical issue; others feeling that women are generally "babied" on the road by men drivers to the end that they make a better showing.

With this thought in mind, I decided that on the 125 mile drive home I would carefully observe the behavior of motorists in front of me, watching especially for such vital things as cutting in, foolish passing, failure to give hand signals, and other faults which might contribute to serious accidents.

The first generalization from this brief survey was that whenever a hand came out and made a clearly understandable signal, it was a woman's: when one drooped lazily out of the window as if the owner were ventilating his knuckles, that was a man's—and the Lord alone knew what the signal was intended to signify! In no case did a woman turn in front of me without signalling: in three cases men did, all under circumstances fraught with grave possibilities.

The very worst driver of the day proved to be a middle-aged gentleman in a Pennsylvania car who insisted upon feasting his eyes on the view, travelling at about 40. He would turn his head completely to the right or left for periods of from three to five seconds at a time during which the car would edge gradually from the right-hand lane to the extreme left side of the road. It finally became so nerve-racking to watch him that I had to pass.

Apart from this mental lapse, nine definite examples of stupid driving were observed on this particular trip—AND EVERY ONE WAS COMMITTED BY A MAN. Just to demonstrate my efforts to remain impartial, let me say that No. 9 on the list involved your crest-fallen investigator himself who absent-mindedly breezed through a red light on Fifth Avenue at 42 miles an hour, flush into the grasp of a policeman startled into attention by the screeching brakes of four east-bound cars which had been rudely cut off by my comet-like approach!

Two days later I pleaded guilty (with a very red face!) in the Manhattan Traffic Court and paid my five dollars without a murmur. During the long interval while I awaited attention in the wrong room, I managed to count 342 men as against *five women* arraigned that morning for traffic violations.

This experience convinced me that I should leave the actual investigations to others and merely gather their conclusions, so I headed in another direction and laid

Continued in center of page 130

Kennicott, Knight of the North

A great American naturalist, a genius who died young but left a full lifetime of work

by DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

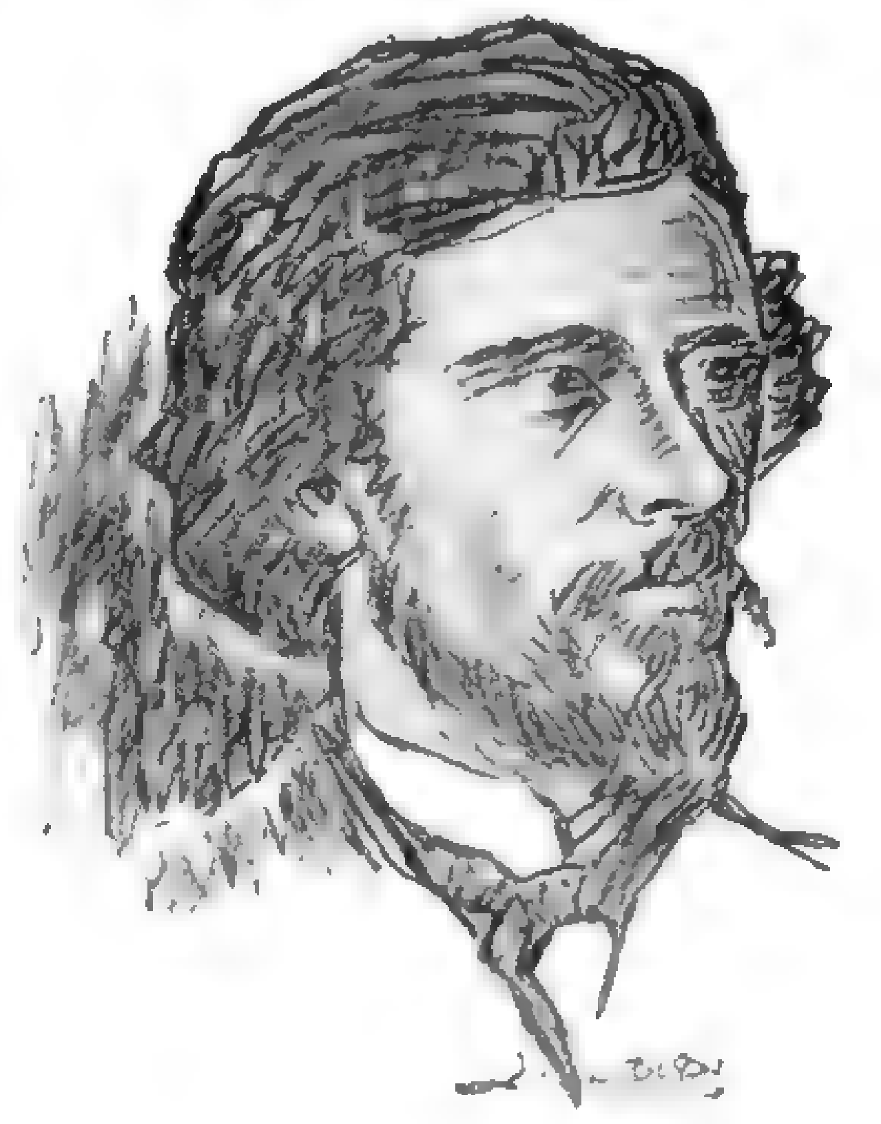
▪ ARTICLE ▪

JUST a hundred years ago a high-born lady in crinolines, walking lightly over the wild tangled grass of virgin Illinois, carried a year old babe into the rude log cabin that her husband had just finished. That child was Robert Kennicott, the naturalist who was to ferret out the secrets of the last, lost, desolate cypress swamps, where the water-moccasin and the snowy egret waited. Who was to find the headwaters of the Yukon, follow the wild swans to their nesting ground upon the bleak Delta of the Mackenzie. And to die, incredibly young, a martyr to science, in the snows of Russian America. In Kennicott we had, unknowing, an Audubon, a Humboldt, cut down in the summertide of life, an ardent and greatly American scientist. Yet we have all but forgotten to honor him.

It happened that that was a great passenger pigeon year, when those vanished, incredible birds swept across the sky in storms, in clouds that darkened the sun. Flying at sixty miles an hour, the pigeons were still so numerous that the flight might last an entire day, or two, and in the nearby village of Chicago, consisting of less than a hundred houses around the mouth of the sluggish river, men were singing:

"When I can shoot my rifle clear
At pigeons in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear
And live on good pot-pies."

It was a marvelous autumn—one of those midwestern falls when the world seems held in an iridescent bubble. In the woods the Carolina parakeet still lingered, and amongst the flaming forest leaves the wild turkeys gobbled, each gobbler lord of his harem. Blackbirds slept in the open in the woods; there were prairie chickens in the high grass, and great-tined elk stalked through the thickets. Buffalo had just gone; by treaty of that year the red man was taking his departure. And, for the first time the giant burr oaks, the shagbark hickories that dropped their ungathered wealth in a rattling prodigality, were hearing for the first time the ring of the white man's steel ax. A marvelous autumn, and the last of its kind, when beavers still built their dams in the Desplaines, and the timber wolf and the deer and gray fox still roamed without fear.



In this innocent Eden grew up the child Robert Kennicott son of John Kennicott, well-beloved country doctor of the old Illinois frontier, editor of THE PRAIRIE FARMER in Civil War times, libertarian and humanist amidst his ground-grubbing, hymn-howling neighbors, friend of Senator Douglas, a man who had but one prejudice, a hatred of prejudices. To the wilderness he brought a tradition of open house and fine manners that he may have acquired from his years of residence in New Orleans.

But the brilliant life of the New Orleans doctor, who earned the love of the city fighting the great cholera epidemic, was over. Something in his blood, New England and New York by origin, there was of the fighter. That wanted to do the hardest thing in the best way, and brought him to Illinois, that made him break the virgin sod, and plant great trees, English elms and Norway spruce and Maine pine, that looked westward toward the rippling prairie leagues. And that blood flowed on in Robert Kennicott.

He was not the sort of child on whom anyone would have laid money as the future arctic explorer. He was far undersize and underweight. He was little short of actually sickly, the sort of child that, today, with wealthy parents, would soon be made into an expensive invalid, nervously, digestively and in his will-power. But there are advantages in getting a bad start in life, especially if you are laying plans to become a genius. The physically hampered child turns inward for his resources, and in the frail years of his childhood, Kennicott taught himself science, languages, literature, and self-discipline at an age when a good progressive school of today is afraid of creating a complex by asking more of small fry than to paste colored paper rings together.

When he was stronger, Bob began to explore the woods and the prairie and the sloughs around his home. As it happens, the cabin where I am writing these words is in those woods. I hear the kingfisher's rattle, just as he heard it. I look through the boughs of the same centenarian burr oaks that he knew, grown taller, but only a little, for they were giants in his day, no less. I know the sloughs he knew, and in spring hear the same sweet piping of the swamp tree frogs, punctually begun upon the nineteenth of March. The bitterns still pump and thump from the swamp woods, and on the "Round Pond" (perhaps an old buffalo wallow), the mallard and mergansers still drift among the shining purity of the arrowhead flowers.

A Baltimore oriole's pensile nest, the tropic glory of a tiger swallowtail, the orchid-like intricacy of a milkweed flower, the vine that is poisonous to touch, the opossum with her marsupial pouch—these are commonplaces in Illinois. But they would be objects of amazement in Europe. And to the open and curious mind, all things are strange. Nothing is commonplace to childhood. And Bob Kennicott missed nothing.

The family was appalled (except perhaps his father) when he established a pen for prairie rattlers in the back yard, and began experiments with their venom. It had to endure the pervading aura of his first taxidermic efforts in the way of snake-stuffing, bird-mounting, and the preservation of quadrupeds in fine pelage. But presently he had his half-idle, curious, garrulous uncles collecting for him. His small sisters were trained so that they would no more have gone out for a stroll without a bottle in which to catch insects than they would have forgotten to put on their lace pantalettes.

"There would be a knock," wrote one who remembered his coming in to an office in Chicago with specimens for identification, "the door would open, and he would begin to talk before he closed it, and talk his way up to the table, and talk his way out of doors. It was a flower, a bug, a bird, a quadruped. He bristled with facts. His mind was luxuriant. He had a love for Natural Science 'passing the love of women.' He read in concentric circles from his boyhood home farther and farther until he read the state of Illinois. He explored its Delta, that queer region with tropic traces, that is bounded by the Mississippi and the Ohio. He brought out its plants, caught its butterflies, unearthed its reptiles. Slight in frame, he would be brave as a lion if anything for his darling science could be gained by it. What a companion he would have been for Audubon! How like an infusion of fresh young blood he was to the sober old professors with whom he came in contact!"

Before long the Smithsonian was clamoring for him. He came to its dreary red-sandstone, rococo-Gothic halls like a western wind, cleaned up more zoological work in a few months than a sleepy officialdom had done in years, hurried home, at intervals, now to found the Chicago Academy of Sciences, now to give young Northwestern, in the purlieus of godly Evanston, a Natural History museum, and presently, bent on seeking out the last refuge of the eastern mammalian fauna, penetrated into Manitoba.

Here he got his first whiff of the north, and it went to the head of the twenty-two year old naturalist like wine. When he had

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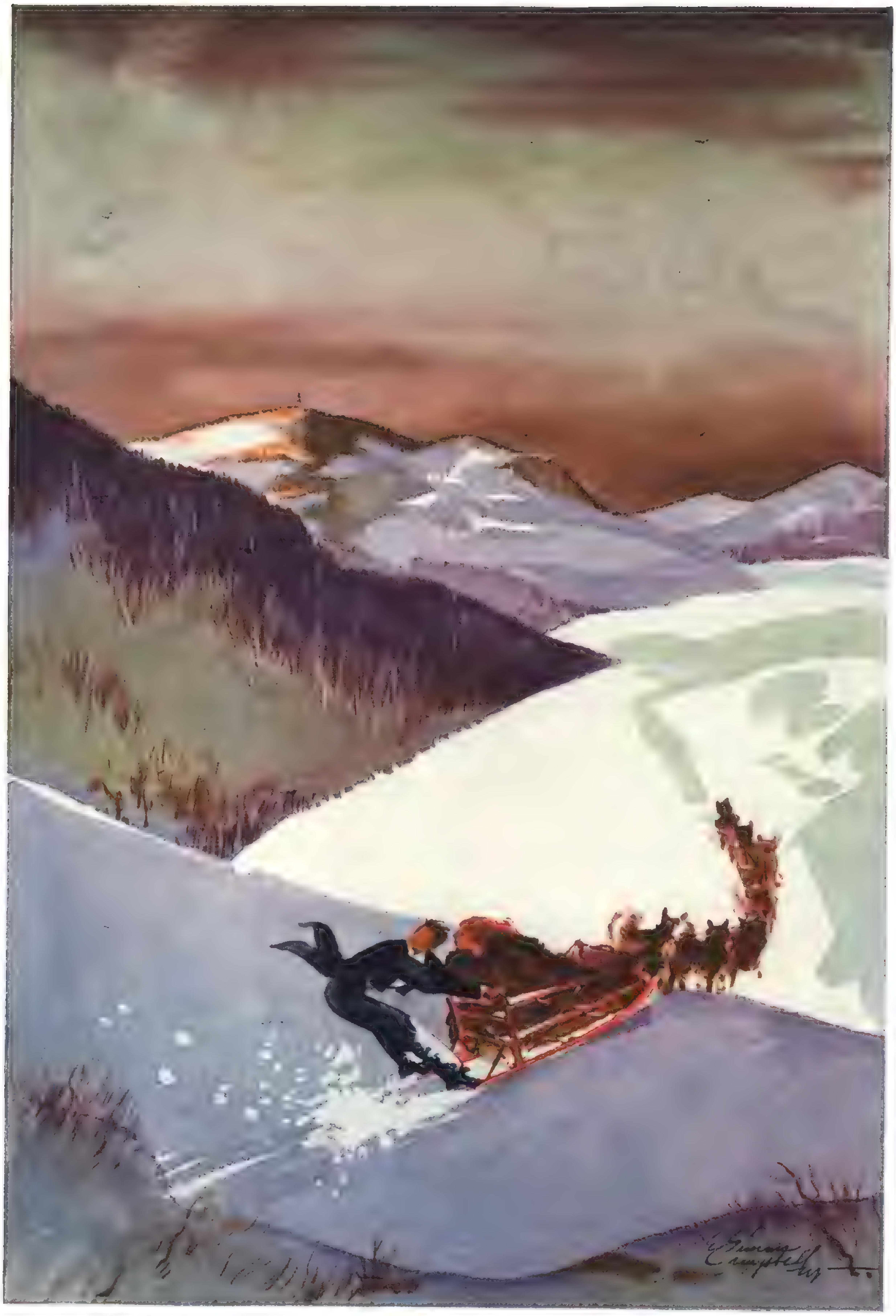
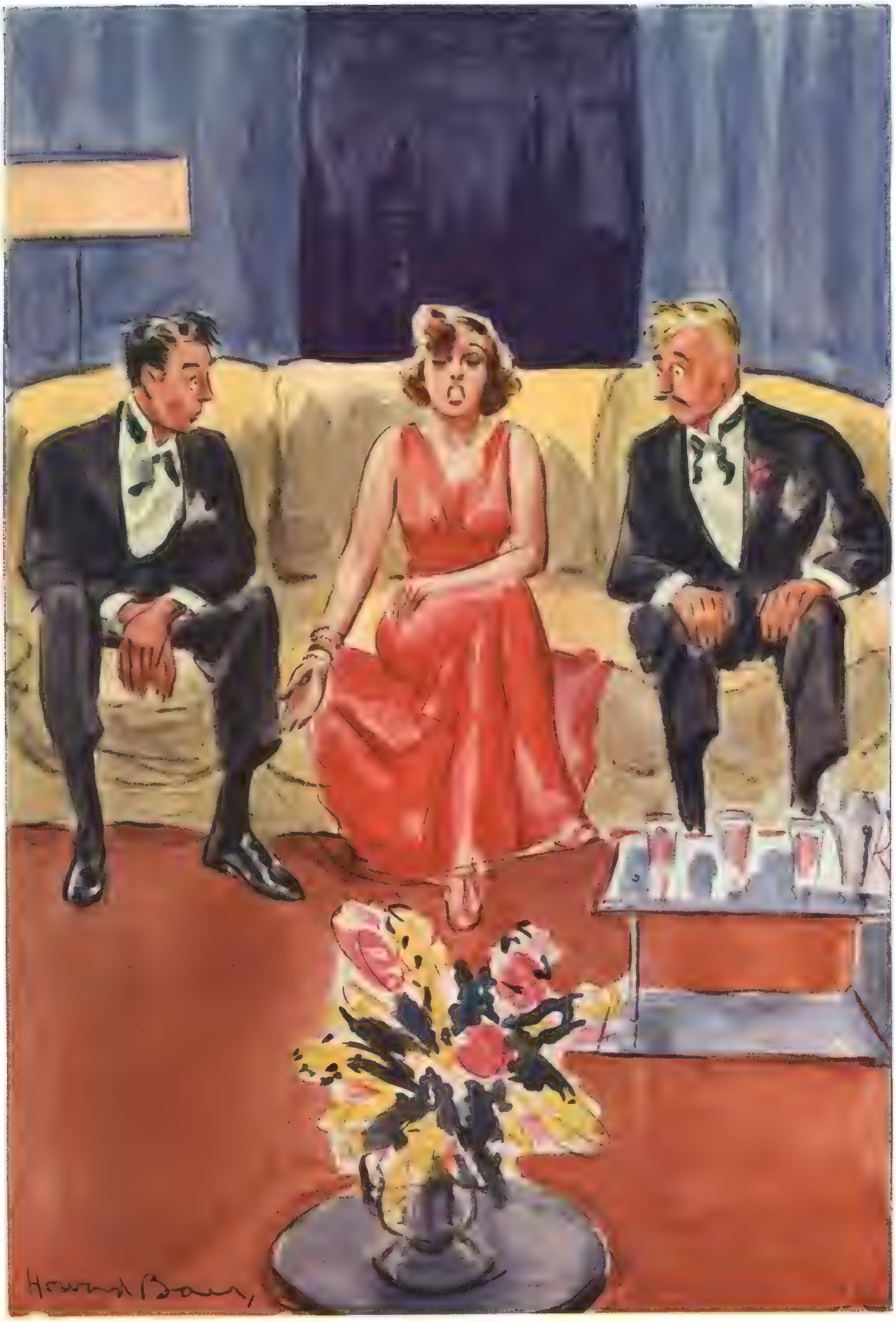

E. Simms Campbell

"Don't you think my husband's given up by now?"


Howard Baer

"Well, I still don't know which one I love"

Good Wine Needs No Bushwah

When the dealers stop worrying people about pedigrees they'll find a willing public for wine

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

• POTABLES •

IN THE two years since we were all reformed and made pure by the experiment, the country has been fooling around trying to find its proper drinking habits. Two years seem a long time for a people to make up its mind about as simple a thing as pleasant drinking, but there are extenuating circumstances. Some of the fault lies with the people themselves, some with the law-makers and a great deal with those who have had in hand the business of making and selling.

We are a spirit drinking race, everyone seems to grant that. The custom, gaining headway before prohibition, necessarily became a fixed habit during that quaint period of our moral chastening. There wasn't much profit in wine. But the spirit drinkers, in these two free years, have come around to some sort of sensible drinking. A survey of the bars around town will show you that of the thousand and one concoctions, the standard five have gradually come into their own and are called for steadily. But the wine drinkers—they are still in a fog and something should be done about it. The government's report at the end of the year shows that we consumed about 70% as much wine last year as compared with the last year before prohibition. And considering population increase, the 70% is much lower.

Your correspondent has been trying to track down the villain in the piece, with the aid of various dealers and experts. We thought we had him by the throat, first off when we got the cur into a corner. But we found we had grabbed hold of Old Man Greed and Profit Motive. And those villains, we were assured by the associated dealers, were not the exclusive property of those who dealt in the fruit of the vine. So we had to look further and finally we compromised on the bunk of the wine ritual. Pinning the blame in that corner seemed to offend no one, so we can start there. Personally, your correspondent does not believe it is as simple as that, and that there are other factors. But let's all be friends.

Perhaps the effort to put class consciousness into as natural a thing as pouring wine down your gullet, is one of the main factors. Undoubtedly it is the silliest and the least excusable. A school recently was opened up for brides and it endeavors to teach "the atmosphere behind the bottle" by "tasting lectures." To hell with what's behind the bottle, what's in it? Another great mind has started a bureau to guide the purchaser in his selection of the correct wines. The writer happened on to an item about one such self-anointed expert. Three years ago he was a Y. M. C. A. leader and the wicked juice of the grape had never touched his pure lips. But his code doesn't keep him from taking money for what he doesn't know.

If the boys who write the ads for the concerns bent upon fostering an aristocratic foible in a country given to democratic drinking, care to gather around, I'd like to preach a small sermon on the inferiority complex to be found among the *genus Americanus.* For eight years, by word of mouth and by printed page, your correspondent tried to preach the gospel of art in America. The toughest and highest barrier he found was this same old davil, inferiority. The whole tendency of those who had art in custody was to make it precious, unapproachable and distinctly a "class" matter. Result: the average man, not understanding it and constantly shooed away from it, naturally began to hate it. For we hate only those things that defeat us. Result number 2 was that when the rich and mighty had retired to their vaults to check up on the flood that has caused all their little stocks to shrink, there was only Mr. Milquetoast left as a possible purchaser. And he had been kicked out of the plush emporiums where art was offered for sale. If they try hard enough, I've no doubt that the wine-ritual boys can even surpass the art boys and in time, no one in this country will be bold enough to approach a bottle of wine except the thirty old men in the Club windows along Fifth Avenue. And thirty men won't support a great industry.

It is a lousy preacher who can not summon a parable or two to point up his sermon and so before the deacons start out with the plates, I'd like to slip in a couple. At the top of the boom, when everybody was rich, there were four of us sailing on a fine ship. Not the biggest one, that would have been ostentatious. But we chose this for its kitchen. It was that old boat that always dropped a fin or something in mid-ocean and was days late. But all would rejoice at this, because it gave that many more days of fine food and drink, at the company's expense. The American and his wife were experts on dollars. They had collected about thirty-three million of them. The Frenchman was an expert on art and was one of three men in France who could tell when a painting was real or faked. He was also an expert on wine. Your correspondent represented the Amalgamated Kibitzers and had nothing to do but keep his ears, eyes and mouth open.

The first day out, the Frenchman demanded the privilege of ordering the wine. He put on the works. The patient waiter scurried back and forth carrying his little wicker baskets and fondling each new entrant with great expectancy. But the Chambertin was *pique,* this Chablis had touched metal in the making, the sugar was winning out in the Montrachet, the champagne had not been turned often enough in the racks and so on. Meanwhile the millionaire's wife gave me the wink and we polished off the bottles of red and white *ordinaire* that came free with the meal. "To hell with the pedigree," she whispers, "I don't know if this came from the wrong side of the hill, but I know it's going to the right side of my tummy."

Next day the millionaire took possession. He said he'd order the food. So he began to build up a ritual of the hen and its family life, its marriage and so on. The Frenchman gazed in amazement as the frantic waiter ran back and forth with omelettes and souffles that didn't suit the millionaire's taste. He finally broke down and asked the millionaire: "What is it you do? What is wrong with the eggs?"

And without a quiver the millionaire confided to him: "They were laid on the wrong side of the nest."

"Ah," said the Frenchman, "how very extraordinary."

So it came to pass that in Paris the Frenchman insisted such a connoisseur should have the best dinner obtainable. "But no egg dishes," he confided to me. The cook would not understand as he had been cook to many a tottering throne. We went to the Café Progress, out near Passy, as I recall. Not much for looks, sawdust on the floor and rude benches. Certainly not in your guide books. The party had grown in size, annexing all sorts of epicures. We started the day at a sports club for luncheon. Good old American Martinis, very dry. Then on to an art gallery where they had an American barman and bar in the place where once was a coal cellar. Many more Martinis. At the Café Progress the millionaire decided we of the younger generation knew nothing about drinking. He got behind the board that served as a bar for the chauffeurs who wanted a quick Vermouth, and began to mix what he called a Lillian Russel: one part gin, one part port and one part absinthe. They went down swell.

But I had followed the host and believed him when he said good food should not be ruined by this kind of drinking. To this day I am glad. The duck had been cooked in champagne for three days. The paté was

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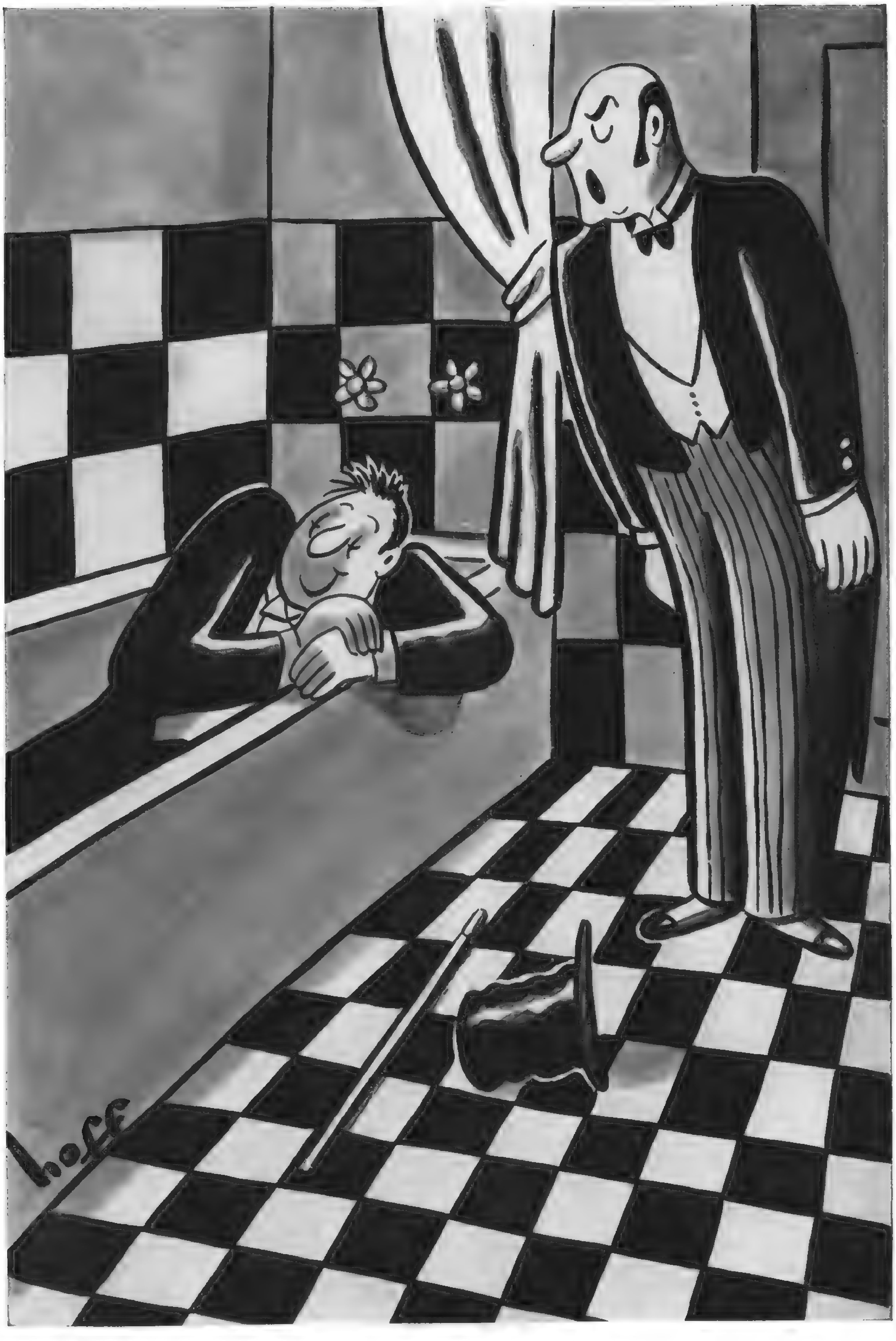


"Aw, the hell with you, Sir!"

Michael Finn, Mixer

Be gentle with the waiter and respectful to the barkeep, get tight quietly, keep still . . . or!

by RICHARD CONDON, JR.

▪ ARTICLE ▪

SEVEN or so years ago Mickey Mouse took his first bow before New York audiences. Mickey Finn, hardly as entertaining and surely not something for the kiddies, was ushered into the metropolis in the late 1860's by Peter Sawyer, a Lochinvar who came out of the Middle West with pinches of snuff to be dropped into many beers and whiskies. Peter Sawyer's introduction of this youthful Mickey Finn was a tremendous social success. In fact subsequent professional men who "rolled a lush" with the help of Mickey Finn became known to the police as "peter men."

People have insisted that Mickey Finn was named for a bartender who found the potion so useful. Others shout down all other arguments by claiming that it was christened after a barroom fighter who dropped his opponents with the same dispatch that marked the efficiency of a Finn. However, the most plausible and easiest accepted explanation traces the derivation of the name to the hobo jungle camps where a "mickey" means a drink. "Finn" is the clipped interpretation of finish. Practically no one has ever argued whether or not a Mickey Finn is a finish drink.

A vivid illustration of the finishing powers of a Mickey Finn makes us borrow from the legends of two professions. Waiters and actors give this yarn that personal touch. A Latin motion picture player became "the toast of American womanhood". In the 1920's he was terrific. If he had survived until the thirties it is difficult to say whether he would have been "colossal" or a bum; but he died. Strangely enough he sealed his doom, as a sub-title should read, long years before Hollywood waved a fat salary check in his direction. As a lad he had worked as a busboy in a New York beanery for seven dollars a week with two meals a day. The rest of his income, there had to be more, came from the tips that grateful waiters split with him. When the waiters had a good night, this Italian busboy went back to his lodgings a few dollars richer. If people forgot to tip the waiter it meant a long argument with the landlady at the end of the week. Tips were goddam important. After two years of listening to the rattle of dishes he became in turn a petty thief, a professional ladies' man, a dancer and after years a movie actor.

Palmy days; lotsa dough; lavish parties; eight course dinners for eighty people, and many waiters. Waiters who had formerly been his betters hardly expected social recognition from this Prince of Men; the "Hello, Boys" that they were looking for was a fair percentage of the huge dinner checks, the tips that the actor knew they were entitled to get. But in the restaurants of the cities of America and Europe they worked like hell and didn't get a nickel. The actor even bent over backward to bilk them out of their share of the profits. He would sight a detached group of diners on the far side of the salon. He knew these people. To gesture grandly it was only the work of a moment to demand that he receive their check. Pay it he would, but the waiters who worked for a tip were left without a button for gratuity.

Soooo, word went out over the grapevine telegraph to prepare a fresh batch of Mickeys for the gent who made the lydies swoon with amorous rapture. The actor from that day on never dined alone in public. He was a constant guest of Mr. Michael Finn. Mr. Finn wined and dined him to death. Thousands mourned the idol's passing. It left a few a bit bewildered; they wondered how he lasted as long as he did last. Tch, tch, an assassination sadly lacking in dignity.

Mickey Finns are as diversified as the many John Smiths in a metropolitan directory. Hydrate of Chloral, Croton Oil, Snuff, Iodine, Ashes, Laudanum, Tobacco Juice, Sulphate of Morphine, Cantharides and many others less interesting make up a touching list. Some encourage sleep with or without terrible hangovers; others promote a purgative reaction, powerful and enervating, a third does both, a fourth provokes violent sexual stimulation and all but one on the above list can prove fatal.

Hydrate of Chloral ($CCl_3CH(OH)_2$): prepared in a liquid or crystal form, having a pungent odor and an acrid taste. The medicinal dose is from fifteen to twenty-five grains, but from thirty to forty grains are used for knockout purposes. The drug is compounded in the proportion of one grain to a drop and a teaspoonful has been commonly employed to dose a glass of beer. The action of the drug is to decrease the action of the heart and an overdose is liable to cause paralysis of the heart and lungs. Few men can stand a larger dose than thirty grains, but occasionally peter players were compelled to give up to sixty grains to a victim who had been drinking heavily. More than a score of men amassed fortunes from the sale of small vials of chloral at two dollars each. The Bowery in New York was having its hey day then and after the Civil War the bulk of the business fell into the hands of Diamond Charley, a notorious Bowery character. His salesmen began on their routes each evening at dusk carrying small satchels packed with vials of chloral. Soon after he gained a monopoly Charley increased the price to five dollars and then to ten. This move broke the hearts of procurers, peter players and badger workers. They were righteously indignant, for the manufacturing cost was not more than six cents.

A goodly cigar ash tipped into a glass of beer will cause mild(?) but steady bowel action followed by nausea. Bartenders in waterfront dives of the world have used Formaldehyde on recalcitrant sailors, feeling perhaps that this medium expressed the true personality of Mickey Finn. Besides, it was cheap and very sure.

By far the most efficient and all around embarrassing of the lot is Croton Oil, whose particular charm lies in the way it enters into the spirit of the thing with hot soups, sauces, condiments and gravies of the restaurant. It is truly the waiter's friend. Croton Tiberium, genus euphorbiaceous, (a mental mickey) is a native of several parts of the East Indies. It possesses active and dangerous purgative properties; every part, wood, leaves and fruit, seems to participate equally in the energy. Croton Oil is extracted from the seeds of this species which are of the size and shape of lima beans. Its strength is so great that a medicinal dose is one drop. Two or three drops constitute a Mickey Finn. More than that is hardly cricket.

Cantharides, Spanish Fly, an extreme aphrodisiac, is extremely dangerous out

Continued on page 178

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

The truth-seeker finds fiction in most of the current philosophy and philosophy in some of the fiction

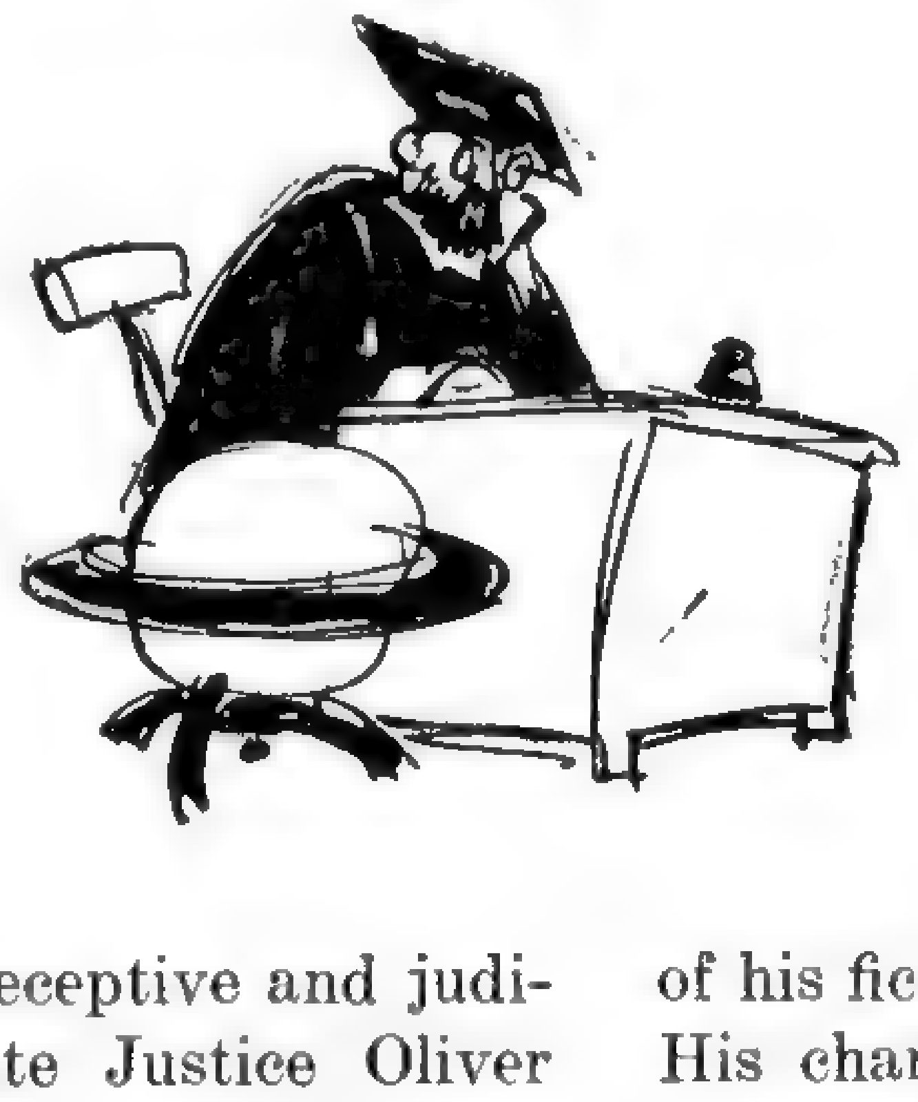
by BURTON RASCOE

• BOOKS •

THE subject of the sermon today, messieurs, is philosophy. Please don't dash for the nearest exit. I know the gag about the good burgher who tried to be a philosopher but gave it up because, he said, cheerfulness was always breaking in. But philosophy is not always gloomy; nor is it always nearly unreadable. Expressed with the eloquence, the poetic prose, of a Plato, a Nietzsche, an Emerson, a William James, a Santayana or a Lane Cooper, philosophy can be made a charming, even an ecstatic, adventure of the mind and spirit, an adventure open to all literates who do not move their lips when they read and who understand words of more than one syllable. William James is certainly easier to read than his brother, Henry, the novelist. Any one who can follow William Faulkner with comprehension should have no difficulty following even Kant or Dewey. (For my own part I confess I cannot follow Kant, Dewey, or Faulkner when any of them begins to be really abstruse.)

The philosophers I present to you are very diverse. Their meditations run from the loftiest thought to the most common of commonplaces. In that order they are: Lane Cooper, author of *Evolution and Repentance* (Cornell University Press, $2.50); C. E. M. Joad, author of *Return to Philosophy* (Dutton, $2.50); Harvey Fergusson, author of *Modern Man* (Knopf, $2.75); George Santayana, author of *The Last Puritan* (Scribner, $3.50); Nancy Pope, author of *We Three* (Doubleday, Doran, $2); and Don Marquis, author of *Archie Does His Part* (Doubleday, Doran, $2).

In this line-up some curious things should be pointed out. Harvey Fergusson is a novelist who has turned philosopher; George Santayana is a philosopher who has turned novelist. Lane Cooper is a great scholar, compiler of a Concordance of Wordsworth and translator of Aristotle, an educator and teacher of pedagogues, the quality of whose mind is as receptive and judicious as that of the late Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes and the quality of whose style is as beautiful as that of any essayist of our time. C. E. M. Joad in his plea for a *Return to Philosophy*, is not, strictly speaking, giving us a work of philosophy at all: it is a prolonged quarrel with Aldous Huxley and the late D. H. Lawrence, with a great deal of irrelevant but amusing information about Professor Joad's personal life and habits. Don Marquis manages to be very profound, at times, when his only idea is to amuse; and Harvey Fergusson manages to be very silly at times when his idea is to be very profound. Nancy Pope is frankly drawing upon her father, mother and herself for copy and succeeds in making her family highly comical and adorable; she doesn't pretend to prove any philosophical point when she pictures her dad as an incorrigible kibitzer when any one is playing solitaire. Professor Joad, without Miss Pope's sense of humor, is very serious in giving his reasons why he never takes a bath in the morning but waits until the middle of the afternoon. George Santayana is a Catholic-minded and hedonistic Latin and he has chosen to write a novel, admiringly, about a Protestant Puritan and to sustain the point that his hero was literally too good to live. And it is interesting to reflect that Don Marquis and Nancy Pope, without, apparently, taking thought, get at the very heart of matters which Fergusson and Joad and, to some extent, Santayana seem to want to express but are strangely inarticulate about.



The above paradoxes should suffice for a while, although as my exposition develops many more paradoxes and some anomalies will be apparent to the reader. Let us take Harvey Fergusson first. He has published seven novels, including *Blood of the Conquerors*, *Hot Saturday*, and *Footloose McGarnigal* and one history, *Rio Grande*. He has also written some distinguished short stories. The theme of his fiction has been, in the main, action. His characters, his heroes have been pioneers and fighting men of the Southwest. It is not surprising then that when he erects a philosophy it should be a philosophy of action. It is Nietzschean in that respect. But Mr. Fergusson is not content to glorify action, movement, danger, combat and war romantically as Nietzsche does. He thinks he must uncover and expound a natural law showing action as a necessity and an inevitability lest decay and death set in. And to clear the way for this exposition he chucks free-will out of the window. He calls it "the illusion of choice" and says, in effect, that if I decide to walk up to the village to post a letter instead of driving up in the car, it is no "decision" on my part at all: it is some external force compelling me to walk instead of taking the car and that I flatter my ego with the illusion that I made up my mind to walk.

As you might suspect, Mr. Fergusson gets himself terribly balled up. He is confessedly an amateur philosopher and he is certainly not a well-trained logician. The principal charm of his book is the charm of a good novelist in maintaining suspense, making you want to read on to see how the book comes out. Mr. Fergusson's book of amateur philosophy is tedious, much of it is very tough going. The three professional philosophers named above are all light-footed, even zephyr-like in their ease of movement in comparison with this amateur philosopher who glorifies movement and action. And when you near the conclusion of Mr. Fergusson's book you have a vast surprise waiting for you. The book doesn't come out the way you thought it might. It doesn't even come out the way Mr. Fergusson thought it might and the way he led you to believe it would. After chucking free-will out of the window, he fishes it back in, dusts it off, and says, "Here is a brand-new idea, the key to the riddle of the universe."

At one place Mr. Fergusson writes, "Men act upon the assumptions of free-will and choice while reading, or perhaps even writing, books which have determinism for their basic assumption, implied or expressed." Mr. Fergusson himself does this. Throughout the bulk of his book he builds up the theory, with many brilliant observations and maxims, that the life of an individual as well as the life of a society is an unpredictable and indeterminate process of change and growth depending upon factors in which there is no individual or social will consciously at work. He denies the uses of the intellect. In fact, he says, in effect, that the intellect does not exist, and that it is only a comforting but dangerous illusion to believe that it does. And yet he says, "A realistic social intelligence, it appears, would recognize that its genuine and indispensible function is to create a collective awareness of

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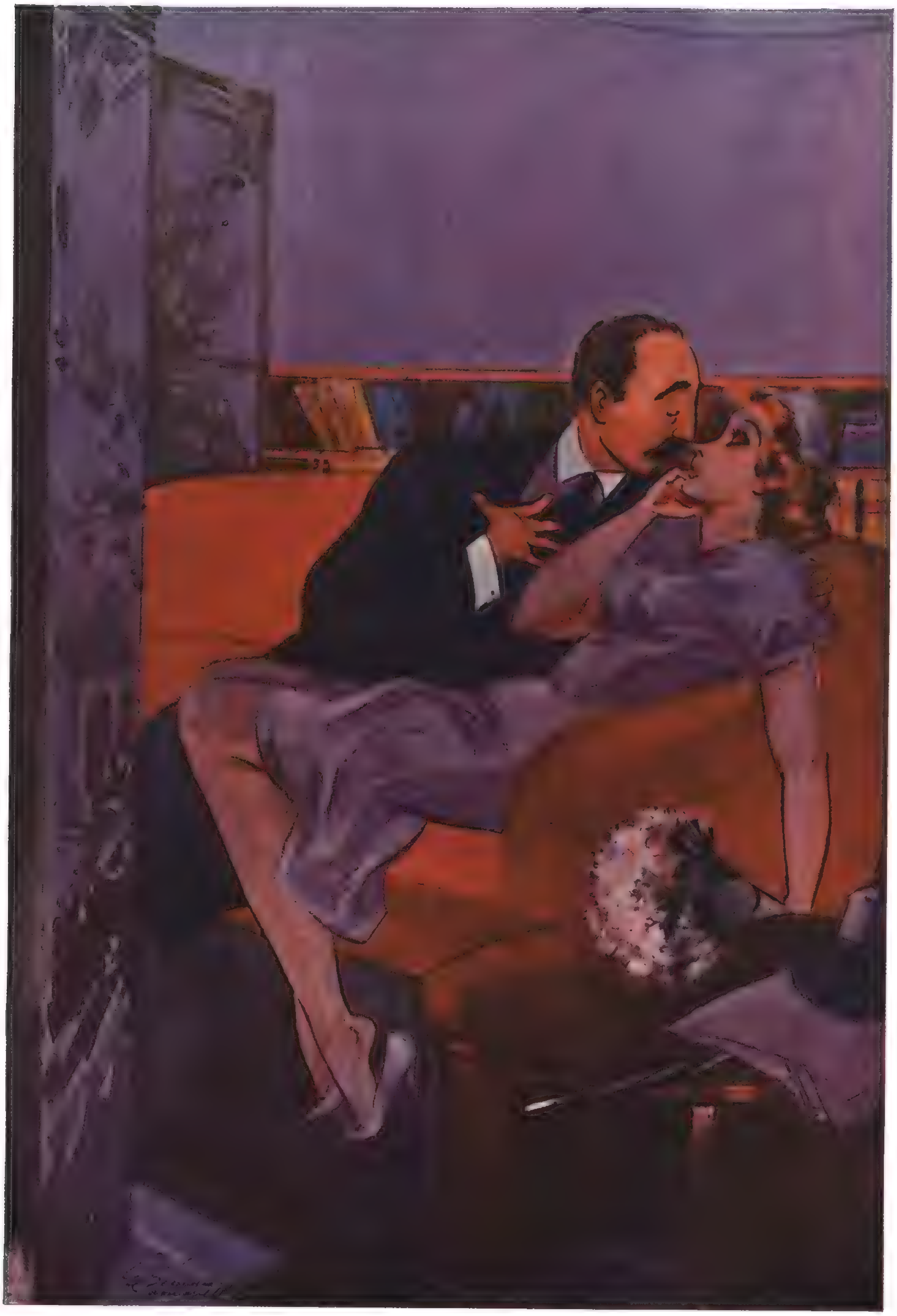


"After all I'm a doctor—don't you trust me?"

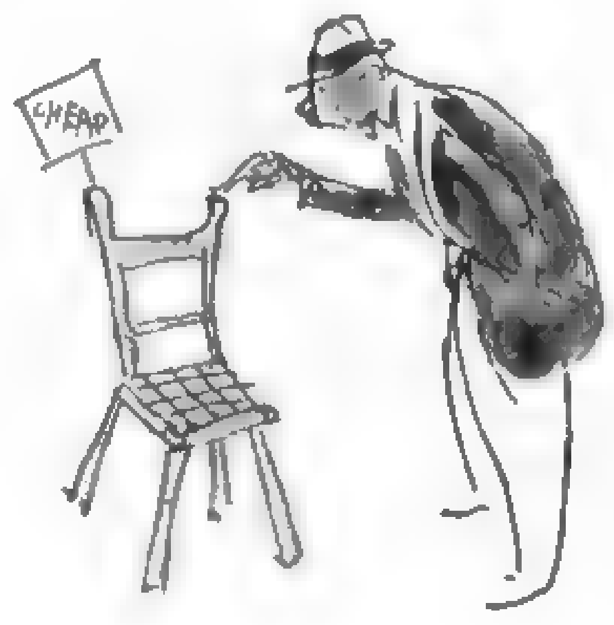
Mervin’s Bargain

Hint to philosophers who may see no resemblance between bargains and sleeping dogs

by NORMAN MATSON

• SATIRE •

On his way to Unclaimed Furniture in Carload Lots, Mervin paused before a sporting goods store. He noticed that white sneakers were on sale at eighty-three cents. He thought of buying a pair at this tempting price; but resisted the impulse. After all, he had three pairs of sneakers at home. He noticed, also, that a certain superior kind of golf club had been reduced to $7.04. Reduced? The price seemed high. Mervin liked bargains. He day-dreamed of bargains sometimes, of amazing his wife with them. He was going to Unclaimed Furniture in Carload Lots not for a carload, of course, but for one armchair of a sort advertised in the morning’s classified section. It was a wing chair, new, product of a factory that had gone bankrupt and could be had in coverings of rust, green, and beige. Arrived at the warehouse Mervin entered a vast, dimly lit room, smelling of dust and varnish, crowded with bargains. He became confused by the great number and variety of bargains so that when he came to the wing chairs he hesitated though they were substantially as advertised. He put off buying one for the moment and wandered away into other rooms where were heaps and multitudes of second-hand stuff, stuff abandoned in storage, in freight cars, sullen and solid reminders that the plans of men oft go haywire. Leaning against a player piano was an old golf bag. In it were ten clubs. Mervin pulled one out, one with a fat wooden end to it. Seemed all right, long, slender, expensive-looking. A short man in a blue checked shirt wandered over and said, drearily—he was chewing something and between each word he chewed—that the price was $1.50.



Mervin shook his head.

“And the bag,” the man said, chewing.

Mervin looked startled. He had thought the man meant $1.50 for each club. He made a movement with his hands as of forming a ball out of air, asked: “The whole shooting match?”

“Yeh. Take ’em all!”

Mervin fished for money.

His happiness, sharp, exultant, lasted till he reached his desk in the office of the Oswego Pump & Drill Corp. It occurred to him then that he had gone to the Unclaimed Furniture place to buy an armchair. He remembered that his wife had said in her smiling but pointed way, “If you like the chairs buy one but don’t go poking around. Don’t buy anything else, now, be sure. . . .” Mervin called in his stenographer to start the afternoon’s dictation. He told her. She said it was unbelievable, first-class clubs at such a price. “You *stole* ’em!” she said. Mervin felt better: but a little later the head of the shipping department came in, leering: “Merv,” he said, “I din know you played gawf!” Mervin blushed. A salesman clapped him on the shoulder. “Ha ya, Bobby Jones?”

Clearly (just before four o’clock) Mervin saw the utter impossibility of hanging that worn golf bag over his unaccustomed shoulder and thus accoutered entering the 5:15, taking his usual seat before the other 5:15-ers. There were heavy kidders among them. He saw himself trying to hide that bag under his seat; no, no way to do that. He used a half hour of the company’s time to worry about this and was rewarded with an inspiration.

He left the office fifteen minutes early. He went to the sporting goods store and in a few minutes came out with a red cardboard box—a box expressly designed for the shipment of golf clubs but one which might also, to prying eyes, seem to carry, say broomhandles—or American beauty roses. Just a long box. Mervin was immensely relieved. He almost ran along the street. At the warehouse he knelt down in the corner by the player piano and put the ten clubs into the red box. He abandoned the old golf bag; it was torn anyway. He took a cab crosstown to the Pennsy station and was soon safely, unostentatiously, in his usual seat, a newspaper open before his face.

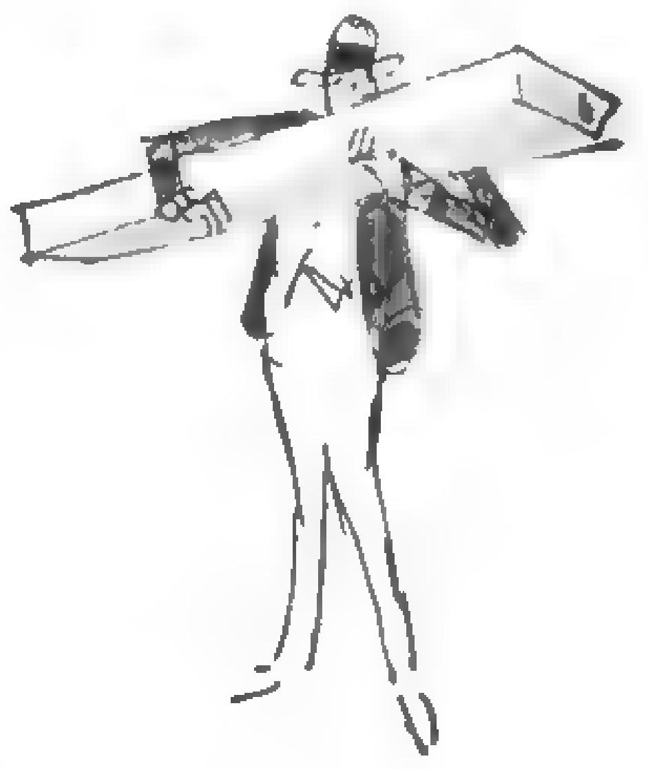
Half way home, in the middle of Mussolini’s speech, the newspaper dissolved, or seemed to, and instead of words Mervin’s mind saw a little scene in which he and his wife Millie were the actors. He was explaining. She was smiling.

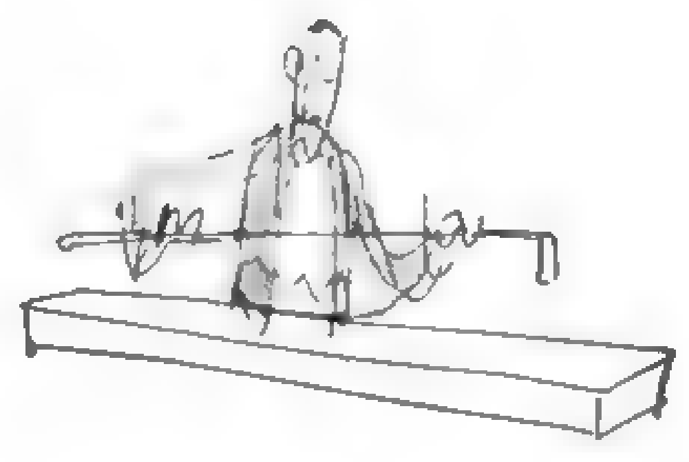
She was saying in clear English: “But Mervin you don’t play golf.”

SALE TO-DAY ONLY

The red box, which was heavy, grew much heavier as Mervin walked along a shaded street away from the railroad station. The box seemed to grow until it was all of twenty feet long. He thought of sneaking across his lawn and hiding it behind the lattice base of the front porch. He could not now understand why the deuce he had bought the clubs. Sure they were a bargain, but then, as George the office boy would say, So what?

At the corner of Pine and South Fifty-third street, Mervin had his second inspiration. He decided that he would immediately take up golf. Even if the very thought did give him a sensation of boredom and weariness. Yes, he was a golfer from now on—all his life long, if necessary. He would take lessons. That was it. He began to whistle.





Millie, a short, broad-beamed lady with a frizzy black bang ending just above large, fearless, humorous eyes, knew the minute her husband entered the door that something was up. She turned the full and direct beam of her eyes on him. She asked gently: “F’heaven’s sake what’s in that box?”

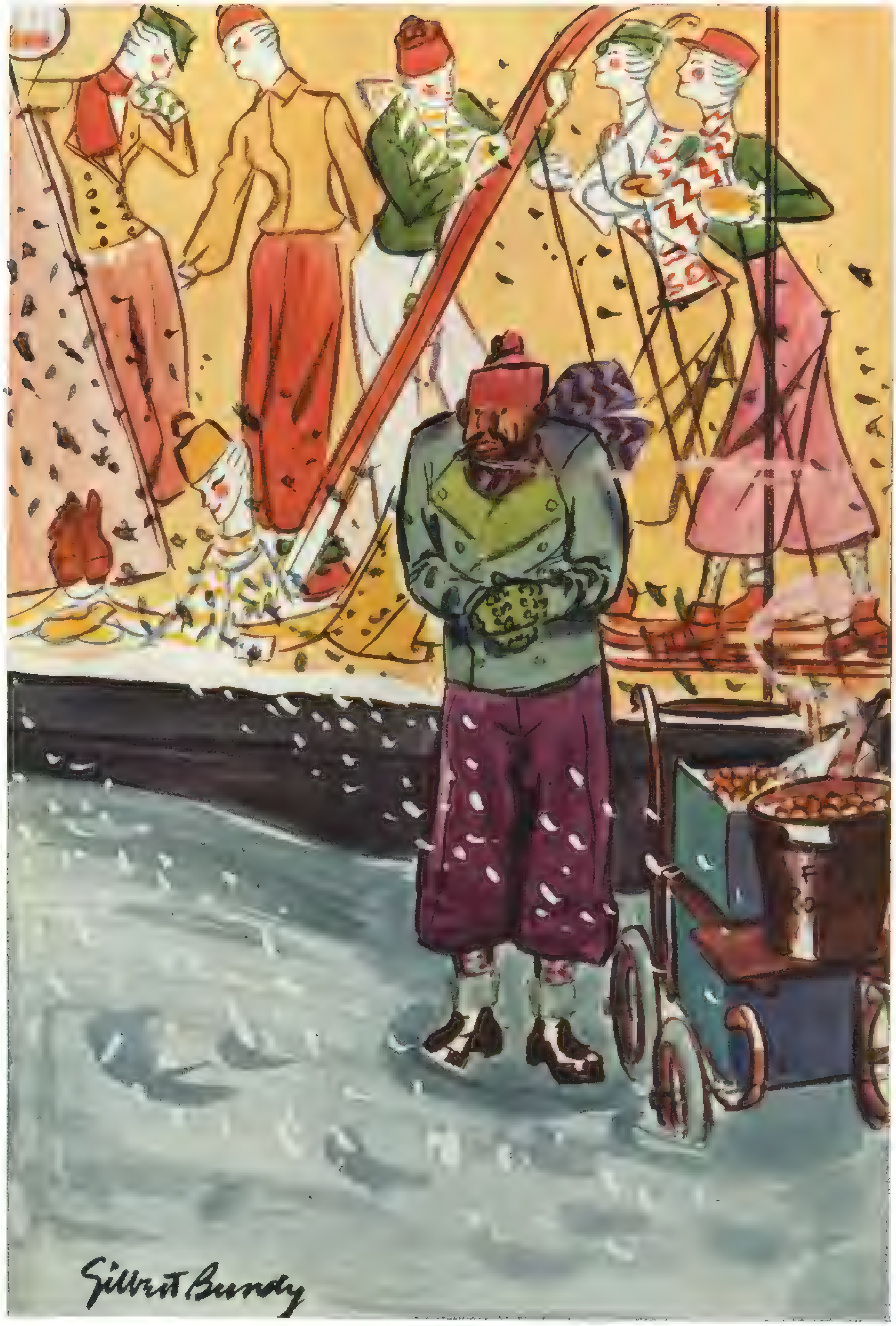
He said, in a tone rather louder than necessary: “Golf sticks, darling.”

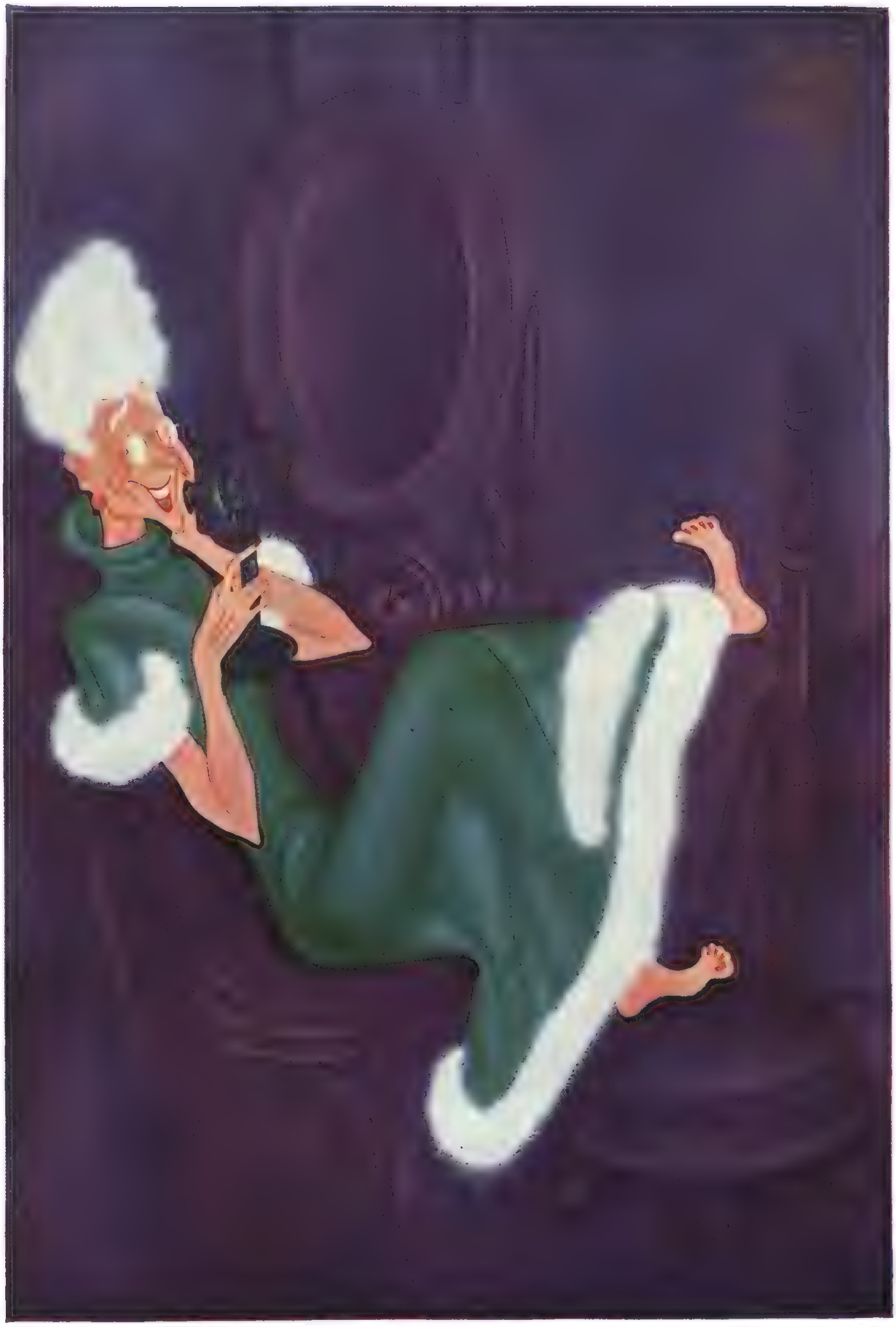
He unwrapped them and while at it, without looking up at his wife, explained how he had shrewdly pounced upon them and bought them for next to nothing, despite the clever, grasping salesman. He said, before she could ask, that he needed exercise, that a number of his “business associates” belonged to the club here. He cleared his throat, said, cynically, it would be “good business.” All this time Millie gazed at the top of his head. The way she didn’t say a word bothered him.

“They happen to be just exactly right for me,” he said, standing up, swinging one of them. (He imagined that one got measured or weighed for golf clubs.) “I tried them. They are, uh, just my style, my weight, and all. Fortunate, wasn’t it?”

Millie picked up an iron. She picked up another and another. She sat down on the settee and pressed her face into the biscuit tufts of its arm. The only sound in the world was a snuffling, a sobbing, breathy sound. Millie was laughing. Mervin collapsed. He gazed down on his wife. He felt awful.

At last she raised a congested face: “Exactly right for you, Mervin! My love, you’re not left-handed!” She caught her breath, exhausted. “They’re left-handed clubs!” #


Gilbert Bundy



"Come right over Carrie, a burglar just broke into my room and I think he has an accomplice!"

The Candid Cameraman

Scientific wonders in movies, including an operation which removes an inferiority complex

by MEYER LEVIN

• MOVIES •

A Man's Guide to the Movies

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

The Story of Louis Pasteur: A tender service to science, depicting the life of the great chemist. Some remarkably lucid expositions of the principles of bacteriology, in spite of a serious boner described in the main review. Paul Muni lives up to his standard, the highest in films, in his portrayal of Pasteur. The cast plays evenly, and is excellent. Notable are the performances of Halliwell Hobbes as Dr. Lister, and Akim Tamiroff as Dr. Zaranoff.

A Tale of Two Cities: Alongside of McLaglen's performance as *The Informer*, put Blanche Yurka's performance as the bitterly heroic revolutionary woman of *A Tale of Two Cities*. For many years Blanche Yurka has been the favorite stage actress of discriminating audiences; a dearth of good plays may explain her lack of wide popular success. Her initial film performance is monumental. Hers is the work of a conscious artist; perhaps more important than McLaglen's performance, as he had to be guided, even guiled by his director. This is not to detract from Director Jack Conway's work on the Dickens story; for detail of background, and swiftness of movement, it is the best Dickens film so far made, and there have been many good ones. The characters are moving about in their own time, the barristers casually pegging their court-wigs onto the wooden dummies in their offices, while they discuss their cases, the aristocrats feeding the monkeys on their wrists while they discuss the peasant rebellion. A single shot is a perfect representation of social decay. It shows a grand old lady in a ballroom scene. She has an elaborate coiffure built around a model ship in full sail. The film also contains the best knock-down and drag-out fight between two women that has ever been filmed. Blanche Yurka and Edna May Oliver knock over tables, grapple on the floor. Instead of sticking out as sensational, it's a piece of solid realism, effectively contributory to the idea of the photoplay. One bit part must be mentioned. Isabel Jewell, as the seamstress, registers unforgettably in an emotional scene of the sort most difficult to render with restraint. Ronald Colman has attained a fine maturity, and gives real depth to Sidney Carton.

Dickens heroines are among the most awful things in literature, and the film is true to the book. The film also reproduces Dickens' unsympathetic treatment of the people; they are the "rabble." Insofar as one person is able, Blanche Yurka makes up for this.

GO ALONG TO SEE

Kind Lady: A truly unusual film of cumulative psychological horror acted with metallic brilliance by Basil Rathbone. Story of a group of scoundrels moving in on a lone, rich woman and convincing the world she is insane. Aline MacMahon excellent as Mary Herries.

The Last Pagan: This sad idyll of the South Seas seems to be a by-product of M.G.M.'s *Mutiny on the Bounty*, but it is in many ways fresher and more entertaining than that pretentious film. A native cast enacts the story. Taru, whose physique is poetry, is shanghaied and swindled into a five-year contract at forced labor in the phosphate mines on another island. His girl finally reaches him, and they escape.

The Magnificent Obsession: About the pure love that reformed a wastrel millionaire, and saved a poor blind girl. The wonder of this picture is how the women will weep. And weep. Otherwise it's as smooth as that superb butler, Arthur Treacher, who is in the cast. And Charles Butterworth, the comic relief, makes up for the mystical-inspirational injections.

The New Gulliver: A puppet-movie, interesting for its technique and amusing sometimes, and hilarious sometimes, and dull once in a while. More in the main revue.

Sylvia Scarlet: Hepburn in pants. A strange picture, somewhat in the tradition of *The Constant Nymph*, but not always successful. Perhaps the difficulty is because of the evident distortion of the story, to make the girl-part the main part. It starts off to be about her father, an appealing scoundrel who bets on the races, and tries to smuggle lace through the customs, and falls sentimentally in love. But there are great gaps where we lose track of him, and as he is acted by Edmund Gwenn (*The Bishop Misbehaves*), we sometimes wish Hepburn would get out of the way. Though she's charming, delicious, clever, and often extremely successful in her studied whimsicality. Surprise performance by Cary Grant. He's good.

GO ALONG IF YOU HAVE TO

Dangerous: A great actress going to the dogs, picked up by a virtuous and successful young architect, whose life she (nearly) wrecks.

The actress part gives Bette Davis every opportunity to do her drunken haridan, and she does her to the hilt. An enjoyable, though crude stunt.

Whipsaw: Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy in a G-Man variation on the plot about a couple accidentally forced to sleep in one room, in a series of places, even handcuffed together for one night, all the while they pretend to hate each other, all the while love grows. With those two players, you can't go far wrong.

WASTE

Miss Pacific Fleet: Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Hugh (Giggle) Herbert, and Allen Jenkins in a farce that never quite gets farcical.

Rose of the Rancho: Introducing Gladys Swarthout, another opera star. Has all the makings and should be good, but is tedious.

HORROR

A recent Universal newsreel contained a shot of a battle royal, showing several fighters in a ring, kicking, clawing, biting, jumping on faces. Actual close-ups of two men deliberately kicking the sides, groin, of a fallen fighter. And we talk about the barbaric taste of the Romans.

AH, SCIENCE!

At last motion pictures have hit upon a phase of human activity which can be glorified with impunity. The film cycles that dealt with crime, whether they featured the gangster or the G-man, were open to attack because they centered attention upon an unworthy sphere; and the film cycles that dealt with sex, whether as Garbo or as Mae West, could ask for no support from the forces of society pledged to the furtherance of ideals.

Even the religious heroes of De Mille's bathing suited epics offended the more sophisticated devotees of cinema, and the militaristic heroes of Hollywood's regrettable series of animated enlistment posters were widely despised, if the correspondence that comes to this column is taken as evidence.

But the scientists are immune. The scientist is the holy man of the modern world,

Continued in center of page 183

Photo by John Kabel

TREES AGAINST MIAMI SKY

A Dizzy Dame from Texas

Footnote to a song craze in the form of an attempt to interview a pair of the three go-rounders

by MURDOCK PEMBERTON

• ARTICLE •

Your correspondent was patiently waiting for the latest kings of Broadway to grant him an interview. He was pushed against the wall of the narrow entrance to the stage as songpluggers, well-wishers, panhandlers and I-knew-him-when boys were all clamoring to get a word in with Mike and Eddie, somewhat bewildered heroes of the hour and two-thirds composers of a song that swept the country over night. But the heroes were much too busy for the press. There was Eddie's father, all the way from Newark, to crack wise about the early days of his son and there was the delegate from the old fire house near Eddie's home who came with a message from the leading Elk. The town wanted to "turn out" for their native son, as the fireman put it, and that included the Mayor and the Governor of the state. So it was not your correspondent's fault that he was eavesdropping so near the throne.

"Naw, it ain't theirs at all." The speaker must have been one of the more envious friends. He was unshaven and looked tired from lack of sleep. "Don't you know the story? There was a dizzy dame came up from Texas who comes into the club one night and moves right up to where the boys are playing. Then she asks them to play this song. Sounded crazy but they have to humor the customers. 'No, you push the middle valve down,' she says and she spins her finger around in a circle to show how the music goes round and around."

"Gee, is that it?" The listener seemed sad that another idol had cracked, almost under his eyes.

"Sure. Crazy stuff. She got it from a cowboy or maybe a little German band. You know, umpah, umpah."

"Then it ain't theirs at all?"

"Sure it's theirs. Don't they play it and get the royalties?"

"How about this guy out in Chicago? Winchell says he wrote it."

"Well he did, in a way. He's got his name on the cover. But he's out in the sticks and the other boys are here gettin' all the gravy and he's just sore, that's all. If the boys was smart they'd bring him right on and stop his squawking."

About this juncture I was admitted to the throne room. The dressing room of six band men on a cold day is not the most comfortable place on earth. We retired to the corner drug store for a cup of coffee. But there the boys knew no peace. Other lunchers stared at them and various clerks would come around, to make comment.

"Did you stand 'em up last night. First time we've seen a line like that around the Paramount in two years. Good times is sure back," the little grey-coated clerk beamed at his heroes as if they were entirely responsible for recovery.

And who knows. Perhaps they are.

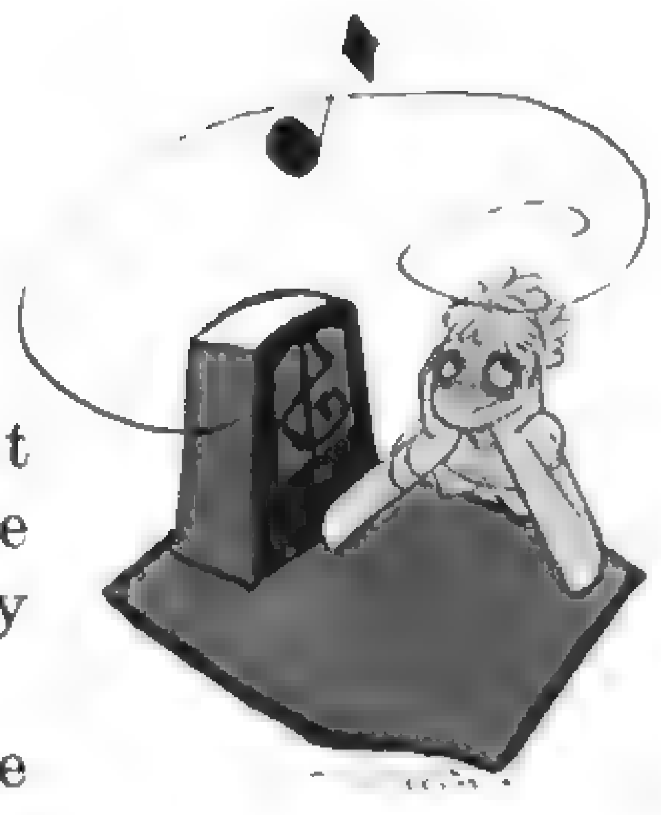
The drug store was also no place for an interview. It was fine for Mike Riley for he could get aspirin for his aching head. But it wasn't so good for privacy. There seemed to be a lack of team work on the part of the heroes. They wanted time to pick up on their facts. So your correspondent strolled around and came back after the next show.

Again the corridor was jammed. The stage door opening now and then brought the swinging rhythms of the national song. The organ was picking up the refrain and sending it reverberating through the high galleries. The crowd was almost hysterical. Mike Riley and Eddie were more than mere composers of a popular song. They were symbols of a new order.

On the second interview the boys had organized themselves for any attack. Eddie, he of the Irish tongue and sleek hair, was chosen spokesman over the nervous and irritable Mike. Eddie could meet all comers, almost, even those from the flossy magazines who had unbent enough to let their ears catch a meaningless melody. Eddie explained that Red Hodgson, who wrote the lyrics, was in Chicago.

The story, told so many times, is not particularly interesting. It could fit almost any song that is born, created or recreated out of the subconscious of a musician, played to an unappreciative market, and then suddenly, for no apparent reason, whirled into success. The real story is the one no one can tell and the one that the pundits and trend-boys will all attempt—what makes a popular song popular.

According to Mike and Ed it really was the radio. Not until Rudy Vallee had taken their Onyx club band on to his air program did the song begin to show life. The response from that was immediate. Vallee had visited the club and knew that the kind of stuff the boys were delivering nightly to the crowded little saloon was first-class entertainment. As most of their stuff is horseplay the boys were not so sure. But they were glad of the extra money and went along.



That was sometime in November. Before that they had played the song every night for four and a half months with no appreciable response except from the customers. But the customers of the Onyx were in the habit of responding to anything. True there had been some interest in the piece from the professionals, musicians, vaudevillians and songsmiths who haunt the Onyx. But professionals will never make any one popular, any musician can tell you that.

So little was thought of the number that the boys did not bother about copying it down or getting it copyrighted. Then after the broadcast experience they thought it ought to be recorded. They made records of it and later made a royalty deal for the records. Then they took it to a publisher. He looked it over and thought it pretty silly.

The publisher said he would take a chance if the boys would write some sensible words to it, some real love lyrics. They could say "I lo-oove you—ooo" where they now say "Ooo—ooo—oooh." But the boys said nothing doing and went back to their club. The publisher decided to take a chance and brought the piece out. The Monday following the New Year ten thousand copies were sold in the Metropolitan area. A few nights before one radio station received requests for the song that would have taken seventy-two hours to fulfill. Another received 428 requests in one night and played the piece twenty-eight times on their program to keep the peace. By this time the sheet sale had reached half a million copies.

But the boys are somewhat rueful over all the glory and so little coin. According to the ASCAP rules, song writers don't get royalty on the air until they have proven themselves worthy of admittance to the quality group. And it usually takes five songs to put a composer there. Occasionally an exception may be made and an unusual composer admitted. The boys hope for that but in the meantime have written their other five songs. *Clap Hands* and *Numbers* are the two that the composers have the most faith in.

The composers are especially bitter about the air royalties because they have worked hard and long for their turn. They have been in every good band in the country (they have always refused to separate) and they have spent most of their earnings trying

Continued in center of page 176

Blasting the Waves

Explaining the limitations by which a ship at sea can speak only when it is spoken

by ROBERT H. HIGGINS

▪ ARTICLE ▪

To nine hundred and ninety-nine out of any one thousand people who, in time, step into a telegraph office and file radiograms for persons aboard ships at sea, the question of how the message goes about finding its way to its correct destination is something they are not in the least concerned about. The customer merely wants his message delivered—preferably as soon as possible. How soon that will be, the customer has only a vague though hopeful idea; and the clerk—unless he happens to be an ex-wireless operator himself (I've never heard of one becoming a telegraph office clerk, and if one did it would be only because of some distressing circumstances)—hasn't a whit more idea than the customer regarding the time that may elapse before the message is ultimately handed to the addressee, aboard, let us say, the S. S. Europa, somewhere at sea bound for Germany.

The Radiograms-to-Ships-at-Sea business has grown with such leaps and bounds in the past fifteen years, and so many people are today taking advantage of this handy service that it may not be amiss for me to step up, like an automobile salesman with the hood open, and explain a few things about the racket. I shall be bound to puzzle you here and there, but I'll also surprise you at different spots, because there is no propaganda in these lines.

Generally, the customer's fleeting impression runs like this: After the clerk takes the message the marvel of the telegraph rushes it on to some radio station with which the office is affiliated, the radio station promptly blares it out on the air, and the wireless operator aboard the ship which is carrying the party to which the message is addressed opens his ears, snags the message from the ether and, presto! it is handed a moment later to its all-askitter human recipient.

The idea is only some eighty thousand light miles from the truth. Messages are not broadcast, any more than you can pick up a telephone and broadcast a piece of conversation without first getting the number you want. Before a message can be sent to a ship at sea that ship must be in "contact" with the shore station which has the message for it; that is, the ship must be "called" by the shore station and the ship must answer the shore station and tell it to go ahead with its message or messages, or else the ship must "call" the shore station first and be answered by the shore station before any communications can be exchanged either way. In other words, they must get to "talking to *each other*" by the use of call signals before any traffic can be handled.

But that sounds rather simple, doesn't it? Well, it isn't. In a moment I'm going to allow you to follow your message, from the time you file it in a branch telegraph office in New York City until it reaches your friend or loved one or business associate many miles at sea on a liner, and you're going to get a close-up of the many and varied pitfalls that beset your message's path.

Now for a little ground-work. Modern passenger liners carry three distinct and separate radio telegraph transmitters, one for use on each of the three widely separated communication frequencies assigned to "mobile stations" (ships): viz., high-frequency, low-frequency, and intermediate-frequency. There are three separate receivers aboard the ship for each of these frequencies. Now, on all vessels except perhaps a half-dozen super-liners of the *Europa* and *Rex* type, there is rarely more than one operator on duty at a time, and one operator can work only on one frequency at a time. Moreover, he can be doing only one of two things at one time: either sending, or receiving.

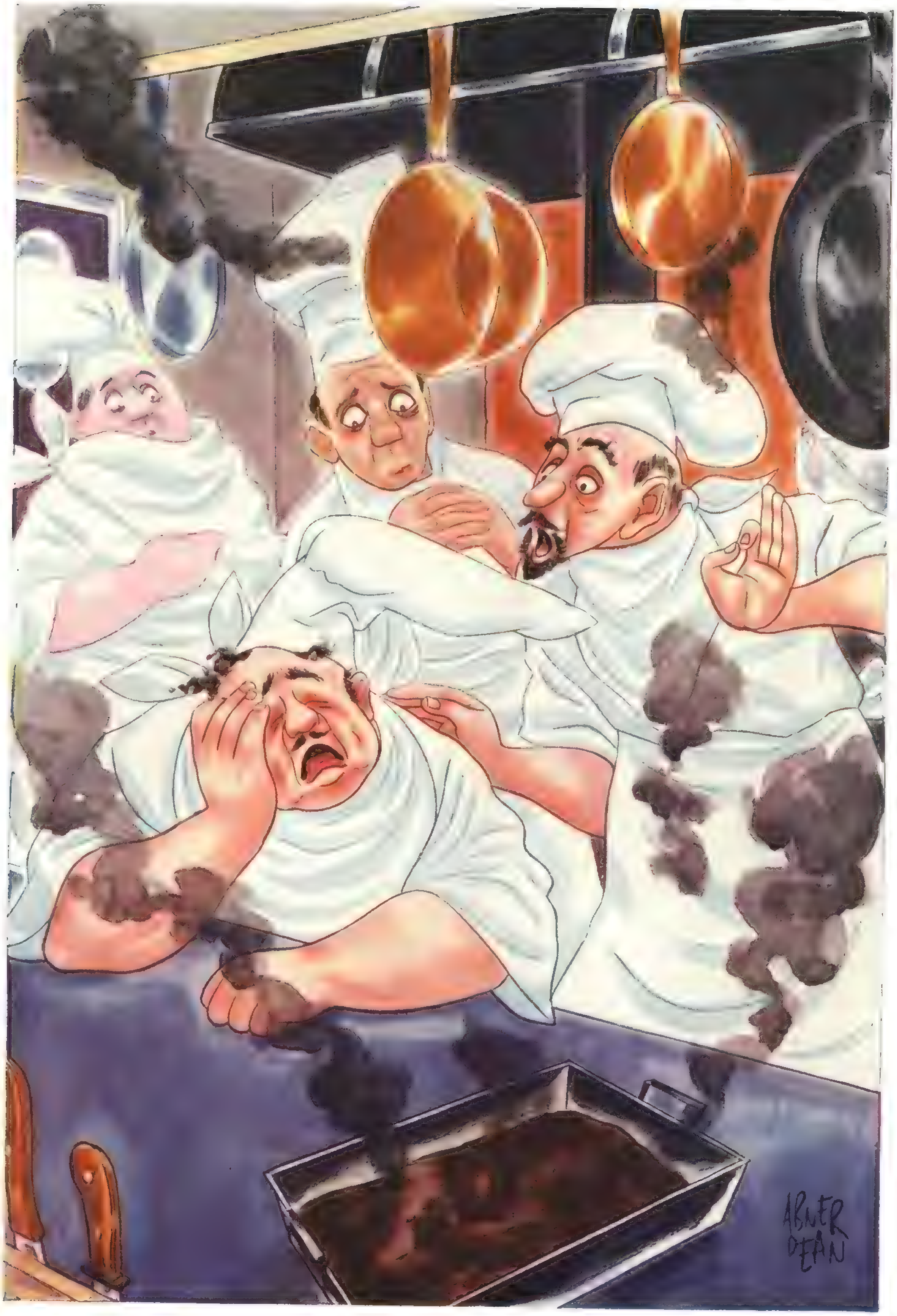
So what? Well, let's say you stepped into the Western-Postal office at Times Square, New York, and filed a message for your friend John Doe, who is aboard the S. S. *Berengaria*. It is 2 p.m. The *Berengaria* is four days east of New York (about 2,000 miles) and bound for England. The telegraph office clerk takes your message, charges you twenty-one cents per word, cable count, which seems higher than the devil to you, and the office's telegraph or Simplex operator shoots it into the company's main office. From there it zooms through a tube to a radio-routing room. In a moment it is landlined out to the company's coastal radio station on either Cape Cod or Long Island, where the competing companies' main stations are located. In order to keep peace in the family we can call our station Cape Island.

Now what happens to your message? Well, as it comes into the radio station, the supervisor of the watch, a tall, gangling fellow with sparse hair, stooped shoulders, rheumy eyes and very likely a bad digestive tract due to mixing a sedentary occupation with much cigarette smoke, takes the blank containing the words you originally wrote out and, holding a heavy blue pencil in his lean fingers, jots GBZW on the margin. These are the *Berengaria's* call letters. The message is then stuck into a traffic-rack with several dozen other groups of blanks containing other alphabetical combinations on their margins. If you were there you might ask what some of the other combinations meant, such as DOAH, SPEA and GFWV, and you'd be told these were the call letters for the German liner *Bremen*, the Polish ship *Kosciuszko*, and the British liner *Majestic*. You might also ask why the messages were left sticking in the rack instead of instantly being poured into the air in the radioman's ditty-dashy code. And the tall fellow would tell you that "as soon as the muggs come in and call us, we'll send this stuff off."

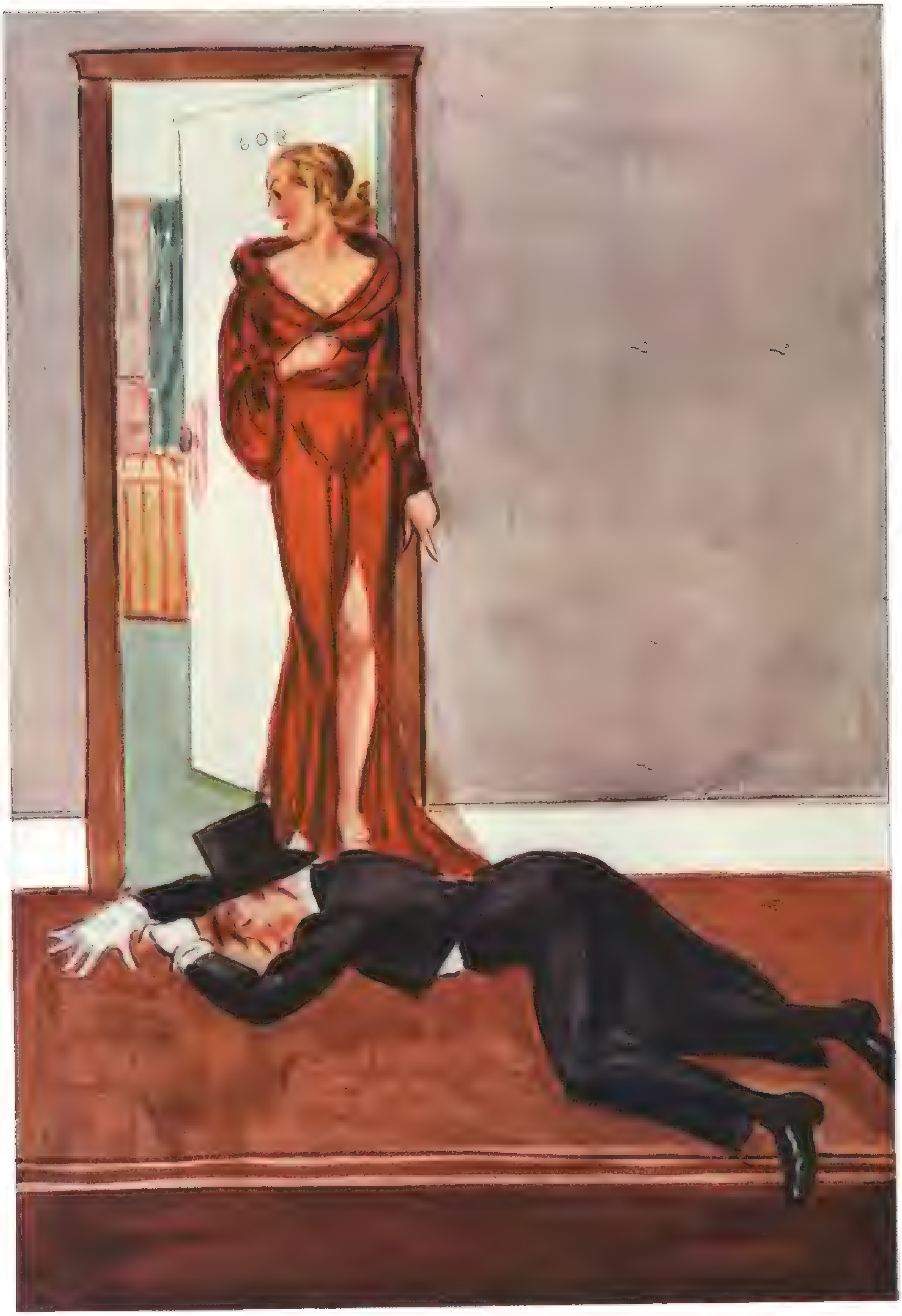
Why don't you call *them?* you ask. And then the supervisor would have a hell of a time explaining to you about "calling frequencies" and how, due to regulations attempting to clean up interference as much as possible between competing stations, the only calling frequency American stations now use en masse is the 500 kilocycle distress frequency and this frequency is today confined almost entirely to very short-range work. So the coastal station, tied to its "working" or "answering" wave, can only wait for the ships to come in and request their traffic, if any, or request their own traffic be taken by the coastal station. Even when a ship is close to shore and within easy range of the coastal station on any frequency it is at times difficult to get traffic off due to the ship being tied up with distant stations of its home country, especially if it be a big liner with much business to handle.

In the majority of instances the delays

Continued on page 179



"But chef, it's ridiculous to cry over a little burnt fudge!"



"Come here, Marie, isn't this cute? Mr. Feemster is so devoted"

Before It's Too Late

Continued from page 72

ging his own book on the program which is supposed to sell a breakfast food.)

It may be all right to weave the plug into comedy as Benny and Durante and Baker do; but you can't expect an advertiser saddled with a symphony orchestra to be behind the times; or those who use dramatic pieces; or commentators. The last are easy enough, although the effect is sometimes surprising, as when the latest news from Geneva suddenly turns into an ad for silver-tipped shoelaces. But I am waiting for a plug to be worked into the second act of *A Doll's House* and for the musical equivalent of an advertisement to run through the funeral march from the *Eroica*—say the theme, *Where Did You Get That Hat*, as an arabesque on the piccolo. The wise ones will use cantatas, and rewrite the words.

Snap. For two years I have been protruding my face into the cameras of those young men who snap you on the street and hand you a card full of promises. The humiliation has been acute; they wouldn't snap me in spite of their orders to take anyone who looks as if he might send in a quarter of a dollar. I have never been actually seedy (and the Democratic Party can take that as my endorsement if they want it) and I thought I looked respectable. Then, last week, I was taken on two successive days, by two separate operators.

I promptly went to an exhibition of Leica pictures and, promptly losing the catalogue, can recall the name of only one photographer, my friend Carl Van Vechten, another Iowa boy with talent.

Van Vechten has snapped along the streets (not for pay) and from aeroplanes, and everywhere else; but he showed here a group of photographs of the first order, including Emma Goldman, Gertrude Stein, and Alfred Lunt. From his photographs you would imagine that human beings always express the essentials of their character the moment they sit before a camera; as all human experience is to the contrary, you have to give Van Vechten a high mark.

The best single photograph was that of a baby intently chewing its foot. To be sure, any instantaneous camera could have caught this; the advantage of these little machines is that you can take some fifty pictures in succession, virtually giving yourself a movie, and then your best single shot can be enlarged without the deadness of the usual movie "still." Thousands of people seem to be going around snapping at you all the time, and there isn't an embarrassing moment they haven't caught. They've even photographed a sea-lion looking remarkably silly.

The camera killed the art of portrait painting, you remember, and the movie killed the still camera and something else is soon going to kill the movie—and in twenty years I'll be looking for a good second-hand daguerreotype machine.

There wasn't, by the way, an ounce of symbolism in some five hundred photographs, and if I weren't so pressed and hurried, I should go into some detail about meaningful photographs, which are only a shade less offensive than symbolic dancing. Maybe it will keep; maybe the editor will relent. #

A Candle for St. Christopher

Continued from page 61

the narrow moonlighted street. The high walls of gardens and houses rose on either side of him, as in a canyon, and his shadow walked black ahead of him, a mocking spectre. He was aware of his surroundings, but only vaguely; for his heart was set on a purpose that brooked no denying.

He loved his little boy, with an unreasoning love like that of an instinct-driven animal. His boy was saved. St. Christopher had saved him. Tremendous waves of gratitude surged up in his heart. He felt as if his heart would burst. The good St. Christopher, the kind St. Christopher! Pedro could almost see the great Saint's face looking down at him out of the clear moonlit sky.

The Señora was so good, too. But the mystery of St. Christopher was a thing unknown even to her.

Half-way to town, he stopped at a shop from which a dim lamplight still glimmered. He entered.

"Good evening, Pedro," the shopkeeper said.

"Good evening, Porfirio."

"And is all well?"

"Yes, thanks be to God and St. Christopher. My boy will live."

"That is happy news!"

"Yes. Show me, please, your largest candle."

Porfirio stared at him for a moment. "Don't you know that the church was closed yesterday by the soldiers? You don't dare go there. They would shoot you! They love to shoot people!"

"Show me your largest candle," Pedro said, his face expressionless. "I have vowed a candle."

Porfirio looked at Pedro keenly—then shrugged his shoulders, and taking up the kerosene lamp from the bare counter, went into the back room. In a moment he returned, carrying a gilded and decorated candle two feet long and two inches thick.

"How is this?"

Pedro inspected it. It was quite as wonderful as he had hoped for. It was a beautiful candle, very heavy, and with many marvelous holy designs applied to it in relief.

"How much?"

"To you, one peso."

Pedro hesitated. The price was high, the equivalent of three days wages. But no, he could not bargain about this matter.

"I will take it. Do not tell anyone that I bought it: keep silent."

Porfirio stared at him shrewdly. "Certainly, my friend. I understand you. I too hate the new government and its wicked ways. I commend you to God!"

Pedro put the candle under his serape, paid the silver peso, and said a courteous good-night.

As he emerged into the white moonlit street, between the high walls of the gardens and houses, his heart leaped. Praise be to God and St. Christopher!

He walked onward through narrow streets toward the center of the little town.

He emerged onto the plaza. Though it was late, a dozen wizened old vendors of fruit, vegetables and peanuts were still squatting in the flickering light of kerosene torches beside their wares. Several soldiers were loafing on the park-benches. Three drunken men were innocuously entertaining one another with stories and bursts of silly laughter. A small girl hurried by, balancing a tall stack of tortillas on her hand. The town doctor, with frowning brows and his habitual preoccupied stagger, passed. Pedro saw them all as in a dream. He was intent upon another dream. He put his hand under his serape to assure himself that he still had the hammer and the candle. Yes, they were there.

He crossed the plaza, and through the bare branches of the jacoranda trees saw the church looming before him. Its two tall filigreed bell-towers and wide front gleamed white in the moonlight. At first he thought that the space before it was deserted; but as he crossed the space, he saw that two soldiers, with rifles and fixed bayonets, were standing in the shadow of the portal.

That sight caused him to go quietly down a side-street and reflect for a moment. He said to himself: the moonlight is shining full on the front of the church; behind the church, it will be dark; and perhaps there will be no soldiers there. Perhaps these horrible soldiers do not even know that there is a small back-entrance to the church.

Yet he was perplexed; and he wandered for half an hour in the dark or moonlighted streets before he could summon up the resolution with which he had started out. He had moments of weakness, when he wondered whether Mrs. Morton had been right, and whether St. Christopher would not perhaps take the will for the deed. Then at last, at the dark corner of an alley, his innate integrity spoke clearly to him. "You have promised a candle to St. Christopher!" He recognized it as the voice of his destiny, and obeyed it.

Stealing along the dark side of the street, he approached the back of the church. No, there were no soldiers there.

He knew where the small door was. He approached it. With one lucky blow of his hammer, he destroyed the old rusted lock.

He entered to the vast and gloomy edifice.

He had been in this church hundreds of times before, but never alone and in silence. A little moonlight streamed down from the windows, but the high stone arches were the home of shadows. Never had he been more clearly conscious of the presence of God. He was not afraid, but he was overwhelmed by his sense of this mysterious darkness. Silence and space and the Great Power enveloped him. He knelt for a moment before proceeding on his errand. God was too tremendous; he was glad that his own dealings were with St. Christopher, who loved little children.

He knew precisely where to go. The shrine of St. Christopher was on the right, half-way down the aisle. He approached the shrine.

He knelt before it, and said a prayer.

Then he took out his great candle, placed it on the flagstones before the shrine, and lighted it. A gleam touched the high arches, and made the darkness even more mysterious. He saw the image of St. Christopher's gentle wooden face emerge from the gloom above the altar; he saw St. Christopher's familiar blue satin robe. He knew that his boy would live. He wept.

He crossed himself, rose, and went quietly down the aisle toward the little door.

His shadow, cast by the light of the great candle, walked before him on the flagstones of the church.

He emerged from the church. He did not care what happened now for he felt almost secure; his vow was fulfilled. Let the soldiers shoot him if they liked.

The two soldiers at their station before the church had seen the flickering candle-light that glowed vaguely through the windows. They now stood in the street behind the church, waiting. The corporal muttered: "So this is the way the bastards are going to begin it, is it!" As Pedro took his third step away from the door two shots rang out. Thereafter two stumbling figures with rifles came down the moonlit street toward the body on the cobblestones. #

Wings on My Feet

Short biography of a dime a dance girl, telling a few things the newspapers forgot

by EDWARD L. McKENNA

FICTION

This is about a girl who came from Yorkville, over on the west side of the town, and who went places, in her time. Most of the places weren't important. Neither was she. Tessie Brenner, her name was; she was a big blonde, pretty enough, and yet no beauty, stupid enough, and still not dumb. About all she could do was dance, and in her good days that was all she ever wanted to do.

In 1917, Tessie was fifteen years old. That may seem pretty young to go dancing. Still, she was five feet seven, and she weighed a hundred and thirty, and it appears that there was a war on then, and the Brenners had a lot of things on their minds. They were Germans, and they were puzzled and upset about this war, and what it seemed to imply. Tessie wasn't worrying so much. She'd put her slippers in a brocaded bag and go stoutly to Yaphank, to Pelham Bay, to Bensonhurst, or to Fort Totten, so that the young soldiers and sailors might be made to forget the horrors of the training-camps.

Sometimes in sentimental moments afterwards, Tessie would confide that her best beau, her really-and-truly sweetheart was killed at Belleau Wood. Perhaps he was, or maybe it gave her some vague solace to imagine it. Men really were killed at Belleau Wood, at Soissons, at Cantigny, and upon the Chemin des Dames, gay, laughing men with scarlet flowers in their steel helmets who ran shouting to their deaths, dour, somber men who laid down their lives with a grunt or a curse. Well, they are dead, dead in their prime, and they carried the love and prayers of many a maiden with them, as brave men should.

Tessie's father was a war-casualty, in a way; he died in 1918 of the flu, and perhaps of other bitter ailments. Tessie herself caught the flu, trying to nurse him, and she was a long time recovering. Perhaps she loved her father as well as she ever loved any man in the world. Meanwhile, the boys came marching home, and they weren't quite as they had been. Some few of them had looked upon the bright face of danger, and had learned to greet it with a jibe and a sneer; every one of them had encountered privation, hardship, or at least discomfort, cold, fatigue, the brittleness arising from taut nerves or lack of sleep, the nausea that's caused by greasy food or tumbling seas, or by stupidity, or cheapness, or the monotony of senseless tasks.

"When you come back and you will come back, there's a whole world waiting for you." That's a song they used to sing before the war was over. The sturdy champions returned and looked around for jobs. Finding them, some of them married and settled down; some married, and didn't settle down; a few of them, and these perhaps not the best, said to themselves "Aw, wait a while. See what breaks." More than one was sneering, from old habit, or to hide his youthful disappointment, and his worry, and his confusion about everything.

And there were girls like Tessie to keep them company, girls who were as puzzled, as perplexed as anyone could be, girls who didn't know when to follow the old, safe rules, when to demur, when to seem offended. It was a difficult time for all of them, a time perhaps as hard as this.

Every fair Saturday and Sunday in summer, Tessie would go swimming. Brighton, Manhattan, Rockaway Beach, City Island—it didn't make much difference to her where she went; she loved the water. Naturally, she'd rather go with a man, in which case she'd put up a much more elaborate lunch; German girls have good ideas along that line. She swam well enough, and she could throw a ball like a boy. A laughing, slim, honey-colored Diana, the beach was her paradise.

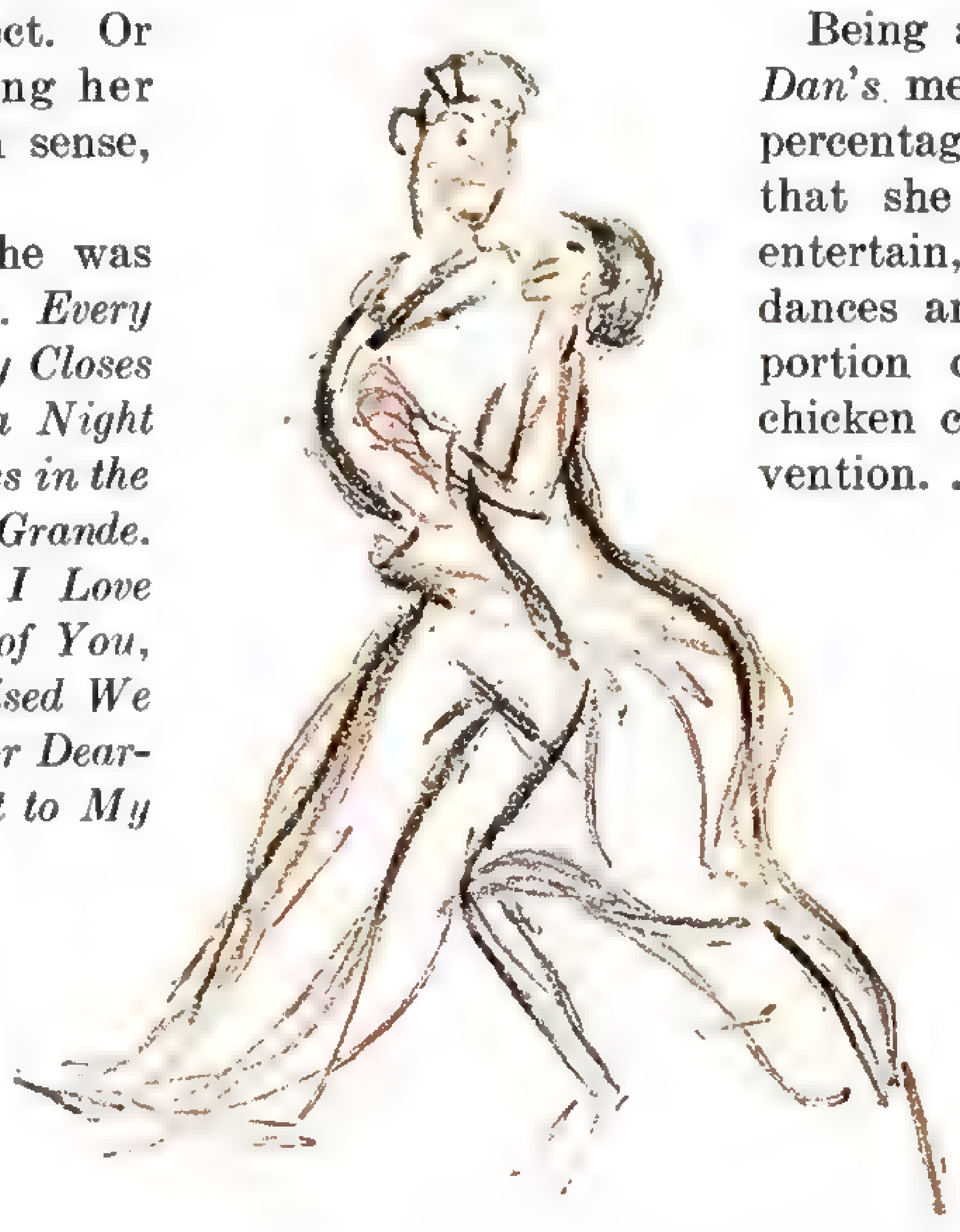
As time went on, she became acquainted in the bungalow-colonies that dot the shore. These bungalows are little clapboard shacks at the edge of the sea; they bear facetious names; "The Social Idols," "Dad's Rest," "Wadja Bring," "Rain Drops Inn." Sometimes they're rented for the season by a group of girls, or by a few young men, or sometimes by unfortunate families who are harassed every week-end by the visits of their friends. Well, suppose it were a young men's club. Seven or eight girls or more would come trooping down on a Sunday bringing cakes, bringing pies, bringing a baked ham, a boiled tongue, or merely their lovely selves to gladden the hearts of their cavaliers. They'd get into bathing-suits, over which they might draw a demure pair of white sailor-trousers; they'd wear little white hats, and flannel sweat-shirts adorned with wise saws, pencil drawings, and the first names of their friends. Thus attired, they'd romp on the beach all day till night was near. A couple of the girls would prepare dinner and the rest would wash the dishes. Maybe there'd be a little gin, and maybe not; maybe there'd be an exchange of kisses, of vows, of playful blows. The parties were boisterous and rowdy, rather than wicked, yet the most innocent of them would have caused acute distress to the directress of a finishing-school.

Probably it wasn't altogether a good thing for Tessie that she ever saw these bungalows, although no harm, as the phrase is, ever came to her there. Doubtless she'd have been better off if from the start she had regarded men as possible husbands rather than as good companions. She was quick to look for a man's comfort, always subordinating her own, and she'd have made a good wife enough for somebody, with her quick and easy laugh, and her good-nature, and her pretty body, and her German competence for cooking.

Still, she had dancing feet, quick eager feet, a head that wasn't too strong, a heart that wasn't self-seeking enough for her own good. She wanted nothing better than to go dancing night after night, and she didn't care such a lot where she went, nor who her partner was, so long as his feet were nimble. Stauch's, Arion Hall, Webster Hall, the Harlem Casino, the Palm Garden, affairs given by Lulu Temple, by the Knights of Columbus, by the B'Nai Brith, they were all the same to Tessie, except that she preferred dances where two bands were taking turns.

All through this time, she was working; she had to. She'd get jobs though she wouldn't keep them long—file-clerk, office-girl, typist, sixteen a week, eighteen, twenty, twenty-two, back to eighteen again. Her dancing and her eager youth kept her slim, and there was no suggestion of flamboyancy or brazenness about her or her bearing. There wasn't an awful lot of harm in Tessie and that's a fact. She wasn't too quick, except on her feet, but she did her work well enough, though probably her heart wasn't in it, as no doubt it should have been.

In 1924, Tessie made her professional début as a hostess, a paid dancing partner, at *The Rosebud*, on Broadway, up in the Fifties. Probably she just drifted into it, as she drifted into most things. Acceptance was a great part of her life, not resignation exactly, but acceptance. A boy-friend would slip away, or she'd lose another job; well, she wouldn't shrug her shoulders, in either case; she might be grieving sorely. Perhaps even at twenty-two she had begun to agree with others that she wasn't really important or significant and that all things considered she didn't have much to expect. Or maybe that's giving her credit for too much sense, at her age.



Let's see what she was dancing to, in 1924. *Every Little Star in the Sky Closes One Eye Dear, on a Night Like This. Just a Kiss in the Dark. Down by the Rio Grande. Oh Dearest Dearest I Love You, I'm Dreaming of You, Remember you promised We Never should part, For Dearest you're the Nearest to My Heart*—Who'd claim that any of these songs is deathless, that any of them matters much, or at all? Yet each of them had its small individuality, its tinkling prettiness. The dancers at *The Rosebud* would pass and repass, a placid girl and a young man who was purposeful and perspiring, two girls together. The girls were grave, or half-smiling; they'd move with the precision of people in a dream. It wasn't the Junior Prom; this was *The Rosebud*, where admission was fifty cents, and tickets extra, and where the dancing was formal indeed. There wasn't room for tricky steps, and innovations were discouraged as bad for business and for decorum. Here were girls whose feet were lighter than an angel's whisper, whose revolutions were as fluid as their whims. This was their trade and their delight, this following and turning, this measured cadence of slim and agile feet. Two hot numbers and a sweet one, that was the order in *The Rosebud*. Blomping saxophones, and rattling traps, and slithering, shuffling feet, and this: *I'll Tell the world I'm in Heaven*, which was the wow, the break, the big finish for a song called *Sundown*. Well, in 1924, lots of people were in heaven, too.

Tessie wasn't doing so badly, that year. She'd sleep all day, and breakfast at four; she had five evening dresses, and could get a facial every week. She wasn't saving a cent, of course, but she had plenty, or almost plenty, to spend. On the whole, she approved of herself, of her new henna rinse, of her girdle, of the floor and the music at *The Rosebud* and of her current heart's delight, though she did wish he weren't a high-jacker. High-jacker or no, he passed out of the picture in 1925, and that season she got a new job, and a better one, with Laurence Hewett, who advertises that in six weeks he will make a Salome out of a wall-flower.

Tessie liked that job. Lots of times she'd think about it afterward with a sigh. Mr. Hewett paid her a dollar an hour, and she got lots of tips besides, and the patrons, so Tessie thought and said, were more classy than those at *The Rosebud*. However, Hewett's policy was to rotate his help, and to keep bright, fresh young hostesses before his clients always, and in 1926, Tessie was back at *The Rosebud* again.

Everything gets old, in time, and dance-hall girls age as quickly as drawing-room plays. In 1927, twenty-five year old Tessie was dancing in *Foo Young Dan's*, in the Forties, but still on the main stem.

Being a hostess at *Foo Young Dan's* meant that she still got a percentage on dance-tickets, but that she was also supposed to entertain, which meant sitting out dances and taking a drink, or a portion of birds' nest soup or chicken chow mein or similar invention. . . . In 1928 she was still further down-town.

And in 1930, she was working in the *Ideal Pavilion*, on Fourteenth Street. She was twenty-eight. She was old.

Old, yes, good and old. Hair too red-and-gold, cheeks raddled with rouge, lips a carmine smear. Finger-nails with a high and disturbing polish, and jewelry as incredible as that of a gypsy violinist. Silk dresses dry-cleaned so often that the seams were giving.

And feet that were costing her plenty of money at the chiropodists, feet that needed arch-supports, feet that were always aching and ailing, and she'd spend hours bathing them, while she'd read a picture-paper or a love-story.

Her eyes were hard—hard and dull. Her mouth was hard. Her heart was hard, or so she hoped. It should have been. It was brittle enough, in her time.

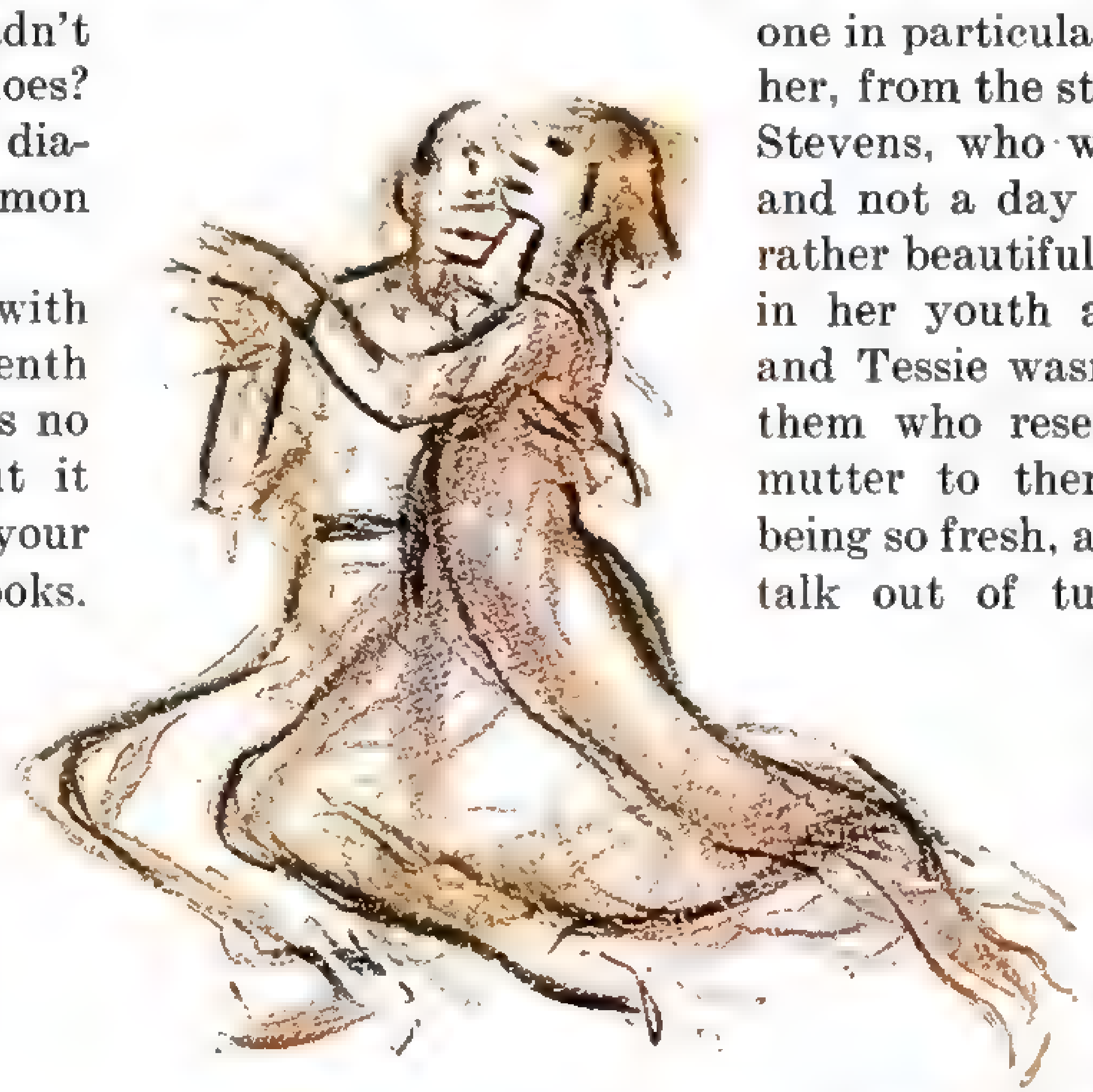
She'd come down-town, and that's not progress, in any branch of the entertainment business. No, she hadn't fought every step of the way; she'd done plenty of foolish things. No, she hadn't done her best. Who does? Where's your own diamond medal for common sense?

She was dancing with sailors over on Fourteenth Street. Surely there's no disgrace in that, but it won't help to get your name in any Blue Books. She was dancing with our little brown brothers, the goo-goos, the Kanakas. That might be all very well, too, but who'd pick it out for pastime? She was dancing with honest sons of toil, who might one day be graduated from packing-boxes and hall-fighting to the third preliminary at the Pioneer, or even farther.

And she was dancing with racketeers, gangsters, yeggs, thugs, torpedoes and muscle-men, who dance well, as a rule, and who are fond of dancing and light and heavy wines, and who are to be found in half the public dance-halls in the cities when they're not shooting pool or engaged in their employment.

The gangsters who frequented the *Ideal Pavilion* weren't by any means at the top of the profession. Most of them were loft-thieves. Still, there were ambitious young men among them, willing to imitate and to learn. Tessie wasn't over-impressed by them, but she didn't discount them either, and she was glad enough that they weren't especially interested in her. She'd known racketeers, as she'd known bond salesmen and automobile salesmen, and big business men from the provinces who, having checked their brief-cases, were out for a good time and a head-ache. Whatever glamour there may have been in her life, little of it remained. She did have a friend, a boat-swain's mate, off the *U.S.S. DeMave*, but the *DeMave* was at Guantánamo. She didn't doubt that he had sweethearts wherever he went, but he had been decent enough to her, and she was fond of him just the same. For the rest, she was trying to earn her living as easily as she might, without trouble, without fuss.

She had few warm friendships with the other girls who worked at the *Ideal*, and one in particular seemed to irritate her, from the start. This was Anna Stevens, who was blonde and tall and not a day over eighteen, and rather beautiful. She was arrogant in her youth and her loveliness, and Tessie wasn't the only one of them who resented that. They'd mutter to themselves about her being so fresh, about the way she'd talk out of turn. Probably the greatest grievance was the way the men's eyes would follow her, the competition there was for her dances and for her time. Some of it was

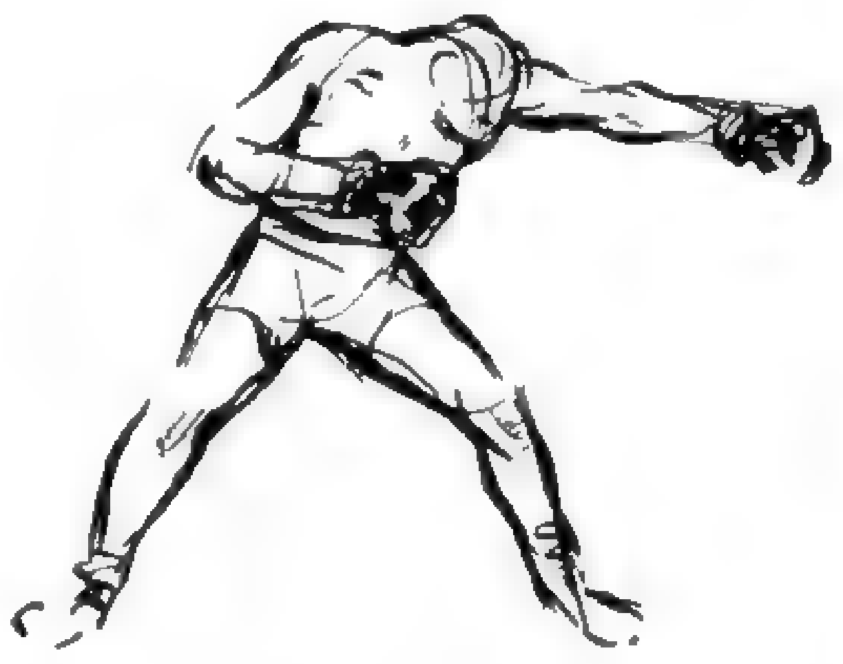


Continued in center of page 122

Apprentice of Manly Art

Continued from page 89

He put both hands in front of his face and crouched over. He would not fight. The crowd began to boo. The blonde woman was screaming and screaming and screaming. The referee started towards them. He said to the green boy in a low voice, c'mon and fight. The ref's coming over and the crowd's getting mad. He acted the same way when he was green. A wiser boy had whispered to him just like that too. Then as soon as he put his hands down to obey, the other boy had knocked him smash in the stomach. He waited to see if the green boy would drop his hands. He had his left ready for a hook. The hook should land right over the liver. But the green boy came out flailing all of a sudden and the ref went back and leaned on the ropes again and the crowd stopped booing like magic. Blood was running out of his nose. The green boy had found him with one. He'd better play cautious. He started to feint. The bell rang.

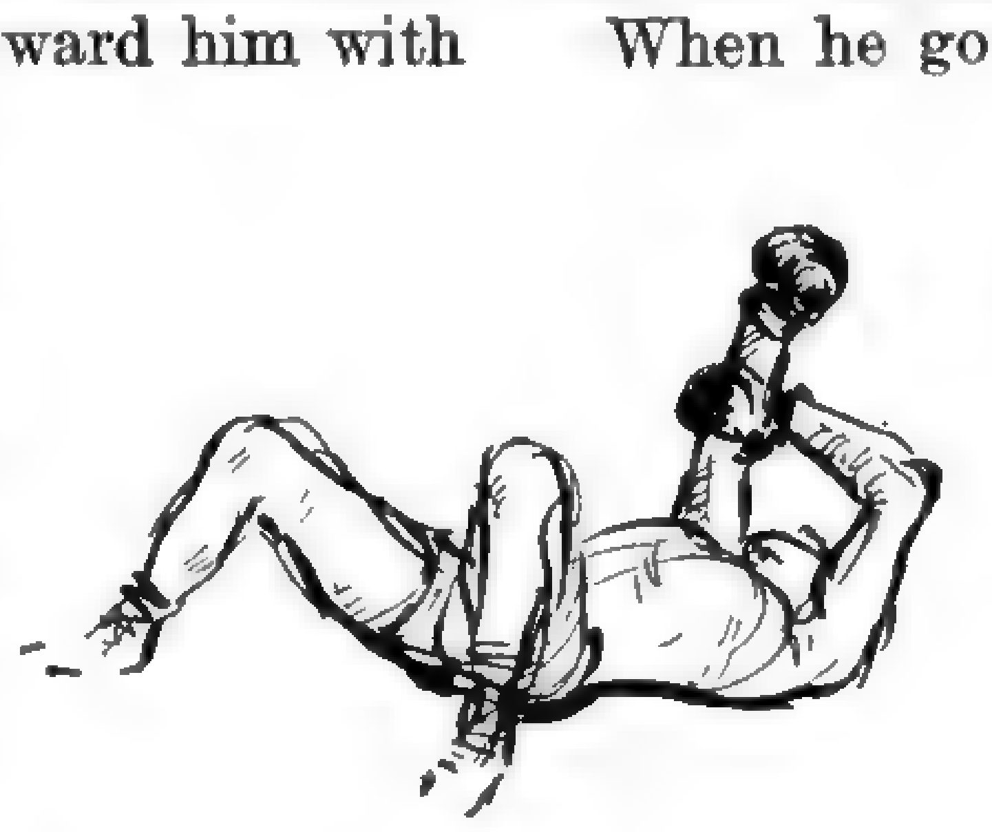


The second was in the ring like a weasel. The manager climbed ponderously. The second sat him down on the little stool. The manager began to rub the back of his neck and his chest again. The second was rolling the muscles of his outflung legs like his life depended on it. When he acted somebody else's second he did the same thing. Then the manager was tilting a mouthful of water into him. While he was rolling it around the blood kept dribbling from his nose over his lips. The manager was dousing his chest with water. The manager put his hand under his trunks between his jock strap and his belly. He pulled the constricting elastic away. He pushed hard with his palm. The second was holding the funnel at his mouth. He turned his head and spit. He saw the blonde woman. She was still screaming. Then the manager pushed against his belly again and he took a deep rhythmic breath. Push and breathe, push and breathe. The elastic snapped back against his belly. The manager was sponging his nose. He put some adrenalin on a swab and pushed it up. The bleeding stopped His nose felt funny. If it was broken it would take ten fights to get it fixed and he couldn't fight when it was broken. He hadn't had a job in months. Last time it was in a feed store. The feed store man came to the fights and he liked to tell him what to do and have the kid wave at him from the ring. He never listened to him. The guy was awful dumb about fighting. After awhile the guy got tired of fights and then the job was over. His manager was wiping him off. The bell rang.

The referee clapped his hands. His manager was hollering at him from below the ring: do what I tole ya. Gw'an! Gw'an! He tried to remember what he knew he hadn't heard. Automatically he remembered from the last round he was supposed to be careful. The kid was green but he had an awful wallop. He might do anything with a wild swing. The thing to do was chop him down slowly. Not take any chances. He led with a left jab. It landed. He led with another. The green kid's head snapped back. He led with another and another and another and another. Fast. The green kid covered up his head and rushed into him. He waited. Finally the ref came over and peeled them apart. The green kid let loose a tremendous swing. It whistled harmlessly. They were in another clinch. The ref broke them apart again. Then it happened. The green kid let loose another flurry. One of them landed. It hit him right over the cup. The crowd was on its feet yelling and booing. The ref was looking disgusted as if he had taken a dive. He tried to get up but the pain in his groins crippled him. The ring would go black, and sulphur smelled and his loins were a sickening ache. The cup felt like a brick pressing in on him there. He put both gloved hands over the cup and doubled up on the canvas his elbows sticking out straight. The ref was shouting in his ear, get up you yellow rat there's nothing the matter with you. The crowd was yelling and booing. The ref was counting. When he reached five he tried to get up. He fell back again. It didn't hurt so much any more. He just couldn't get up that was all. The ref was saying, quit your stalling you lousy punk if you expect to get any more fights around here. When the ref counted nine he tried to get up again. He made it. He kept his hands over the cup. He just kept them there automatically. The green kid hit him in the face. He smashed him again and again in the face. He could taste blood all through his mouth. His ear stung and the nose was bleeding again. He was wobbling from side to side. The crowd was hollering stop the fight, stop the fight, stop the fight, and the blonde woman was screaming and screaming and her hair was coming all down. Her lips were bared back from her teeth and her eyes were wide and she was screaming without any stop. He was about to go down again. The bell rang.

His manager met him in the middle of the ring and his second too and they helped him to his corner. The boy who was acting as his second was on him like a flash. He pulled his legs down straight. Then he pulled his pants away from his stomach and reached down into his jock strap and pulled the cup out. The curved piece of padded aluminum was dented right in the middle. The ref was standing there and the second handed it to him to look at. He said you can't say this isn't a foul. He said how about giving us the fight on a foul. The ref looked him right in the eye. He said to the second, you can't hurt a man with one of those cups on. He ain't hurt anyhow. Put that cup back and get him together. The ref stalked off. He liked to give the crowd their money's worth. He was so big himself he couldn't imagine anyone else ever being hurt. The second looked at him mad as hell. He said you dirty sonofabitchbastard under his breath at the ref. Then he put the cup back. It was cold against his flesh. They didn't waste any time rubbing his belly this time. They slapped him a little and the manager kept holding the smelling salts under his nose and he sniffed and sniffed and he couldn't smell anything until all of a sudden he got a tremendous whiff and his head cleared and the bell rang again.

He thought as he got up, it's the last round, if I can only last out the last round I'll be all right. They were in the center of the ring and the ref was telling them to shake hands and they shook hands and then he stepped back and hit the green kid with a terrific right hand before the kid had a chance to get his hands up from shaking hands. The kid went down like a log. He walked to a neutral corner. The crowd was screaming all over again. Some of them were booing but not many. His groin felt like a tight rubber band from the force of the punch. The kid on the floor was getting up groggily. He swayed around looking for a clinch. As the green kid came toward him with head down and hands in front of his face he stepped back coolly and sank a jagging left into his stomach. The green kid doubled over in agony. He was about to drop, only as he staggered he caught him with another whistler right over his ear and that drove them both into a clinch and the green kid held on like death and the ref couldn't part them and all of a sudden he did part them and they flew apart like sacks. Then the green kid's arm swung feebly out and he drew back. He was cold as ice now. The crowd was hollering for the kill. He smashed a right to the jaw. He smashed two rights to the body. The green kid sagged. He smashed a right to the jaw and a left to the body. As the green kid fell floorwards he let loose one more terrific finisher that landed on the left kidney. Then he walked back to his corner. The din was like the noise a seashell made when you held it against your ear. His manager was hollering down to some ringside people what dya think of *that* for a seventeen year old kid and the second was grinning. The manager was happy. He remembered and went back and offered to help lug the green kid to his corner but the green kid's CCC camp buddies were there already and they looked at him sourly and told him to gwan home so he went back and they draped his bathrobe over him and he was all hot and sweaty and bloody and the blonde woman was still screaming and leaning over to touch him and she scratched him all down his right thigh and the man with her pulled her back and he was through the ropes and up the aisle and guys pulling at him and patting his back and he was grinning.

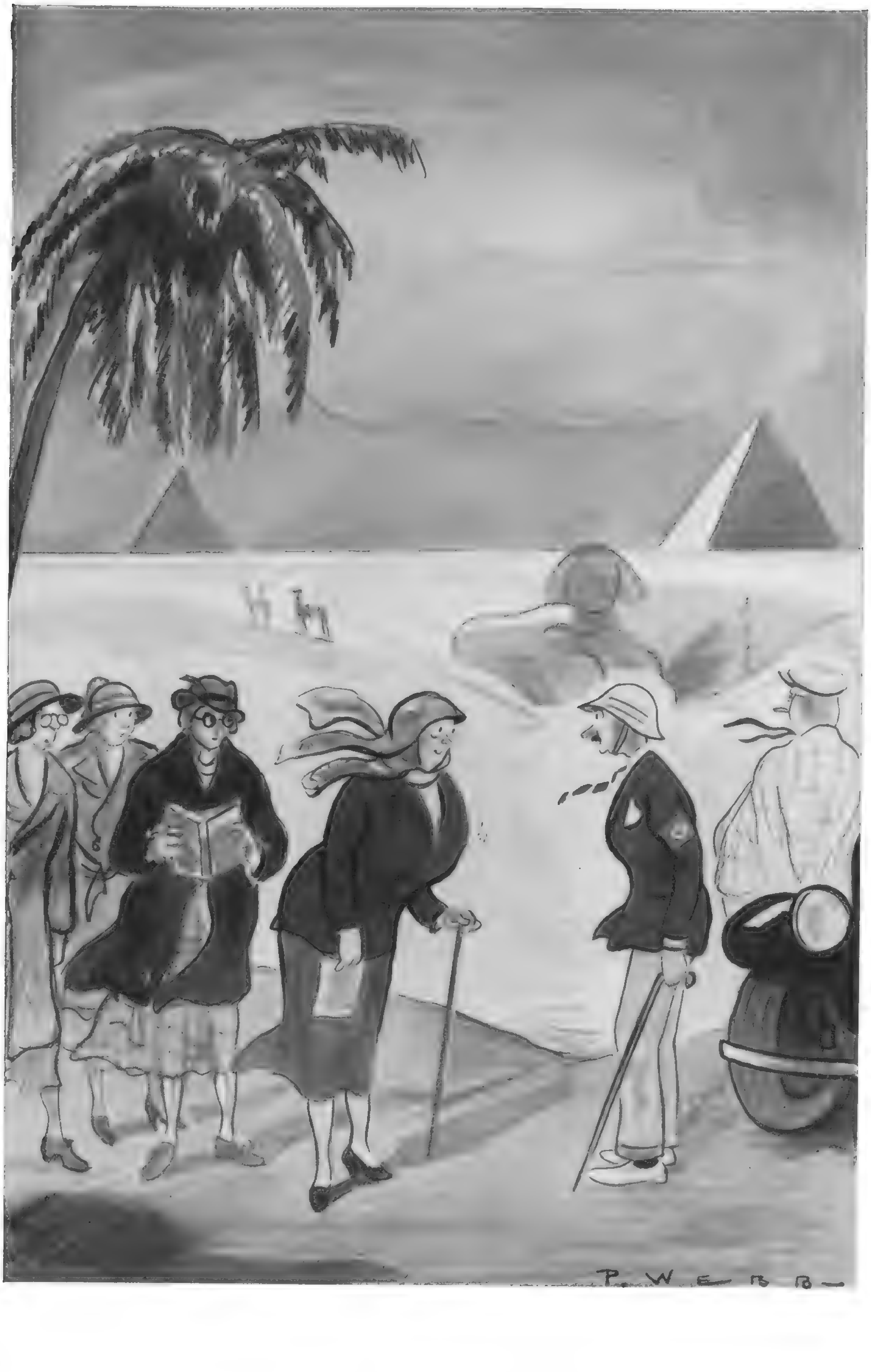


When he finished his shower the crowd was hollering while two other guys were slugging it out. The man at the admission gate window handed him three dollars and the inspector said, nice fight Louie, you put up a very nice little battle there old kid, and some of the other boys said, nice fight, Louie, nice goin old boy, and the match-maker rushed over and said to be sure and be there next week, nice goin, Louie old boy, sweet fight, nice goin.

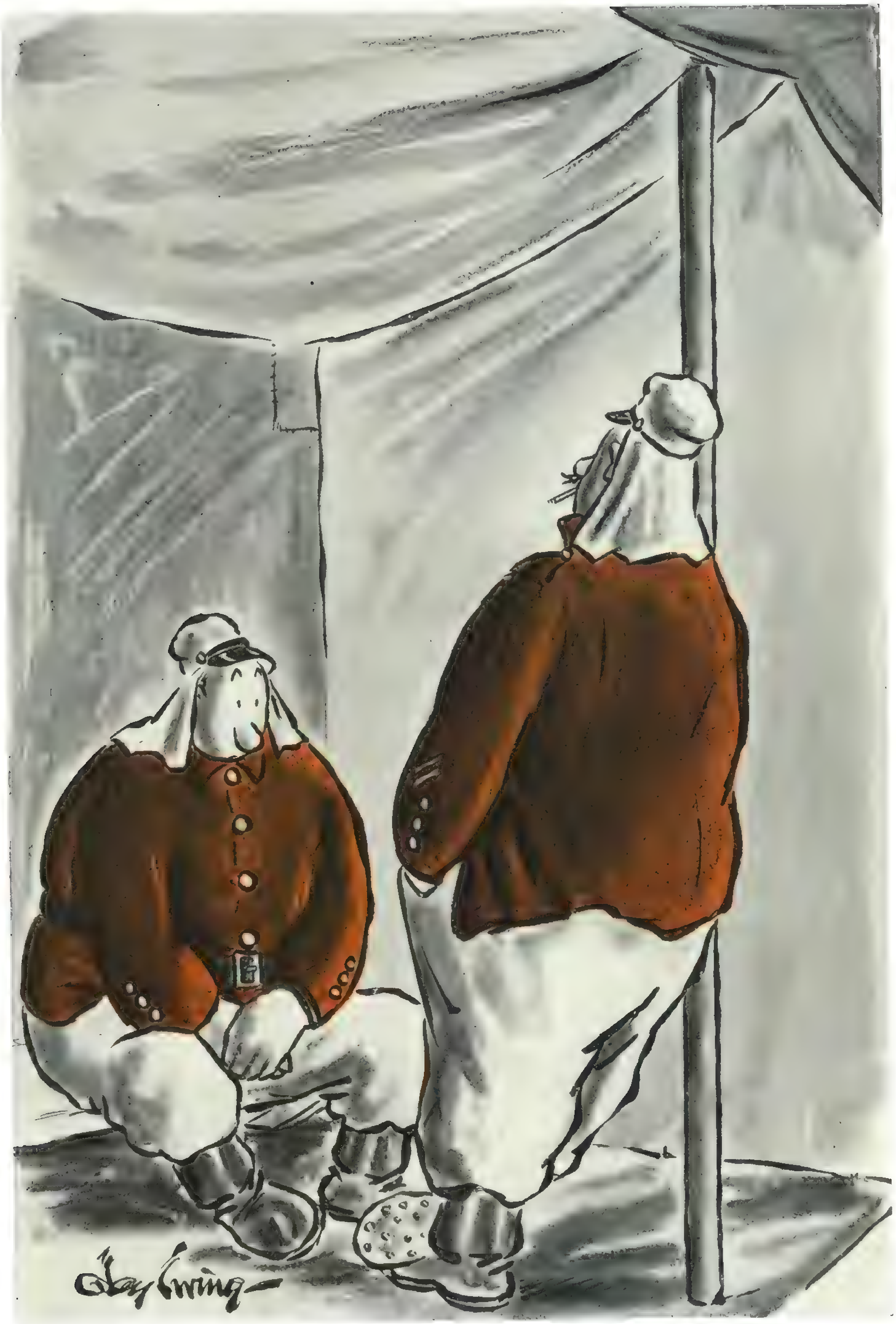
Then he went out into the night air and it felt swell. He went behind the arena and got out his bike. He took out a key and unlocked the lock that fitted between the spokes. Some guy stole a bike off him once after he'd worked for it three years. When he got onto the bike and began pedaling home his crotch hurt a little still but the pain was going away and he had four miles to go and he'd be home.

When he got home Mom said to him, how did you come out Louie, and he answered, ok Mom, I knocked him out third round, he hit me some pretty tough ones, and Mom said, you'll be getting yourself killed some of these days too and then you'll be satisfied and he gave her two dollars and stuck the other dollar back in his pocket and she shook her head.

There's a new man moved down by the Wimble place might be able to use some help sacking onions Mom said and you'd best go down see him tomorrow. Joe Orfin was tellin me today. Sackin onions was swell. Guys got 20-30 cents an hour. He could train at night time. He said boy I sure will. He sat around for a little while reading. Then he went to bed. #



"Now show us a mirage"



". . . And then, one day, she happened to read Walter Winchell's column . . ."

Amateur Gentlemen

Once upon a time the Jock was scandalized at the thought of receiving real money for riding

by HOLMES ALEXANDER

▪ SPORTS ▪

A SMALL world is his, but he sits on the top and he likes it there. The serenest of unconscious philosophers, he peers into no future beyond the nearest tomorrow and into no past beyond yesterday's victory or defeat. He owns a present which is compelling enough to hold him to it, and each working day is a drama wherein Acts One and Two only lead him to the unguessable climax of the Third. For him that climax is told in bright silken colors, and it may mean anything between the extremes of holding a new silver trophy or being carted off as carrion to the nearest morgue.

Yet it is very unlikely that he rationalizes thus with himself. It is vastly improbable that he is intellectually capable or temperamentally prone to analysis. Like most of his fellow mortals he takes for granted both the actual and the abstract of his existence, but nevertheless he admits, knowingly or not, an obedience, a reverence even, to a creed which he has helped to formulate. It is a creed, to be sure, of only fanciful and antique interest to the larger world about him, but to him the sternest reality. For such have become the refinements of living that the elemental matters of physical daring and bodily prowess are relegated to the attic, except for rare and occasional usage. To the average white collared American, courage is a defense mechanism to be employed only in emergencies like burglar or fire alarms, while athletic skill is wholly an extra-curriculum activity, useful mainly to reduce the waist line and lull forgetfulness of the office.

The inevitable exception to all this, though, is the Gentleman Jock. Unlike other itinerant athletes, his trade makes him a peer rather than an interloper among the most exclusive of social circles. And unlike his confreres there, he maintains his position by the application of muscle, not mind, of courage, not cash. He is the Alger hero whose doing-and-daring have come to triumph, and doing-and-daring is the code and the creed he lives by. When he rises for breakfast to begin a business-day, he knows that before bed-time he will have faced perils and undergone ordeals requiring of him a maximum of nerve, cunning and skill. He knows, too, that coupled with the use of intrepidity and sinew, must be a happy leavening of cool judgment and artistic accomplishments. Therefore, this morning, walking the race course over which he will ride this afternoon, the Jock is performing Act One of a gripping drama.

That is to say he is presenting and characterizing the various personalities whose activities will lead him up to the climax. In his hand is a race-program, its entries deleted by the usual number of scratches, and from it he reads as of it he ponders. The several circuits of timber-racing (the Eastern, Ohio Valley, and West Coast) proceed in weekly jumps from one meeting to the next, but the change of scene is no change of actors. Week after week the same horses and the same riders meet and remeet, so that there is rarely a name on his program which the Jock will fail to recognize. Moreover, this situation spanning not only weeks and months but years, the Jock is more than familiar with the performers; he is intimate. Each virtue and foible of racer and rider have long since become a fixation in his memory, and with these facts he attempts to preconstruct the race as he expects it to be run a few hours later. Given a field of ten horses and riders, three to four miles of galloping and upward of twenty stiff timber fences, the possibilities of combination become infinite and any certain prediction impossible. Nevertheless, allowing these various elements to be of known quality, there arises a law of probability.

Let the entries contain such front runners as Hot Spur, Indigo or Fugitive, and the Jock presumes that the pace will be from the start, that his best chance will be a waiting game in hopes that some of the vanguard will run each other into the ground. If, on the other hand, horses like Captain Kettle, Avalon, Chatterplay, are competing, he knows that the rest of the field out of respect to such good stretch-runners, will go moderately, preserving their energies for a duel over the last half-mile.

No matter what names he reads from the programs, the Jock will select among them a horse which he terms "the one to beat." Other things being equal, he knows that if he wins from this horse he will win from the field. He knows that clever jockeyship can often make up what is lacking in the speed and stamina of a mount. There is in every race a moment when the pace is weakest and the ability to strike at this crucial instant is more often than not the difference between victory and defeat. Thus it is that by far the greater majority of timber races are won from behind. Back in the ruck a rider can size up his field and judge of the pace and condition of his rivals, whereas in front with nothing by which to calculate, the task is considerably more difficult. On the other hand a rider who has the ability to judge pace from the front is possibly more of the artist than the disciple of watchful waiting. And the acme of perfection is he who rides front or rear not by dictates of his temperament, but—depending on the horse he is riding. Probably, in this respect at least, the greatest of modern timber riders were Crawford Burton and Downie Bonsal, both now retired with many injuries. It was indeed a sight to behold when they, riding three or four races a day, would gallop off to an unheaded victory in one event, and come out of nowhere to take another with a staggering rush up the last fifty yards.

Judgment of pace is in the opinion of experts the greatest single item of expert jockeyship. It is not the only one, and a rider may have an adequate amount of this factor, yet be known for his supremity in another line. Thus Jack Skinner, a good enough pace-judge, is chiefly famed for his uncanny ability to steer the worst sort of

Continued on page 124

In the Dog House

Continued from page 81

Practically makes love to her. But once, years ago, Oscar said something about the old gal that wasn't quite complimentary. Elephant like, the daughter never forgot—and she never forgave. She believes to this day that Oscar hates his mother-in-law, that he is a hypocrite and a liar when he pretends otherwise. So he goes into the dog house whenever the old lady appears on the scene. It's too bad, too, because Oscar is on the level with his admiration of his mother-in-law. When a man actually likes his mother-in-law he shouldn't get punished for it—like Oscar does, being sent to the dog house.

Of course, men have gone to the dog house for less than this; but just the same it isn't right.

As an old inhabitant of the dog house, I'm willing to admit—even to my wife—that there were occasions when I deserved all I got, in and out of the dog house; but I do claim, and I make no bones about it, that Oscar's wife is unjust. If he wants to show the old lady a good time, why send him to the dog house for it? There's a limit to everything. This comes straight from the dog house—and it ain't a fit place for man nor beast.

CHAPTER II

Was a song,
"I'm bidin' my time,
That's th' kind-a guy I'm."

It is the theme song of the Dog House Brigade. His period of internment is one of watchful waiting. He must watch and wait for an opportunity to get out. This requires diplomacy and tact.

Repeated trips to the dog house bring out the best in a man. Continued sessions there cultivate latent traits. If further pursued some of these native talents would fit a man for the legal profession; if he were not a lawyer. Legal lights have shone in the dog house, too. It took all the brilliancy they possessed to light their way out.

Even if a man is not a lawyer, once he gets in the dog house he has to present an argument that would convince the judge and jury—the guardian of the dog house—that the time has come for clemency.

On occasion, I personally have delivered masterly orations from the threshold of the dog house—like the old porch philosophers. Also, I have heard friends of mine come across with forensic works that equalled any delivered by Daniel Webster, Patrick Henry, Robert Ingersoll or William Jennings Bryan, with a sprinkling of Father Coughlin and Huey Long.

Many a time have I been surprised at the great gift that is mine, both in rhetoric and oratory. Once, after an outburst, I had the little woman finally wondering in her own mind if she herself should not have been in the dog house, instead of me. There were times, too, when I actually put her in the dog house, by a magnificent display of logic. Aristotle himself could not have done better. She was certainly ashamed of herself, her entire sex, and the way she treated me, after I turned loose the guns of oratory.

There were other times, of course, when all this hidden power was of no avail. Then, the wisdom of Plato, the poetry of Keats and Shelley, and even the argumentative powers of old man Blackstone himself would have been lost. This happens most of the time.

In a long career, I have discovered that the approach is everything when the time comes to get out of the dog house.

As in salesmanship the approach amounts to one-half the victory, so in making the first steps toward a graceful exit from the dog house, the old timer measures his distance carefully before firing the first shot. It must come about naturally or it will prove a dud.

This is where the policy of watchful waiting is developed to its highest degree.

The old woman must be caught unawares—in a moment of weakness. In other words, off guard. Even the best of the vigilantes are sometimes known to sleep. A nod of the head, and the moment has arrived.

As the guardian of a man's morals finds it easier to keep him in the dog house by not remaining for long periods in his presence, but always at a careful distance—usually out of ear-shot—it is no easy matter to make that first advance upon which rests the peace and tranquillity of the American home, and the dog house.

If the little woman has had a hard day, baking a cake or supervising the family wash, she may in the course of the afternoon take herself to the divan and there stretch out—for rest and relaxation.

Here is the quarry.

Now, an old offender always is prepared. When he comes home that afternoon he has under his arm a box of candy—sweets to the sweet. Nuts to the nuts!

Here is his chance. Without a word, he walks to the couch and quietly deposits his precious burden by the side of the lady.

"Just thought you'd enjoy a chocolate snack," he says—and vanishes.

Her first impulse might be to throw the carton to the floor—but candy hath charms to soothe the savage breast.

If she opens that lid she's a gone gosling.

Once she takes the top off a good priced box of bon bons the old battle-axe starts falling from her hands. The man, down on all fours, is on his way out of the dog house. The barking days are over.

He can come back into the room then with a knowledge, born of experience, that there will be no catty remark to greet him.

Instead, he is liable to hear something like this:

"There was a phone call for you awhile ago. I told whoever it was you were busy—at the office. Did you have a hard day?"

The old-timer never answers that question. To say he had a hard day, or a good day, or any other kind of day, is courting disaster. In the first place, the good wife doesn't give a damn what kind of a day the brute had. She knows she had a hard day—one hell of a day, trying to make the hired help wrestle out its wages. That poser on the end of the remark was merely the moment of weakness oozing into the old carcass—the softening of the heart arteries.

When she wants to know if he had a hard day, what your old timer does then is to drop to his knees in front of her, take the hand now holding the candy, kiss the back of it—the hand, not the candy—and blurt out the old formula:

"I'm mighty sorry, Betsy, that I stepped off the reservation," et so forth, et cetera, et tu Brutus!

Two things can happen. First she can pull that old line, "Don't you Betsy me," or she can really capitulate, break down and cry, and ask again the time worn question, "Why did you do it, Reggie—aren't you ever going to have any sense?"

If she says that, and smiles, the chains fall off and the old boy comes out of the dog house. When she says that she's got to smile.

In getting out of the dog house, it's every man for himself.

As an old practitioner, I have perhaps interviewed more fellow offenders than any other inmate of the dog house. An inborn curiosity prompted me to make an exhaustive study, in the hope of finding something worthy of preservation—to be handed down to posterity. For there are puppies today, wagging their tails in glee, who will someday bring down upon them all the wrath of their future keepers of the dog house. Those are the little girls now playing with their dolls—playing mothers they call it, the little dears. You can see them sometimes spank their dolls and put them to bed, for bad behavior. Ah, little boys, in sand-piles and on the sidewalks, beware! Beware of the dog house. Or, as the lawyers say, "Caveat Emptor!"

Was a time when I thought seriously of offering this thesis for my doctorate, having longed in those days to be a doctor of philosophy. Little do the doctors of philosophy, academicians all, know what goes on in the dog house. I doubt if any one of them is aware the place exists.

Later, I learned to my sorrow that colleges and universities, along with other places of higher education, care not one wot—or wot not a care—for the humanities. Still, they are designed primarily to prepare the youngsters for life—and life as it goes on apace, usually lands some of the men folk, even college graduates in the dog house.

All this I pointed out once to a learned professor. He was not fundamentally interested. Nor was his alma mater. The subject could not be included in the curriculum, he said there was no place for it. Not even in those deleterious courses known as domestic economy. Still, those upon whose shoulders some day will fall hardest all the burdens of this socalled domestic economy have a divine right to know what awaits them. . . . Peradventure, most of them will land in the dog house. They have a right to know the low-down.

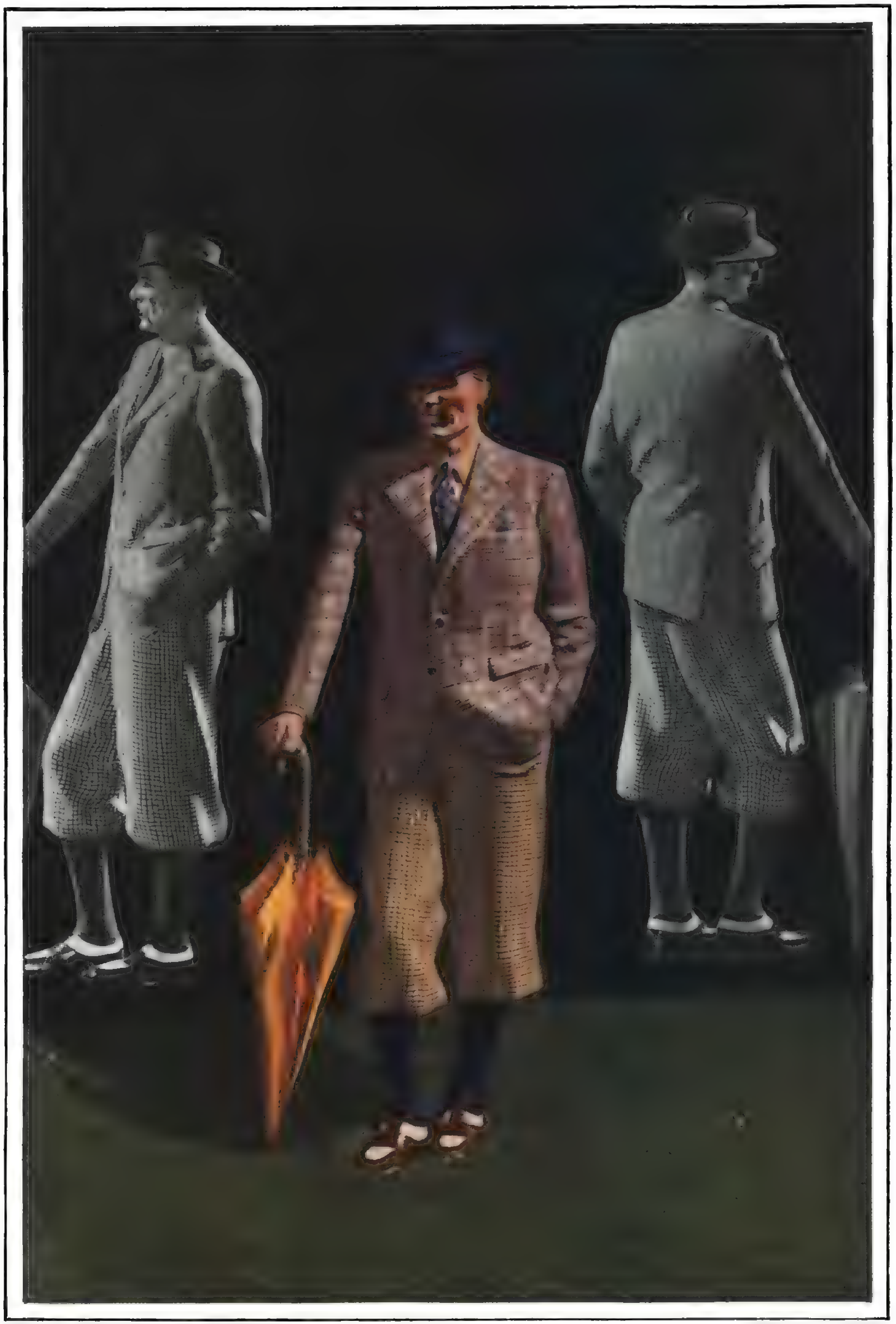
In squaring all the facts of this old word, it seems to me that those who bury themselves behind pages of books in the shadow of the academic walls, for the purpose of enlightening the race, would do infinitely better by humanity if they sounded the depths of a subject here being treated only casually by a lay-man.

Certainly, the dog house is of interest to most men. Instead of taking it up seriously, most of the professors still ignore it—though, for all I know, some of them even now may be inhabitants of the dog house. Not all the professors are bachelors. Still, they'd rather treat of transcendentalism—which, as I understand it, is the art of living in the cellar and thinking in the attic. There is neither attic or cellar to the dog house. It has four walls, a roof, a hardwood floor—and, that lone way out. That is all. A simple structure, the dog house is one that leads to more complications than all of Euclid's theories, including the simple mental process involved in Pons Asinorum.

Whether a monk read by the aid of candle light or sky-light is of little moment in an age when electricity happens to be the dominant influence in life. A man in the dog house can see sparks flying from his wife's tongue at any time. He gets his first shock with the original sentence. After that, the lights go out.

No sir, the monastery blues are nothing compared to the enforced retirement of a good, sound, active, bustling business or professional man to the little kennel provided by his light o' love.

In fact, the only advantage that comes from any prolonged occupancy of the dog house is a meditative process somewhat akin to the monastic life of those who entered the old cloistered orders. It was believed, and it is undoubtedly true, that the monks went into seclusion for their peace of mind. They wanted to get away from the hurly-burly of life. They hoped to find surcease from sorrow by searching the innermost recesses of their souls. A man in the dog house has an opportunity to go and do likewise—though not voluntarily. #

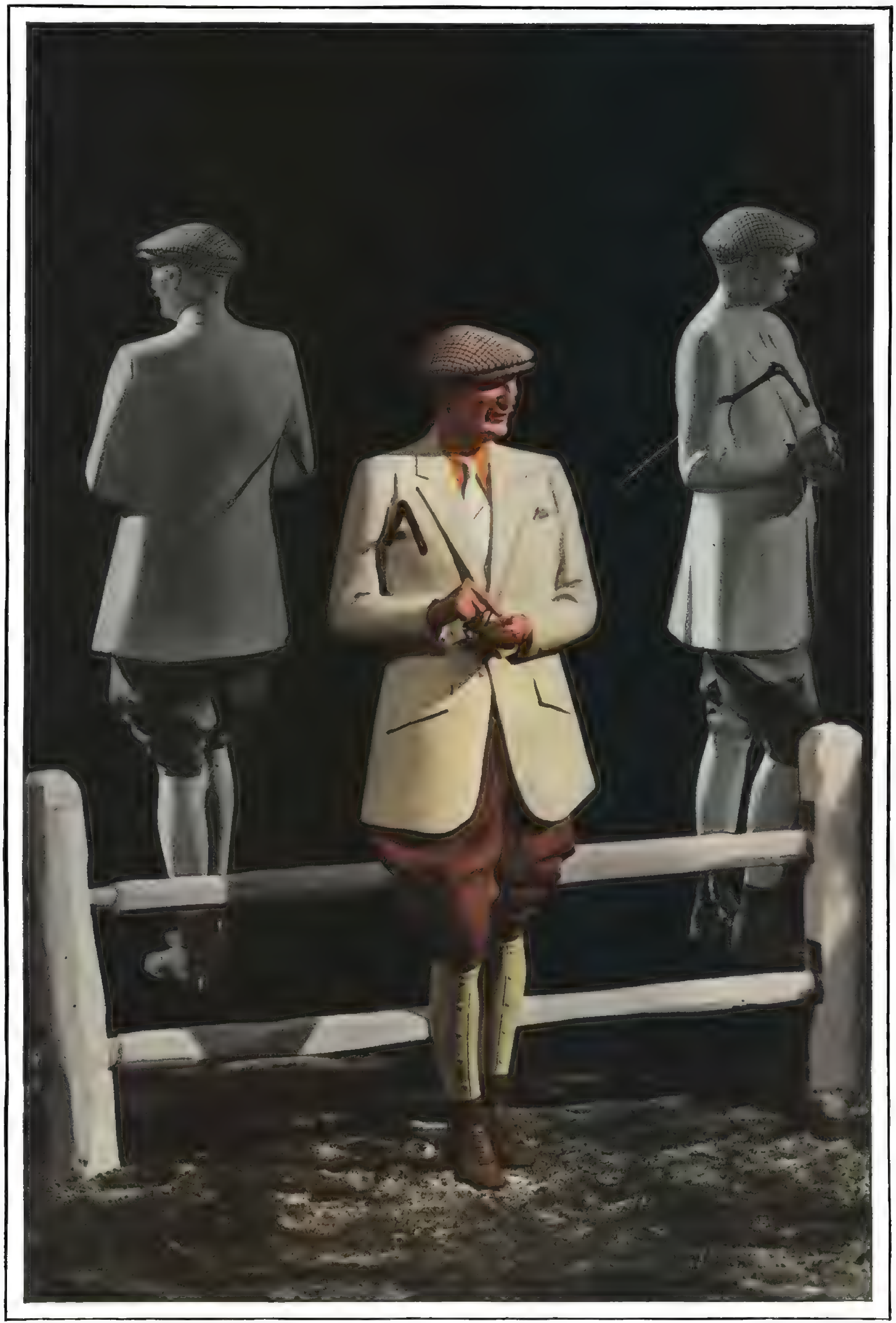


MODELED AND STAGED BY ARTHUR VON FRANKENBERG DIRECT COLOR BY ROSENOW

HOMECOMING FOR THE PRODIGAL KNICKER

THE knicker got into bad company some years back and had itself banished by the best dressed golfers as a result. It was really the white knicker with its leering suggestion of absent-mindedness on the part of the hurried dresser, which got the whole blooming family into Fashion's dog house. But Fashion is both fickle and short of memory and here comes the knicker back with a bang and with a British accent in the way of a cord that wraps once around the leg and then tucks in under itself, in place of the old time buckle at the cuff. As for other details, the outfit as a whole is typical of the best dressed golfers at the British Open and the points to be emphasized are that the collar of the jacket is as wide as the lapel, that the flap pockets are on a slant, and that side vents permit putting hands in pockets without disarranging the coat all the way around. Note the Norwegian model golf shoes.

(If you can't obtain locally the articles illustrated, a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashion Staff, Esquire Bldg., N. Y. C., will bring full information.)



MODELED AND STAGED BY ARTHUR VON FRANKENBERG

DIRECT COLOR BY ROSENOW

ACCENT ON COMFORT FOR SOUTHERN RIDERS

Those lucky enough to get away to Aiken or Camden at this season, or to any southern resort where equestrian sports are the order of the day, may profit by this example which reflects the typical dress habits of men who are around horses all day. The modeled figure wears a single-breasted saltsack riding jacket, a pair of tan bark twill breeches, canvas button puttees, high brown calf shoes, a silk and wool hunting shirt with a poplin tab collar to match, a white Oxford tie worn with a pin, and a checked cap. Saltsack is a traditionally popular material with those who follow the hounds at Aiken. Note that the back of the jacket carries side vents. This outfit is as suitable for horseshow and general country wear as for riding. In general, its details are governed by considerations of comfort rather than looks, and, such is Fashion's paradox, that's just what makes it so good.

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Enjoyable Days at Sea

Continued from page 69

you annex some of the depressing significance of the fluttering handkerchiefs for yourself and even wave back. Also, if you have no friends on the pier, you need only wave when you wish to, and you will find this less tiring.

When the ship has cleared and automatically become self-reliant in every way, including socially, you should turn to the first examination of your fellow passengers. This will undoubtedly be an unpleasant experience whether the land receding behind you is Manhattan, Genoa, Southampton, San Francisco, or Bombay, and the spell of enforced association ahead five days or five months. The exception to this might be a picture composed entirely of exquisitely beautiful members of the fair sex and obviously ineffectual representatives of the rough gender. This, however, happens so infrequently that it can be discarded as a practical possibility. Let us resume therefore with your attack of nausea. When you are firmly convinced that you should have travelled on the "other" line and have soundly damned someone for recommending you into your present wallow, go immediately below and unpack. It is a diversion and the exertion will help allay your disgust in your new environment. Moreover this will be the only time while you are on board when you will not have some kind of interest to keep you out of your cabin, or at least prevent your unpacking. If you do not unpack at this moment the betting is against your ever doing so prior to landing.

To be consistent in your sole possession of a cabin, you should now exert every effort to capture a lone table for yourself. Your success will reap you two benefits. Firstly, the exclusion provided will enable you to honor that important rule of those who would sail the seas pleasantly and effectively. You can avoid talking to any fellow passenger the first twenty-four hours you are on board. Disregard this law and if your stars are not in syzygy or conjunction, you will most assuredly find yourself involved in a *milieu* you will regret when the entire assortment makes an appearance. Secondly, if you have at all predatory instincts, you will be in a position to cut your prey away from the common herd into the exclusive privacy of your table on occasion and this maneuver can be decidedly effective. Also you will find that plying her with food at the ship's expense is more economical than doing the same thing with beverages at your own.

Obtaining an individual table is not the expensive proposition some fear. It is primarily a private matter between yourself and the second steward, accompanied perhaps by a moderate *douceur*, depending upon the personality of that potentate. An extra five dollars or so above your ordinary tip to the table steward will offset his loss of revenue contingent upon your exclusiveness.

Unless you are very serious minded or enjoy basking in the light of the mighty, a seat at the Captain's table is something you might avoid. The honor involved demands in exchange the courtesy on your part of being punctual at meals and punctuality becomes often difficult in maritime situations. If you really value the *cachet* of the top table, it is probably more convenient to acquire it indirectly by joining with the rest of the passenger list in explaining how and why you escaped gracing the Master's table.

If you are one of those lucky individuals upon whom the gods consistently smile, it might repay you to place your destiny entirely in the hands of the second steward with a child-like faith. Before taking this step, however, weigh carefully the finality of table seatings; they have the finality of death.

In broad practice it is better for the lone male to avoid the complications of a deck chair. It is a tiring problem to figure out whether you want your chair placed to catch the afternoon or the morning sun. No matter how profound your deliberation on this question you will indubitably find that the particular bit of sunshine designed for you does not make her appearance until you are irrevocably wedged in between two enthusiastic instructresses of the young who are taking their savings and sabbatical year in pursuit of the cultivating influences of travel. It will then follow that you will write off as a dead loss your modest investment in the chair without cavil while you chase sunbeams or that you will resign yourself to being cultivated should the sunbeam prove too elusive. Establish no *pied-a-terre* above deck and you will endow yourself with a freedom of action that will prove its worth as time passes.

Orthodox pastimes on board come under six headings; eating, drinking, games, talking, dancing, and ship arranged entertainments. Unorthodox possible pastimes are so multitudinous and so contingent upon individual sensibilities that they must be considered outside the scope of this monograph.

Let us first consider eating. No matter how acquisitive you are or how highly developed is your sense of *quid pro quo*, you cannot possibly eat all the food that will be offered to you in exchange for the good money you have already paid. The following is roughly the daily offerings on any A.F.S. ship and the most casual scrutiny will convince you that no man is built that way:

7 a.m. Bed tea, toast, fruit.
9 a.m. Fruit, cereal, fish, grills, hot-cakes, eggs, muffins, etc.
11 a.m. Hot soup and crackers.
1 p.m. Six course luncheon.
4 p.m. Tea, toast, and cakes.
7 p.m. Canapes.
7.30 p.m. Seven course dinner.
11 p.m. Cold collation.

If you are one of those hearty individuals, constantly exercising and developing glorious appetites, and think that you can diurnally encompass such a mass of food, examine first the spare material in the seams of your suitings and ascertain if the ship carries a tailor capable of the alterations that will most assuredly follow. Far better is it to be proud of your svelte lines and Spartan in your diet while the weather remains favorable. If the barometer drops and the ship goes into a cake-walk, eat all you can, because sea-sickness, like nature, abhors a vacuum and reacts antipathetically to frustration.

The consumption of alcohol on board ship comes under two headings, gregarious and tactical. With the least suggestion of acquiescence on your part drinking will run through your days at sea like a sweet motif, steady, gentle, and unobtrusive, starting with the reviver in the morning and finishing with all those drinks to end all drinking each night. With the idleness of the life and the instant availability of beverages of every description in any corner of the vessel, the tried and true admonition to "do your drinking in your dinner clothes" has even more value at sea than ashore.

The preceding applies primarily to gregarious drinking. Tactical drinking being essentially but a phase of a campaign cannot, or rather should not, assume bulky dimensions. Quality and application count above quantity. To a sound tactician the question of a little forethought on the question of supplies is of paramount importance. It was the core of Wellington's strategy. So consider then the virtue of stocking your cabin immediately with a bottle each of gin, vermouth and scotch. An early change and a cocktail or two in one's stateroom before dinner for one or more fastidiously selected guests can create an atmosphere of delightful intimacy. Again, late at night, when the smoking room is closed, the public rooms deserted and forlorn, and the decks cold and windswept, the suggestion of a final whiskey and soda may persuade your companion or companions to take advantage of the cozy possibilities of your stateroom. Before entertaining in one's cabin however it is a good idea to check up on its sound-proof qualities. I had once a cabin on a Black Sea steamer that had the sound privacy of one of those ten cent cubicles in Grand Central Station. Perhaps only hardly relevant, a ship's officer once stated on the A.F.S., curiously enough, that stewards on night duty are so placed that they can keep every corridor of staterooms under constant surveillance, and it made me wonder—very much.

For the remaining orthodox pastimes there is little advice of value that can be given except perhaps on the subject of conversation. One of the first essentials of success at sea is the appearance of being thoroughly at home on the bounding wave and this requires a certain nautical vocabulary. Even if your birthplace was coastal, it is safe to assume that you already know that "bow" and "stern" refer to the sharp and blunt ends of the ship respectively. Add to this "port" and "starboard" for left and right, remembering always to match the two short words, and substitute "above" and "below" for upstairs and downstairs and you will be held capable of sitting for your mate's ticket—by the passengers anyway.

On the other hand, no matter how nautical the above simple short cut may make you feel, do not, unless you are a marine architect, try to explain to any ears, even shell-like, understanding ones, the meaning of ship tonnage, net, registered, or gross. If you think that you are thoroughly familiar with the subject and can handle skillfully all inquiries, look in the encyclopedia and when you have lost yourself in four pages of finely printed matter, you will be sufficiently confused to evade even the simplest questions with determination. A second warning, if you are crossing the Pacific, avoid as you honor your intellectual reputation, any possibility of being called upon to give a snappy dissertation on the whys and wherefores of the dropping or the picking up of a whole, complete day when crossing the day-line. In your mind of minds you may know exactly, but to pass on successfully a lucid explanation of the phenomena requires a clearness of expression beyond the reach of ordinary mortals.

Let us take it that, having this little tract in hand and following it with sweet faith, you are now twenty-four hours at sea, the proud and sole possessor of a cabin and table (the former garnished with the three select bottles) and have kept scornfully aloof from your fellow passengers. Being also chairless you will probably find yourself leaning against the rail when the loveliest woman on board suddenly emerges from a seclusion that suggests a harem in its thoroughness. When you see her, just keep leaning against the rail. There are a couple of more up to the same standard concealed somewhere about, so wait another six hours and gaze at the assortment before launching a campaign.

When you have finally beheld three beauties you may take it that that is the ship's quota and you can begin. First look them over carefully and grade them according to worldly standards of appearance and not your own personal tastes, because it is

Continued at top of page 122

Enjoyable Days at Sea

Continued from pages 69-121

against the former they rate themselves. The role of Paris completed, the following simple formula is suggested. If it is a short voyage, pick number three and go ahead. The flies will swarm around the high numbers leaving the field more clear about the lower rating. Also your gesture, smacking a little of the Prince towards Cinderella, *may* be appreciated. Furthermore, she will be probably the least spoiled of the three. If the trip is to be of two or three weeks duration, you can afford to hold back for a little until the buzzing of the insects becomes less violent, and then shoot for number two. This will set you apart from the mob and also suggest that it was some days before you really noticed her attractions; a very good point to have in one's quiver in this strife of nature. If you are on a cruise of two or three months, start at the top and work down. You will have plenty of time to cope with the entire selection and also many others whom continued propinquity will, in due course, render amazingly attractive.

If you are filled with sympathetic response to the foregoing and feel that you can obtain the best from your steamship ticket by considering it as an invitation to a house-party par excellence rather than to a debutante brawl, you are showing a real appreciation of the potentialities lying between a mast and a keel. From another angle, what lies before you might be considered as a superb game preserve equipped with perfect amenities and friendly game-laws. All that has been written in these preceding pages is to give you a fair, unfettered start, and from this point you must rely upon your own good judgment and initiative with but these parting words of advice. Remember always that C-57, or whatever you have got, is a quiet, inviolate retreat from the strife and turmoil of the day. Avoid the toils of bridge; once enmeshed you are never released until the ship docks and there can be no progress over, or under, a bridge table. If your selection turns out to be a bridge player, select once more. Last—stand no nonsense. There is no place for it in the brief significance of the voyage and galley slaves became *démodé* a century ago. #

Wings on My Feet

Continued from page 113

jealousy, no doubt, but there was an economic question involved, too, for each short dance gave a girl a few cents when she cashed her tickets in, and an hour spent over a few glasses of ginger-ale with a partner meant a pitiful percentage, too.

Anna was hardly in the place before she and Tessie had a few sharp words. She'd happened to hang her coat and hat on Tessie's hook in the cloakroom. Tessie was disagreeable about it, and Anna tossed her head, but she threw her wraps on another hook just the same. A little later, somebody repeated a contemptuous remark of Anna's to Tessie; what it was scarcely matters, but it was something about Tessie's being old. Tessie waited till they were all going home that night. Then she walked up to Anna. "Say, you," she began, and what followed needn't be repeated either, for the tones of everyone are the same in a quarrel, though the language may differ. Anna was white-faced and trembling with fear and anger. Tessie was trembling, too, ready to slap and scratch and claw, but holding herself in and letting her hot words ease her of her rage and pain.

That was the last open trouble they ever had with each other. Thereafter, Anna was careful of what she'd say about Tessie. Tessie wasn't careful She'd sneer at Anna, and be openly contemptuous of her.

"Aw, she ain't such a bad kid," one of the girls said. Tessie's lip curled. "She thinks she's wise. She thinks she knows her way around because she can get by in a joint like this. You might think it was the Paradise, the airs she gives herself. Huh! Somebody oughta lam the ears off that dame, for her own good. You mark my words, she'll find out where she gets off, some fine day."

"Oh, well, give her a chance. She's only just a kid."

"A kid! A kid! That's the trouble with her. She got no brains. She got no savvy at all. Well, then, whyn't she keep her mouth shut? Who's she think she is? Huh?"

"Ah, she'll learn in time," the other girl said.

"She'll learn, all right. Then maybe it won't do her no good," Tessie said.

Anna learned.

One bright morning, a couple of plain-clothes policemen escorted her to the station-house. She was scarcely awake, and she was frightened, too, and they were not too gentle with her. It seemed that they wanted to know all about a few friends and dancing partners of Anna's who were also professional or semi-professional burglars.

Anna told them. Protesting, and in tears, she told them everything she knew.

It was in the papers that Anna Stevens, a taxi-dancer from Fourteenth Street, was being held as a material witness by the police, in connection with robberies alleged to have been committed by Maury Coburg, Carlo Panataleowe, and others still at large.

It occasioned a good deal of talk at the *Ideal Pavilion* where Mr. Coburg and Mr. Pantaleowe had come to dance many a fine night. Anna wasn't the only one who had known them, or known or guessed what their business was.

"She squealed," the girls said. "She squealed."

The first good word Tessie ever had to say for Anna came then. "Ah, go on," she said. "Suppose she did squeal? What did she squeal on? Thieves. A bunch of loft-thieves. They're nobody, that outfit. They're only thieves. And listen. If they got you up there, maybe you might squeal, too."

"Did they ever have you up there, Tessie?" they asked her.

"No," said Tessie, and this was true. "No, they never had me up there. I got sense enough to keep away from those guys. You dames will, too, in time."

Tessie was feeling pretty good, those days. The *U.S.S. DeMave* was making knots from Guantánamo and soon her boatswain's mate, first-class, would come rolling back to her.

The Fleet arrived on the 21st right according to schedule. There was always an air of anticipation and excitement about the *Ideal Pavilion* when the Fleet was coming in. It had been a little quiet there for a while since the associates of Mr. Coburg and Mr. Pantaleowe had disappeared.

Tessie danced with a lot of sailors that evening, while she tried to keep at least one eye on the doors.

"Is the *DeMave* in, sailor?" she'd ask. Some said yes, and some said they didn't know.

The next night it was the same way.

The third night, three young mariners arrived, and one of them wore the band of the *U.S.S. DeMave* upon his hat.

Tessie went over to him. "Buddy, you off the *DeMave?*" she said.

"Sure," he said.

"What watch are you on?"

"Starboard watch."

"Uh-huh," she said. "The—the starboard watch rate liberty Tuesday night, too?"

"Sure. Two nights ago. Sure."

"You—you know Jack Haley? Boatswain's mate, first class?"

"Nah," he said. "I'm black-gang. Doncha see my crow? I do' know those deck-force rats. You wanna dance?"

"Sure," said Tessie, listlessly.

They were reviving a number that she'd danced to, in her young days. "He's a Japanese sandman, trading new loves for old . . ." Starboard watch been ashore two nights, she was thinking. Two nights, and he don't come.

It wasn't much she wanted, or much that she expected of her sweetheart. A few hours, a little loving kindness, a couple of dances that would be the way the old dances used to be, when you didn't mind your cheap dress, your scuffed shoes, your aching feet . . .

There was some sort of commotion at the door. Tessie heard, "Anna," and then, "Anna," again.

Anna, released from durance, was making a triumphant entry. Flushed, and flaunting, and gay, she swayed into the hall, and the girls crowded about her. She had the air of a heroine returning to glory.

"Excuse me," said Tessie, to the machinist's mate from the *DeMave*, "I feel kind of sick. I guess I must have et something."

She went home early that night.

But the next day, she felt a little better. A little better, but not much. Well, maybe they got him in the brig, she said to herself. Maybe he's on restriction. Maybe he lost his jack, in a crap-game. Maybe—Maybe . . .

The Fleet was in port three weeks and a little over. Then they cleared the harbor mouth for the sea again. That was the fifteenth.

The night of the seventeenth, it was pretty quiet at the *Ideal*. The girls were dancing mechanically and listlessly, and the clients had been few, and it was near to closing-time.

Tessie was walking out of the cloak-room, just as four men were coming up the stairs. She'd never seen them before, but she'd seen others like them, and she knew what they were. "A stick-up," she said to herself, and looked about her quickly, but help was not near.

"You work here?" said one of them.

"Yeah," said Tessie.

"Where's Anna Stevens?" he said.

It was one of those things that's got to be done quick. It's easier to do, perhaps, when your feet are gone, your boy-friend's gone, when you're old and battered and everything is ruined except that part of you that maybe will live forever.

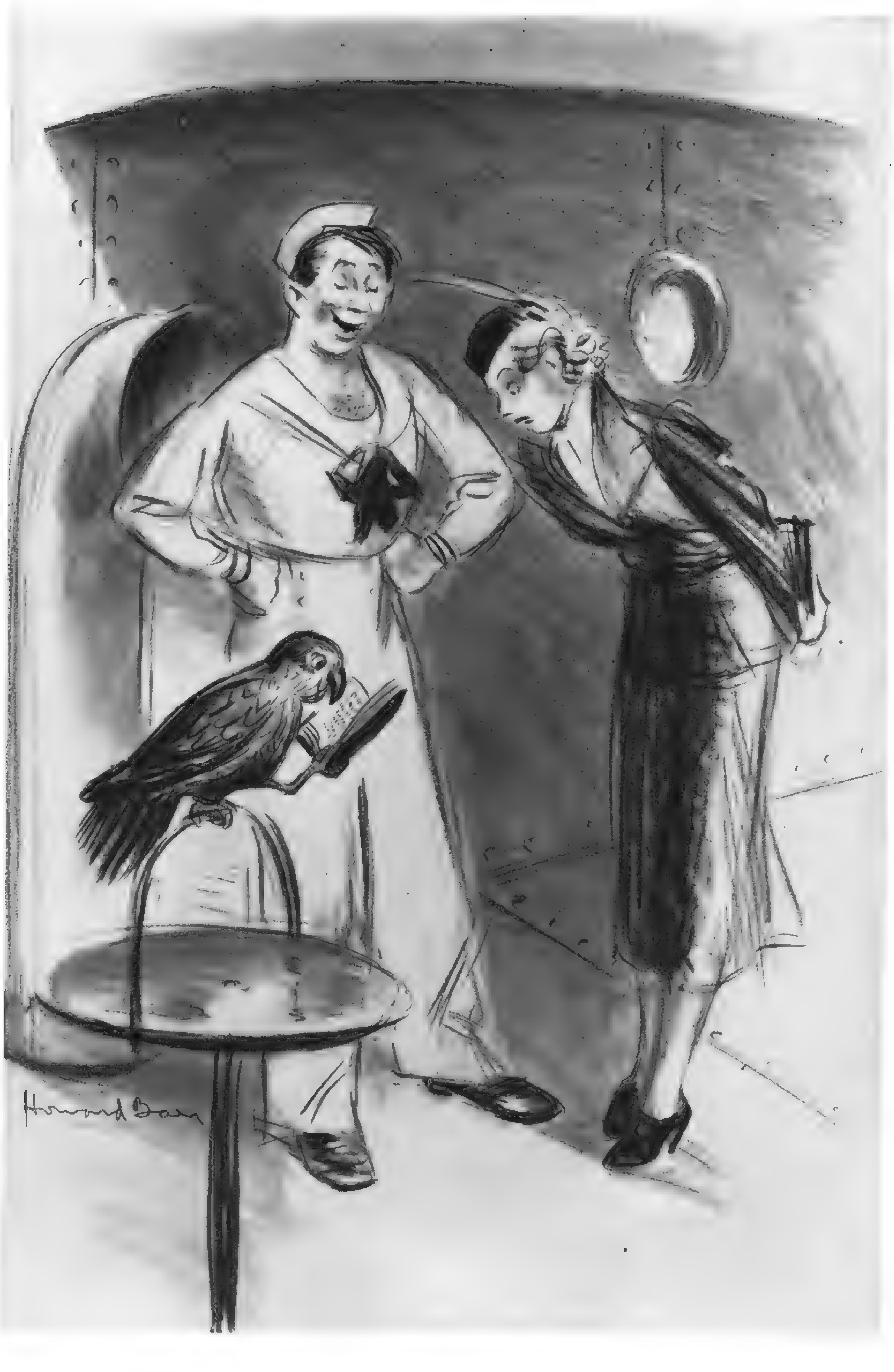
"I'm Anna Stevens," said Tessie. "What do you boys want?"

"We're from Headquarters," they said. "Come on. Get your coat."

They weren't from Headquarters. They weren't policemen. She knew that. She knew what they were.

"O.K." she said. "O.K." She got her cheap, sleazy little coat, and draped it about her; she opened her compact with hands that scarcely trembled. "All set," she said. "Let's go," and she went clattering down the stairs with them, as gay as if she were going to a ball. No band played for her, as she went. The orchestra upstairs was silent, then.

—The short biography of Tessie Brenner which, together with a photograph, was published in the tabloid newspapers on the morning of the eighteenth was not completely accurate. Within its limits, this one is. #



Howard Baer

"We taught him to talk—but the reading was his own idea!"

Amateur Gentlemen

Continued from page 117

jumper safely around the most precarious course. Charlie White's superiority is largely marked by the all-around strength of his performance, especially in a stretch-riding knack which fairly lifts a tired horse from the last fence over the finish. Carroll Bassett, for several consecutive years the largest winner, blends his faculties too finely to be conspicuous in any particular item, and the same is true in a more modest degree of Bobby Young, Bill Streett, Sid Hurst, Jim Ryan, Noel Lang and Stuart Janney who comprise the top-flight of the hundred-odd timber-riders licensed by the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association.

Most of these, and several more, the Jock will certainly meet in his race this afternoon. Consciously or not he has weighed their attributes against that of their horses', and laid his plans accordingly. It will be noon by the time he has finished walking the course, so he goes to lunch either at the clubhouse or at the home of some nearby friend. Either place will be packed with a gay crowd, for any hunt meeting is a gala affair of hospitality, but the Jock is too nervous, too full of his tension to enjoy much frivolity. Moreover the edge of festivity has been long since dulled by repetition. Year in and year out he has come into just such a scene, and the glitter of its charm has begun to pall. No nomad of the circuit is the Jock; very likely back home he has a wife and family who will have to think about hunger unless he manages to rejoin them in an able-bodied condition.

Upstairs above the merriment he opens his suit-case to dress for the race. The change into colors, silk breeches and limp-leather boots gives him a feeling of lightness, a queer exultation of new strength suddenly poured into him.

With him in the room will be other riders in various stages of undress, and the Jock may notice (not perhaps for the first time) that all but a few are much younger than he. Let him, as he ties the silken stock about his throat, consider the chain of events which for ten, fifteen, even twenty years has had him thumping blooded horses over tall timbers . . .

He is—should he stop to think of it—a definite product of social and economic conditions. Had he been born several decades sooner and on the other side of the Atlantic, his character might have been the same, but not his calling. A British citizen, he would most surely have entered the Army, like most athletic-minded scions of the country gentry, and spent his years pig-sticking and poloing in India. Born in the mid-1800's he would have followed Jeb Stuart or Tecumseh Sherman and, surviving, probably migrated to the open spaces beneath the Rockies. But an American and of the Twentieth century he enjoyed none of these opportunities for his special talents. As a boy and to be typical of his kind, he must have spent the pre-War days in some squirarchic community, following his parents into the coverts of Maryland, Virginia or eastern Pennsylvania, watching his father, elder brothers and other male kin compete on Saturday afternoons for the local Hunt Cups.

All such events were strictly neighborhood affairs. Men rode their own hunters against those of their friends', and there was no such thing as a Gentleman Jock in the modern sense.

The War changed all that. The Gilded Age of prosperity brought in a new epoch of the sport. Horses, especially hunters and steeplechasers, had been since Colonial days in America, as much a symbol of aristocracy as the Cross had been of religion. The Civil War and the Revolution took their wealth from the landed aristocracy, but in the hunting shires along the mid-Atlantic coast old families kept their stables full even when their coffers (and sometimes their larders) were empty. It was, therefore, natural enough that War-wealthy plutocrats should seek to imitate these patrician families by buying horses and sending them out to win the historic Hunt Cups. By the early 1920's men who had never been on a thorough-bred horse were owning strings of them and campaigning them throughout the country. The racers they could buy, but the problem was to find amateur horsemen to ride them.

So it happened that the Gentleman Jock came into his own. There were dozens of youngsters in the hunting sections who, having been raised to a love of good horseflesh and galloping grass, faced the problem of leaving home in search of a livelihood. Few had much incentive for the higher learning of a college, even fewer could stomach the thought of office-work in a city. No pleasurable service in arms as with their British cognates was open, and the idea of turning professional horsemen carried a repugnance that any sportsman feels for capitalizing his hobby. Yet the new owners of timber-toppers were offering these boys the best rides to be had, were offering them not only in the local races but around the circuit. The boys went—they went almost in droves.

But under most specific conditions. In the first place no money was to change hands. A Jock who accompanied an owner on a trip went as a guest, not an employee. In most cases the rider was the social superior of his host; whatever snobbery existed in the arrangement was on the former's side, but usually it was a case of mutual gratitude. The owner got the cups; the Jock the pleasure of riding the winners. If any chiseling went on, it was darkly done, for amateurism was more than a matter of regulations. It was a matter of self-respect.

Gradually, though, compromises were necessary. A Jock, scandalized at the thought of receiving money for actual riding, would take on the position of trainer. Either he served in this capacity exclusively for one owner, or more preferably, he ran a stable at which he accepted horses sent for conditioning. Constant practice perfected his riding style. He completely out-classed the part-time amateur; he could enter upon steeplechases at the large tracks, and race rings around most of the $25-a-ride professionals. As his reputation increased, so did his business as trainer. He was able to marry, to become a property-owner, a solid citizen whose earnings far surpassed other young men of his age who toiled in tottering brokerage houses of the city.

The depression scarcely touched hunt racing. Meetings increased so fast the dates overlapped, and the Jock's main difficulty was being two places on the same day. Often he jumped off a horse into an airplane, mounting an hour or so later in a race as far as a hundred miles distant. He and his fellow-riders several times performed the feat of winning, for instance, the Meadowbrook Hunt Club at twelve o'clock, and the open steeplechase at one of the Long Island racing plants early in the afternoon.

Soon enough his domination of both fields, plus his ability to find a livelihood in the process, raised a delicate question: "What is an amateur?" Was he merely a well-to-do sportsman who could afford to indulge himself; or could he also be one who earned his bread by the side-issue of training? Two decisions handed down by the high-court—the National Steeplechase and Hunt Association—settled the matter beyond further dispute. They may be briefly reviewed.

Case One: A Jock, having offended an owner by refusing to ride a certain horse, was accused of professionalism for receiving pay as a trainer. The stewards at a New England meeting suspended the Jock pending an investigation, whereupon several of his comrades admitted themselves in the same boat and refused to ride until the matter was settled. It was a test-case of paramount importance to the racing game, and the subsequent decision removed whatever ambiguity existed. The Association ruled that henceforth two sets of licenses should be issued: one for free-lance riders; the other for trainer-jocks, the only difference being that a trainer may not ride an outside horse against one from his own stable.

Case Two: A prominent horseman, one whose reputation was totally spotless, allowed his picture and testimony to be published as a cigarette advertisement. His license was summarily revoked.

Clearly, from these examples, amateurism was less the letter than the spirit of the law. Parallel cases exist in other fields of sport. Bobby Jones is a professional for appearing in films as a golf instructor; but Frank Shields, appearing as a bona fide actor, remains a tennis amateur. Thus the Gentleman Jock attains a dual personality: a professional trainer but an amateur rider.

It is, to be sure, a subtle point, but a philosopher once said: "The truth lies in small distinctions." These two rulings by the Association established in America a vocation, obscure enough to have escaped notice by the Brain Trust, yet of sufficient reality to support a very definite class of American citizenry. From this class, and typical of it, is Jock now fastening his silken stock about his throat with a gold clasp-pin. He puts on a coat over his colors and goes out to the paddock where now begins the Act Two of his day . . .

For the pre-race wait in the paddock is very much an artistic part of the unit. Here the characters introduced in the morning are further developed; here the suspense tightens; the plot thickens, and the color of background becomes increasingly vivid. Casually inspecting his own mount which a groom has led into the enclosure, the Jock saunters about with feigned indifference to look over the horses which will oppose him. He may have seen them a week ago, but a fêw days makes all the difference. Fugitive is lean from hard campaigning, may be stale for today's trial. Hot Spur is fat from a winter's leisure, may be using this race only as a conditioner. There is Chatterplay, carrying a big knee from hitting the wall at Meadowbrook, there is Little Dan, showing temper which may make him sulky if the going is rough; there is Captain Kettle, sleek old veteran who will be surely "the horse to beat."

A rival joins the Jock and they fence knowingly for whatever information may be available, each lying with the polite suavity of diplomats.

"Yours looks right," ventures the Jock.

"Naw, he's only had two gallops since Christmas; this is just a warm-up."

"Yeh?"

"Yeh! How about yours?"

"He can't jump this course. Won't stand up for six fences."

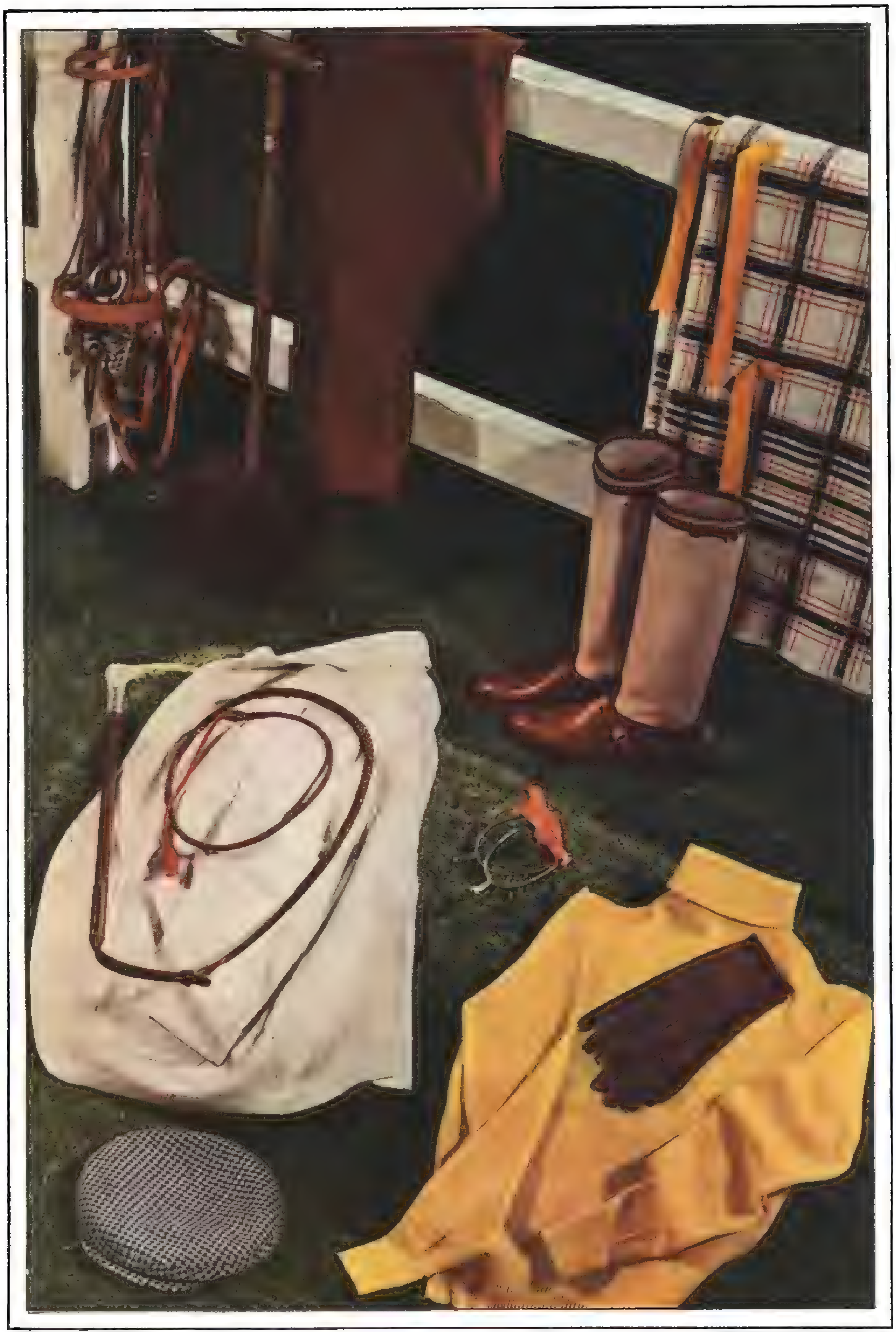
"He stood up in the Maryland."

"Yeh, but he fell in the Jersey. Better give him plenty of room, he swerves at his fences."

"Which way. Right or left?"

"Both ways."

Continued at top of page 127



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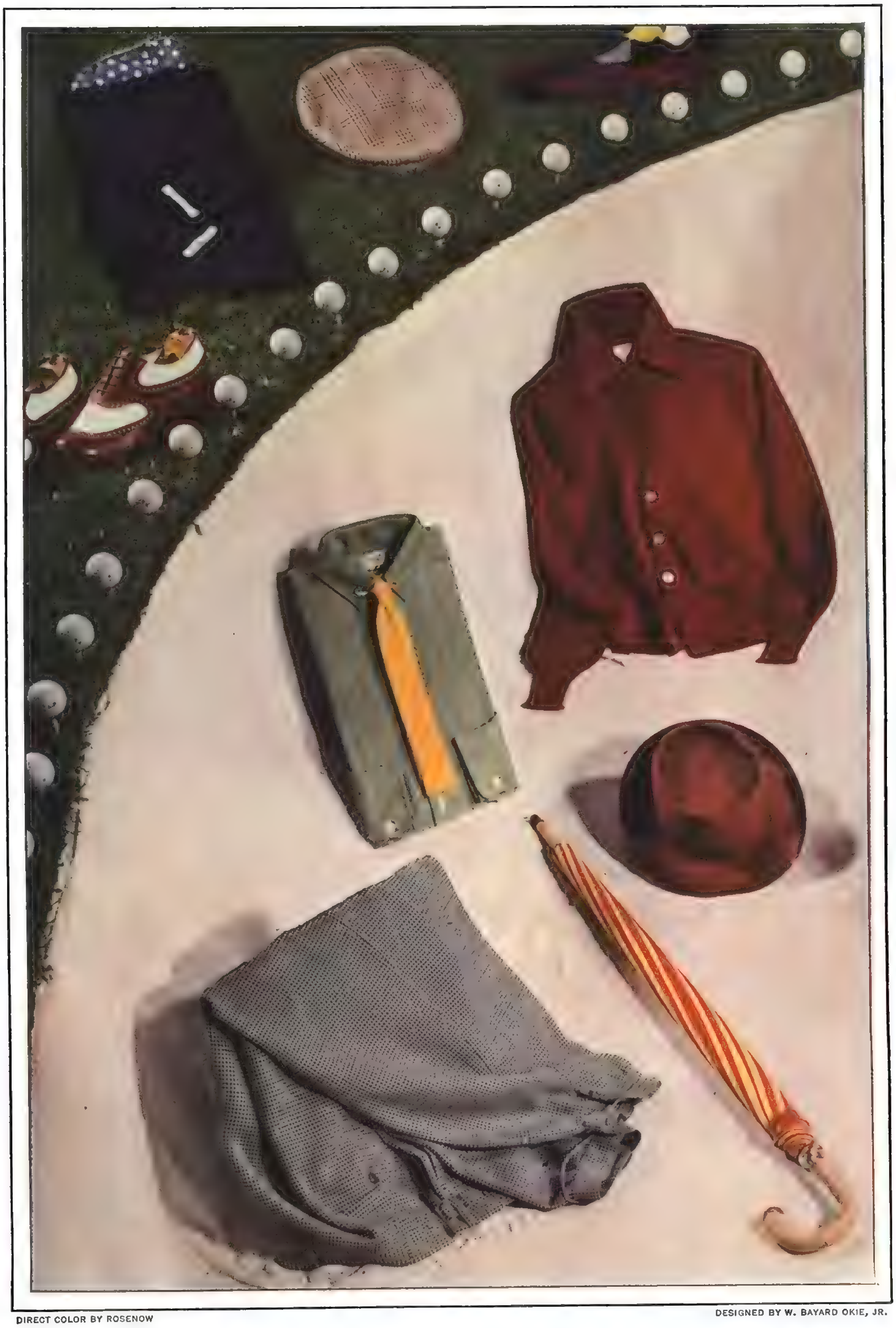
THE RIDING KIT, AIKEN OR CAMDEN STYLE

ADEQUATE bridle equipment is shown against the fence in the upper left hand corner. Next, a shoe brush to be kept just outside the door of the house. Proceeding from left to right along the fence are, respectively, a pair of twill riding breeches, canvas Newmarket boots, and a cooler horse blanket. Reversing the order, across the bottom of the page, are displayed a yellow turtle necked sweater, on which are laid a pair of strong leather gloves for riding, next a pair of spurs, next, a saltsack riding jacket with patched pockets, of more informal type than the one shown on page 120, and, laid out on the jacket, a hunting crop. In the foreground, at the left, a one-piece cap in the small black and white check pattern which has achieved a popularity so great as to make it practically as standardized as a uniform. A suitable outfit for general knockabout wear in the South.

(If you can't obtain locally the articles illustrated, a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashion Staff, Esquire Bldg., N. Y. C., will bring full information.)



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DESIGNED BY W. BAYARD OKIE, JR.

GOLFING AT PINEHURST OR WHITE SULPHUR

Above the curve of golf balls are a pair of brown and white Norwegian model golf shoes, a very important fashion this year, a blue 6x3 rib cashmere sweater with white cuffs and a dotted foulard muffler, a light weight tweed cap in Glen Urquhart plaid, and large diamond pattern golf hose. Below, on the sand, are a pair of checked tweed knickers displayed to give a close-up view of the draw string arrangement at the bottom which replaces the old fashioned buckle, a heavy Oxford shirt with collar attached, Scotch knit tie and heavy gold safety pin, wine colored Alpaca golf cardigan with long sleeves, brown rough felt porkpie hat and striped golf umbrella, the latter a bit of English swank that has caught on over here as a natural consequence of its popularity abroad. For general remarks on the significance of the display of knickers, see page 119 where they, as well as the shoes, hat and umbrella, are shown.

(If you can't obtain locally the articles illustrated, a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashion Staff, Esquire Bldg., N. Y. C., will bring full information.)

Amateur Gentlemen

Continued from pages 117-124

"So does mine. And he kicks at the post."

"Well, happy landings."

"Well, mud in your eye."

The thickening crowd presses closer about the paddock fence, peering worshipfully at the smaller assembly within. A friend or two hail the Jock and beg whispered information on his chance to win. The bookies bawl their odds, and the figures on their boards reflect the changing aspect of the gathering drama.

Within the Jock's mind also are vacillations. A glance at his horse, trim and taut for the trial, soothes his confidence, a moment later to sink into his boot-soles at the sight of another racer's superb condition. No matter how many fences he has faced in the past, he cannot think of those before him today without apprehension. The gong of a field ambulance going to its place has a funereal note. His hands are sweaty as he takes his saddle and steps on the scales. His voice is annoyingly husky as he asks for his number. He looks about him at the other riders. Some are chattering loudly to drown out these inner last-minute murmurs; some are morosely staring off into space, yawning with unconvincing boredom. Not one of these, the Jock knows, but feels that sudden emptiness of a man voluntarily and deliberately facing danger.

Strange things have happened in paddocks. One of the best riders ever to straddle a horse had such nervous spasms that he habitually weighed early, put on an overcoat and a slough hat and walked on the edge of the crowd till the final bugle. Another admits regularly to promising his Maker that if he lived through this race he would never ride again. Another had vomiting fits. Another, and a truly great horseman, once had such premonitions of death that with his foot almost in the stirrup for mounting, he changed his mind and refused to ride.

But all these feelings will pass, the Jock knows, once he feels the coiled power of a trained racer beneath him. The bugle blows the "All Up." He crooks his left knee; the groom tosses him into the saddle; the owner sends up a final hand-shake for good luck. Out of the paddock the horses parade down a lane of tilted faces to the gate. The Jock canters to the post for a warm-up, and wheels into line before the starter's lifted arm. Ahead of him sweeps the broad avenue of the course, a green chute darkly punctuated with beckoning jumps, fringed with fluttering red and white flags. He feels the deep thrill of danger, joyously and artfully meet. Up through the reins in his hands comes a nameless warmth like friendship. From the steel under his feet comes a cold, hard strength which he knows will weld him to his job. The starter is bawling:

"All right, Jocks. Keep a stiff upper lip, a tight seat and—let 'em roll."

The flag whips down; the line throbs into motion, and the Jock is cocking his toes for a fence which he may not live to remember. #

George Moore, Esquire

Continued from page 62

me — "Mayo — the best-administered county in the whole of Connacht!" There was a revelation in that sentence—a revelation of local consciousness. The Moores were an Irish family, and more especially a Connacht family, but beyond everything else, a Mayo family, deeply planted in that territory of bogs and mountains and lakes. For Maurice Moore the name Connacht denoted a wide principality—in the whole of Connacht! The Moores of Carra Lake were a patriotic Irish family: Colonel Maurice Moore had given great help in organizing the Volunteers which became the Irish Republican Army in the guerrilla warfare through which the Free State came into being. His father, George Henry Moore, might, at one time, have had the leadership that went to Parnell; his great-grandfather was selected by the French who invaded Ireland in 1798 as an acceptable person to head an Irish Republic. The Moores, being Catholic, were exceptions amongst the Irish landowners who were mainly Protestant, and being Nationalist were not in public affairs in the period of the union with Great Britain.

They did not mingle, as other Irish county families did, with English families. In their distant territory they remained strongly Irish. It was this particular formation that made it possible for George Moore to be such an innovator in English literature. He was really a stranger to what was central in English literature. He had not passed his 'prentice days in London like most Irish writers, shedding there what was most racial in him. Paris was where he spent his impressionable years, and when he came to London he was too formed to be easily anglicized. He remained—one has to get the Connacht word for it—the *duine-uasal* the gentleman, but the gentleman in the sense that the peer or the prince is inherent in him.

In a portrait of George Moore there should appear the lineaments of one of the noblesse as well as the lineaments of the man of whom a Dublin friend of mine said, "You forgive Moore and then you can't forgive yourself for forgiving him." And there should appear other lineaments as well. There was in him a good deal of the old maid who sits amongst her china, who is conscious of her savings, who remembers all the neighborhood scandals, who delights to outrage her visitors, and who is satisfied with herself because she did not exchange her good home for any man's house. He was very self-protecting. I cannot help feeling that the exclusive devotion of his for literature had something of the old maid's intensity about some hobby—cats, or churches, or the markets. I had a glimpse of this side of him when I went with a lady to have tea in Ely Place one afternoon. His brother Maurice was there. That good man drew an antique chair out of a corner that it decorated. "Maurice, put down that chair!" And I who drew a delicate china sugar-bowl towards me from the other side of the table was given a very menacing look. The conversation had started with an unfortunate topic: the right of tenants to clear cattle off lands that could be used for tillage. As we left George Moore said in French to the lady with whom I had come, "Does that young man know I'm a landowner?" The lady made the right answer. "If he knew you only as a landowner he would not come to see you."

But how quickly he could pass from such a phase to a better phase, from the old maid to the artist, from the purveyor of malice to the courteous gentleman. One day he came to visit a friend of mine who was ill. He came in one of the four-wheeled cabs that were then the only means of transportation. I went to open the door for him; as he mounted the steps before the house the surly cabby followed him. "What is it?" "The fare is two shillins, sir." "But I have given you two shillings." "You have, and I only wanted to say that it is easy knowing the difference between you and a gentleman." I can still see him standing on the top step, waving his hand as he says, "If it comes to abuse, let us part." But he recognized that this was too mild, and stood considering what he could add to it before the cabby got out of hearing. I suggested Dr. Johnson's retort to the bargeman. "Sir, your wife, under pretense of keeping a bawdy-house is really a receiver of stolen goods." But this was not in George Moore's idiom.

As we sat in the drawing-room we talked of Saint-Gauden's statue of Parnell that Dublin was going to erect as a street-monument. There was a question as to whether something should be put beside it to balance the figure, a shaft or something else. It all gave a fine setting for Moore's malice. "I'll write a letter to the *Freeman's Journal* suggesting that a fire-escape be put behind it." Parnell had once made an exit from Mrs. O'Shea's room by the fire-escape, and this had been mentioned in the divorce-trial. "I don't think we ought to talk about a great man in that way," I ventured. At once George Moore became a man sensitive to worth —a gentleman. "I agree with you," he said sincerely. "We oughtn't to talk like that. Parnell was a great man."

After my first book of verse had been published I met him outside the town and walked back to his house with him. He talked to me about the poems of mine he had read, interestedly, sensibly. Then he said, "I'll say to you what an elder poet said to me when I had published my first book of verse—*Pagan Poems*—you can't have read it. He met me as I've met you and walked along a street with me. He said 'I've read your poems; several of them are very good. But let me ask you: Do you think you are a great poet?' No, not a great poet, I said. Then said he: 'Why do it?' I say the same thing to you: Do you think you are a great poet?" His hands were shaping the gesture that went with "Why do it?" but I left it all in the air by saying "Yes." Gesture and sentence collapsed and there was an unstylized "Oh, in that case . . . but a great poet is born only once in three . . . in four generations." But I did not withdraw: I was resolved that George Moore would not be able to say to me "Why do it?" as we walked down Kildare Street.

This is the solitary instance in a lifetime of verbal failures in which I said the right thing at the right moment and not two moments afterwards when there was only myself to say it to. "Do you think you are old enough to write a play for me?" Mrs. Patrick Campbell said to me a long time ago. Then the door of her dressing-room closed and I was left standing outside with the reply which, by getting my play on, would have made me rich and famous. "Do you think you are old enough to act in a play I have written?" Nothing has ever made up to me for that failure. But there is the compensation that I left George Moore sentenceless and gestureless in a bye-street in Dublin. Then we talked of Walt Whitman. He was enthusiastic about a poem of his which he had just read, *Old Ireland:* he repeated the last lines "Your son is not dead; he is arisen in another country." I saw another George Moore then, the George Moore who had a buried love for his land, and who, many years afterwards, was to have his ashes scattered over a place in Connacht. #

Kennicott, Knight of the North

Continued from page 94

reached his farthest north he turned back, with his head over his shoulder, promising the arctic wilderness beyond to come back.

On a lake steamer in the spring of 1859 he set out from Chicago, alone, with the scantest equipment, and no previous knowledge of arctic exploration, and plunged into the wilderness. He was lost to sight for three years.

Of all unappreciated travel narratives in the English language Kennicott's arctic journal is, to my way of thinking, the most startling. Nothing, except Captain Scott's accounts, and Linnaeus's Lapland journal, have ever brought the tundra, the huskies, the terrible cold, the awful whiteness, so clearly before me. He writes of the difficulty simply of breathing in the arctic winter, in a way that seems to constrict my own chest. He tells how the moisture of the breath freezes on the air, and envelops the moving pack train in a crackling fog. With Kennicott we see the exquisite return of spring, when the wild geese fly crying overhead, the ice breaks up in the rivers with a roar, and the desolate tundra is suddenly enameled with nameless, bright-eyed flowers. We feel the dread return of autumn, the loneliness of Christmas in the empty wastes, when he smokes his last cigar as a salute to all the bright faces around the table at home.

It was not until the spring of 1862 that a mail packet got through to him, and he read in the newspapers that his country had been at war for two years. He broke camp and started home with the intention of going right into the cause. But enlistment officers look upon only the best physical specimens as fit to be shot and rot. Kennicott went to the Smithsonian with his collections, "to work them up."

The results of his trip were enormous. In spite of the loss of many specimens by the upsetting of his canoe on two occasions, he had brought out the most astonishing materials and data that any single-handed American has wrung from the icy grip of the north.

He had discovered the nesting grounds of scores of our migratory birds whose ways had hitherto remained mysterious; he had seen the unknown bridal plumage and heard the bridal songs of others that never descend to our latitudes. A wealth of ethnographical material, of mineral specimens, of data on fisheries and fur-bearing quadrupeds were but a part of his spoil. He had found the headwaters of the Yukon, up to then unknown, and mapped hundreds of miles that had never been traced before. Beside this he had mastered Eskimo and Indian tongues and prepared handy lexicons for them.

I suppose it will never be possible to make the public see that this sort of arctic exploration has more meaning than dropping the American flag from an airplane on the north pole, or naming a pie-shaped segment of ice after the chewing-gum king who furnishes the equipment for a winter's stay with the penguins, complete with radio concerts. But even in the uproar of the Civil War, Bob found those who knew that he had done what not one of them could have equaled. His fame spread abroad. And the Western Union Telegraph appointed him naturalist to their survey for a line to be run to Russian Alaska.

His passport, treasured here in the family archives, is before me as I write, in English and in Russian script, stamped with the double-eagle of Tsarist Russia that once put the resources of an empire at his command and now is as purely historic as a coin with the head of Tiberius Caesar upon it. Poor Bob never got far into Alaska. He was hampered from the first by his own associates, by the commercial-official nature of his expedition, by jealousies and wranglings. Working himself to death, he struggled to get on with the lagging, lazy survey, until he had practically to push the sleds. Sinking, but complaining to no one, he wrote directions for continuing the work in case of his death. On May 13, 1866 he passed out of the fort at Nulato, spoke a few words in Russian to the guard, and was never seen alive again. They found him dead of heart failure in the snow, his compass and a map beside him.

When we read in the stock reports how Kennecott mining stock is up or down, none of us are reminded of the young man with his arms flung wide in the snow, his face turned to the arctic sky, still less of the boy stalking the wildfowl through the shining sloughs in the woods of The Grove, in Illinois. But to have a mining-town, incorrectly spelled, named in his honor is almost all the honor that Kennicott still enjoys. "Fame" as Lord Byron put it, "consists in falling on the field of glory, and having your name spelled wrong in the dispatches."

They carried him back, over the snows, on a dog train. The Indians, they say, stood solemn and sad along the way, mutely respectful of the man who had understood their language and their hearts, the man of such Great Medicine. Many months later the news reached the world of science and Kennicott's family.

And presently the world began to forget him. The years were so crowded! A deadly organized publicity came to master the technique of making the mediocre famous. A hundred names in science seem better known than Kennicott's. What he lacked was the radio, a good agent, a well-planned ticker-tape reception, and the best efforts of the rotogravure section of the Sunday papers. But his arctic specimens are still in the Smithsonian, for the curious to examine. And in the Chicago Academy of Sciences still may be seen the passenger pigeon that he shot at The Grove, in the long-ago, the halcyon, the abundant days of a vanishing America.

The Last Three Seconds

Continued from page 78

dragged it, and creep forward inch by inch until the gun was exactly where it was before—because the railway siding which carried the gun was necessarily on a curve so as to allow the gun to be trained on various points of the horizon, and a difference in position of an inch would mean a difference of a quarter-mile in the drop of the shell. Only when all this was done, the calculations made, the gun loaded, the carriage in position, and the elevation readjusted, could the gun be fired again. No wonder Lenham had time to think about extraneous matters.

The parachute slung low down on his back was uncomfortable, and he wriggled to set it right. It was irksome to wear it all day, but on the other hand if he should happen to need it he would need it so quickly that there would never be time to put it on. For although German aeroplanes mostly kept peaceably on their own side of the line, occasionally one could come swooping across the line, braving the anti-aircraft barrage and the machines which dashed to intercept it, and then, plunging down on the helpless balloon, would fire in a stream of incendiary bullets until flames shot from the envelope. Then the officers in the car would have to leap for their lives while the enemy proceeded home in leisurely fashion after an easy victory which had cost England some two hundred thousand pounds' worth of balloon and gas.

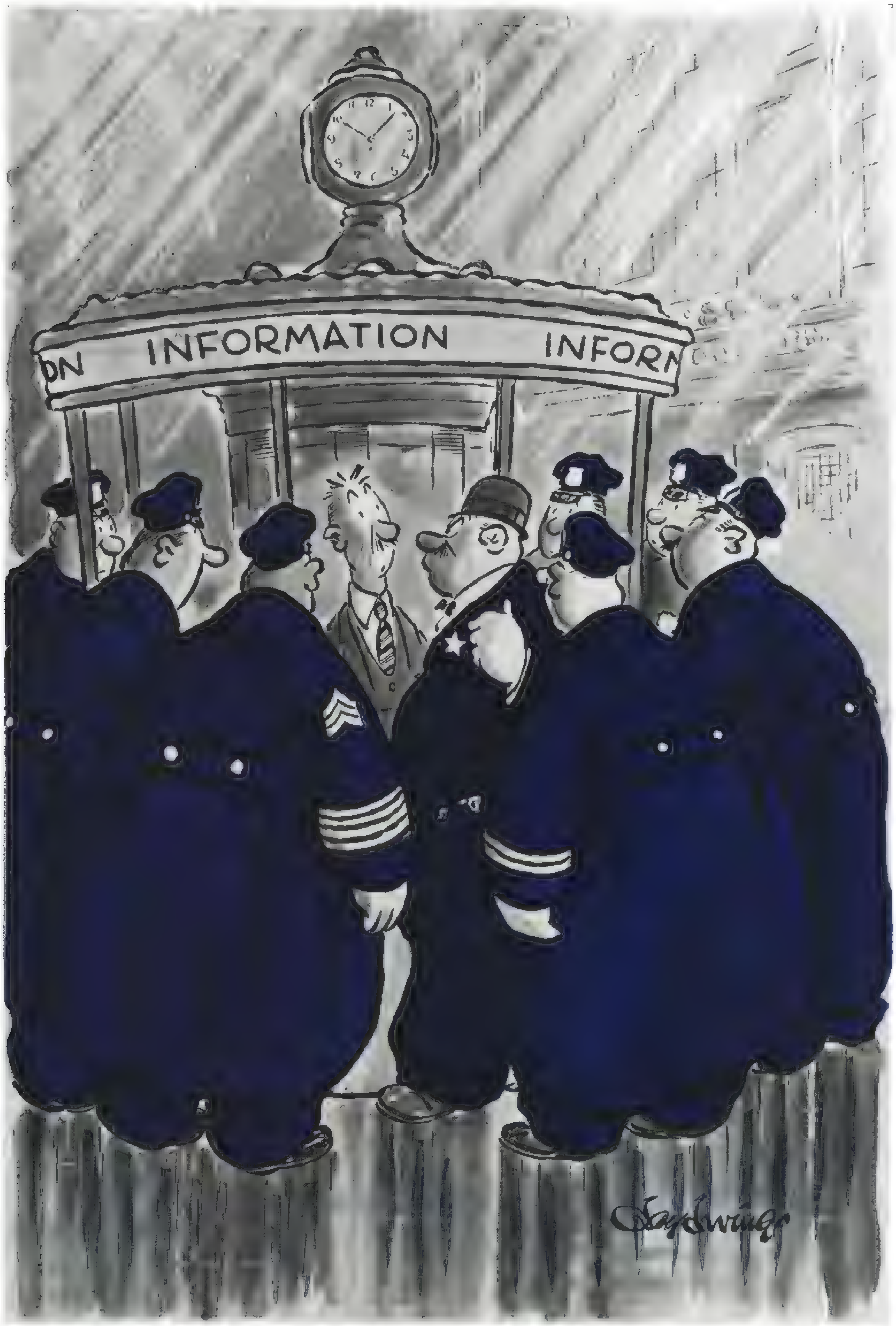
Only very occasionally were the ground staff able to spot the raider to wind the balloon down in time to save it from destruction, and even then the observers would be well advised to jump the moment the danger was perceived, lest on the one hand they should be involved in the flames, or on the other lest the balloon should be so near the ground as to make the parachute unavailable — because one had to drop a clear hundred feet before pulling the cord which allowed the parachute to open.

There was another peril, too, as Lenham uncomfortably realized. Lately the German airmen had taken to firing at the officers dangling from their parachutes after the destruction of the balloon. It was a vaguely unsporting thing to do, to kill a man hanging helpless in midair, and yet after all war was a matter of killing, and this was no more unsporting than throwing shells at men from a gun nine miles away. He hoped all the same that if his balloon were shot down his enemy would be generous enough to spare him as he swung from his parachute. Lenham made the mental resolve—for the twentieth time—to jump the moment he received warning of the enemy's approach. Then he would have time to reach the ground, and safety, before the destruction of the balloon was completed. He knew that Woodward had reached the same decision—they had discussed it only the night before.

A glance at his watch told him that Big Lizzie would soon be ready to fire again. He settled himself again on his uncomfortable perch and made ready to stare through his binoculars. Despite his earphones, he could hear the shrill sound of the wind through the suspensory wires of the car. The sun was hot and pleasant up here, and perhaps the next shot would score a direct hit. And if that were too much to hope for, it might at least drop fifty yards this side of the bridge. If it should, and he observed it, the bridge was as good as destroyed, because after a bracket as close as that they were bound to hit very soon. The trouble would start if he did not see the burst. That would involve another quarter of an hour's delay, and further changes in the gun and in the atmosphere, so that the next burst might be farther away after all and the whole weary business would have to be repeated. It was of the utmost importance that Lenham should spot the fall of the next shell. Second Lieutenant Lenham, aged twenty and in appearance a good deal younger, felt keenly the spur of duty. He was carrying on his shoulders some of the responsibility for the conduct of the war which his elders had started without consulting him. He snapped "Ready" into the telephone when the earphones warned him that in one minute's time Big Lizzie would be ready to fire. He fixed his attention rigidly on the target, cursing under his breath the extravagant motion of the car. Once more the earphones bleated their warning, and Lenham began once more to count up to eighteen.

An enormous amount can happen in eighteen seconds. When Lenham had reached "two" a confused noise in the earphones told him that the telephone connections were being changed. Still counting, Lenham thought a curse at the ground staff. At "three" came a new voice.

Continued at top of page 130


ON INFORMATION INFOR

"We wanna ask yuh a few questions, buddy"

The Last Three Seconds

Continued from pages 78-128

"Hun coming," it said, and at "five" a new series of jerks on the part of the balloon and a maddening vibration told him that they were beginning to wind down. Woodward had received the warning too. He snatched off his telephone apparatus, and sprang to the side of the car. Lenham saw him beckon urgently, but Lenham went on counting. "Seven, eight." He could hear now the roar of the aeroplane's engine, and the clatter of its machine gun.

If he jumped now he would be safe—safe from the flames of the balloon, and from the bullets which would later be aimed at him as he sank slowly and helplessly to the ground.

"Nine, ten," said Lenham, with only a hint of a quaver in his voice. Woodward made a last gesture and jumped.

"Thirteen, fourteen," said Lenham, still staring through his glasses at the target.

It seemed an eternity before he reached "eighteen." Then came the longed for puff of smoke. The bridge was quite obscured by it—the shell must have pitched only a few yards this side. The bracket was achieved, and Lenham's duty was done. He snatched off his earphones and swung himself over the side of the car. As he did so he felt a hot breath on his face as a puff of wind blew the burning gas round about him. The balloon was already in flames. Even then, his brain working like lightning told him of the danger he would shortly be running of the aeroplane's machine gun. He stood for a moment on his precarious foothold at the side of the car and then let himself drop.

Once more he had to count, but this time only up to three. The parachute on his back would only open when the speed of falling had reached a certain point, and in consequence it was necessary to wait three seconds before pulling the cord. As Lenham said "three" to himself he pulled the cord and waited for the abrupt jerk which would follow as the parachute opened and his harness brought him up short. But the jerk did not come. He swallowed chokingly and tugged once more at the cord, without result.

Lenham knew now that he was going to die. In two or three more seconds he would hit the ground and his body would burst. Like a gooseberry that had been trodden on, was the simile that his mind suggested to him. The air was rushing up past him. He could not breathe. As he fell, he looked upward. The balloon was a roaring mass of flames and black smoke. He thought he could see the German aeroplane swinging round high above him. Now he was going to die. He could not be far from the ground now. The crash would save him at least from this horror of being without breath. He was ready for it now.

Then he fell feet first into something soft and yielding, something which received him with hardly a jerk. He wondered if this were death. He was rolling down some smooth slope, and was filled with a feeling of insecurity far more nightmarelike than the sensation of falling. He rolled faster and faster, clutching wildly and unavailingly for handhold.

Just as he reached the edge Lenham realized what had happened. He had fallen right on top of Woodward's open parachute; in other words upon a cushion of air which was the only thing that could have saved him unhurt after his fall of five hundred feet. He still had time, as he battled to save himself, to wonder whether the parachute were so near the ground that he would still live when he rolled off. Then he reached the edge, still trying to grip the yielding surface, and fell to the ground. Woodward's feet had already touched the earth, so that Lenham had no more than ten feet to fall—just enough to shake him up pretty badly. But he had no bones broken, and he was sensible enough to be able to gasp out to the ground staff who came running up to him that they must telephone at once to Big Lizzie with the news that the last burst had only been thirty yards short of the target.

Lenham is a commercial traveller now, a big red-faced man who sells gentleman's hosiery to retailers all over the south of England. He often tells his story, and he lays particular stress on the chances that saved his life. If he had not waited for the shell burst, but had jumped at the same time as Woodward, he would have been killed because Woodward's parachute would not have been below to receive him. And yet if his parachute had opened he would have been shot by the German airman as he drifted slowly down. Lenham tells the story now with the facility of long practice, but to those who have heard it two or three times already it is rather boring. #

Women Are Good Drivers

Continued from page 93

my burden at the door of the amiable James J. Shanley, Chief Inspector of Motor Vehicles in New Jersey. Inspector Shanley and his staff annually put 25,000 women through the paces, and this experience ought to give some answer to the question, "Are the women who take the driving test any dumber or any brighter than the men?"

"The best answer to that," said the Inspector, "is right here." And riffling through the annual report, we came upon this:

Of 88,000 applicants last year, 63,800 were men and 24,300 were women.

Of the men, 17.8% flunked.

Of the women, only 12.2% were rejected.

"Are the women any more nervous during the test than the men?"

"Yes, I think they generally are," was the reply. "But most people seem to be upset by the mere presence of an inspector—even old drivers who come in for renewals. It seems that the more intelligent and imaginative the individual, the worse the condition is.

"Why, since I've been in this department we've had at least six people drop dead during or immediately after the examination from nervous excitement. We had one man faint twice in two appearances: once when we told him he'd have to come back and try it again; the second time when we told him he'd passed!"

But the women? Oh, yes; they pull some hot ones, too. There was that matron who read the eye chart satisfactorily with her left eye. Shifting the shield to the other eye, the examiner said: "Now read the last line backwards."

Promptly the lady turned around, her back to the chart.

"But I can't see a thing this way!" she wailed plaintively.

And there was that other one in the road test who was told to back up and turn around.

"Oh, I couldn't do that," she announced firmly, "I've never backed a car."

"No?" said the inspector. "How do you turn around when you have to?"

"I just drive around the block," she explained naively.

Dumb women, to be sure. But who do you suppose approached an examiner, paper in hand, with the question: "I was married two weeks ago—what sex am I now?" A man!

Who do you suppose filled in the signature blank with the words, "Roughly will do?" A man—to whom the inspector had said, "Sign here: roughly will do."

Who do you suppose turned in a paper with the following data: Age: 32. Color: 16. Sex: 10.

That, gentle reader, was a man who thought "Color" meant Collar and "Sex" meant Sox—and obediently put down his respective sizes!

Yes, they certainly get some dumb ones: but they aren't all Doras by a long shot.

"What are the rights of the pedestrian at an unguarded crossing?" asks one question.

"I don't know: I'm a Presbyterian," answered one man.

"Name three items of safety equipment on motor cars which should always be kept in good condition," reads another.

"Court plaster, iodine and bandages," wrote a Brilliant Male.

Out on the road test a fellow backed his car gently but firmly against a telephone pole during the turning movement.

"You're all right," reassured the inspector. "Now pull out and turn around."

With his rear bumper against the pole; his hind wheels on a sheet of ice, and his gears in reverse, the lad stepped on the gas pedal—without result. He pressed harder—and still harder. The engine roared; the wheels spun, but the car didn't move.

"What's the trouble?" queried the inspector blandly.

"I don't know—I guess I'm out of gas," vouchsafed the Superior Masculine Mind.

For two hours I listened to a dozen different inspectors recall one laugh after another in rapid succession. Then I pinned them down to the issue: How do the women compare with the men?

"Mister," said one of them, "a dope is a dope in pants or skirts."

And that terse sentiment was unanimously carried.

From those who see these women drivers before the inspectors do, I got exactly the same reaction. Talking to a number of instructors whose women pupils exceed 3500, they all boiled it down to the opinion that the women make just as good drivers and learn just as quickly. Apart from pure mechanics, women learn to drive in an average of five to eight lessons—about the same as men—and their ultimate skill depends far more upon age and subsequent driving experience than upon sex.

Fundamentally, the essentials of a good driver are Judgment and Common Sense. Neither of these attributes are governed by sex—both are mighty hard to "teach" in the brief span of the typical driving course. The upshot is that mighty few of us possess enough of either to rate very high—a fact eloquently demonstrated recently by a study of the behavior of 20,000 motorists at railroad grade crossings. Of this total, 20% did not even slow down before crossing the tracks; 70% did not look in either direction—only 2.7% actually looked *both ways* before proceeding!

Since 75% of the drivers on the road are men, you can calculate for yourself the relative common sense of the average motorist. And you begin to realize that with women representing only one-quarter of the total, any bit of foolishness on their part is bound to be more conspicuous. That is one reason why super-

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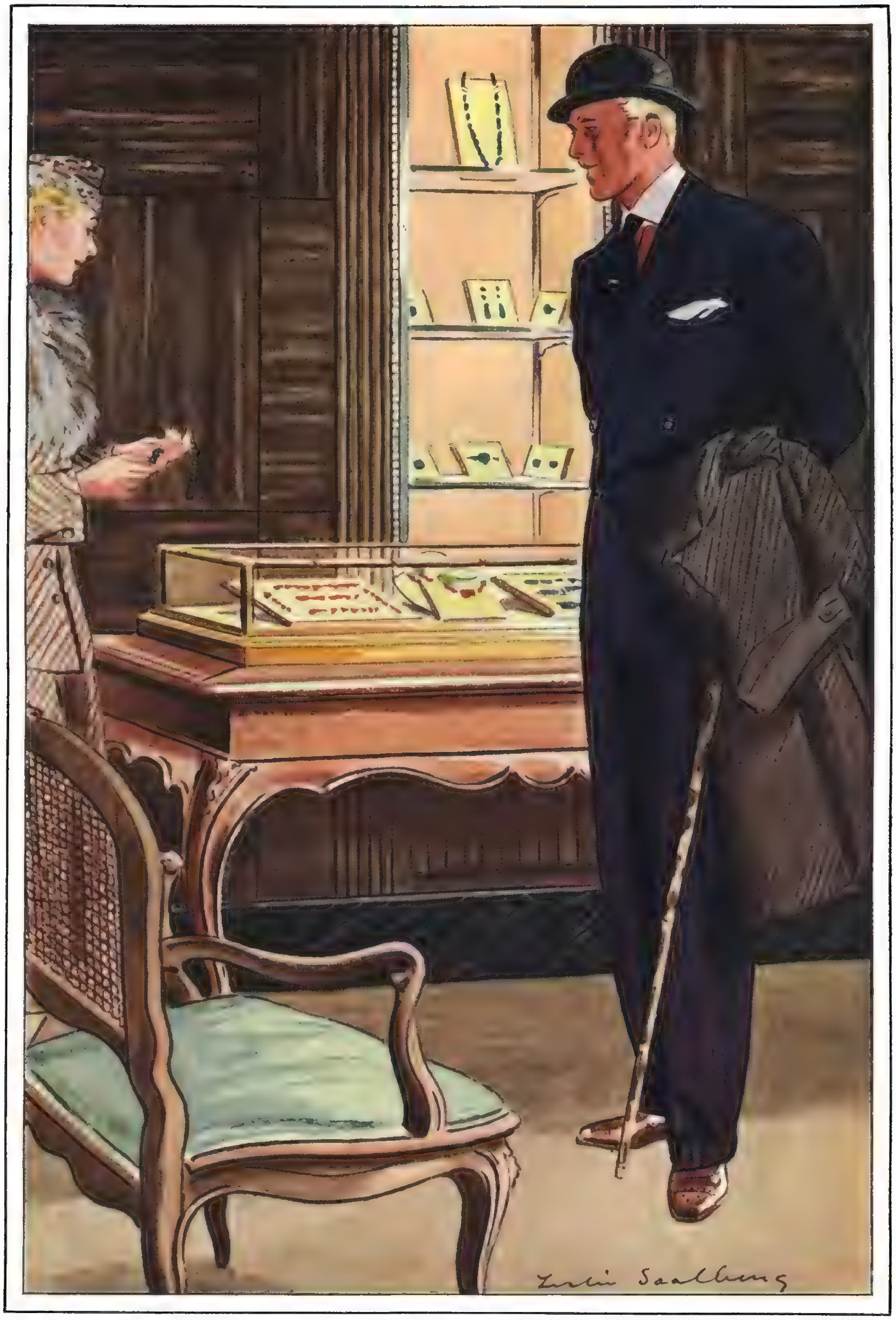
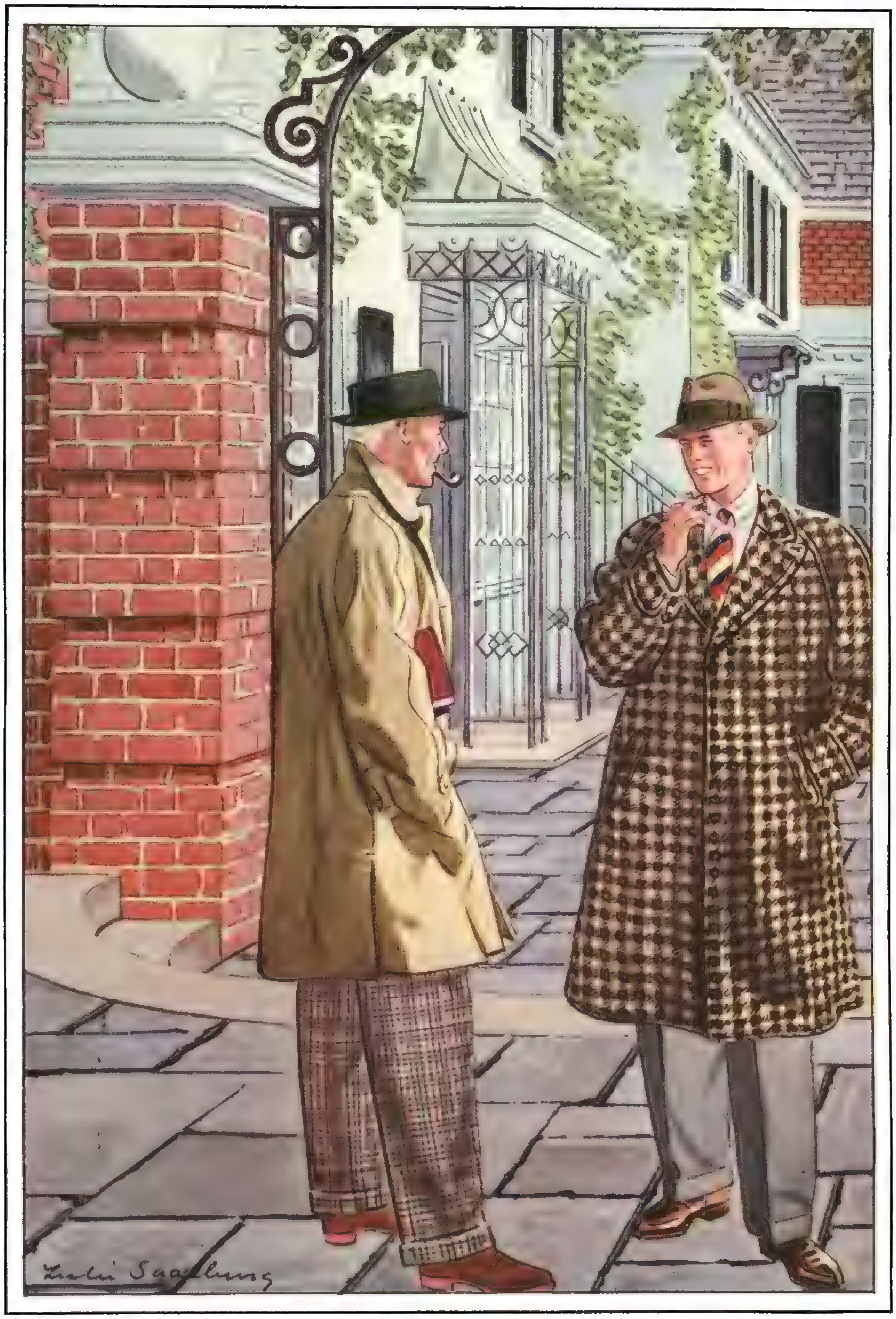


KNAVE ATTEMPTING TO FINESSE THE QUEEN

We don't like to libel the old guy, but as our readers way out on the western prairies oft remind us, a man dressed like that can be up to no good. Our most rugged readers would probably indulge if not condone the outfit as a whole, except for the stick. The rattan racing cane is the touch sinister. As for the suit, it's a double breasted in a hard finish worsted with a red stripe. Both the fabric and the model have high fashion significance. Colored stripes are getting a big play this spring. As for the model, note that the lapel rolls to the lower button, there being but four instead of the usual six, and that the extra fullness is under the arms instead of in the chest. The trousers are cut very full and break over the instep. An oxblood shirt, starched widespread collar, dark Spitalfields tie, Oxford grey coat and a bowler hat complete the outfit except for the gold animal figure sporting tie pin.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



MUST LILACS IN THIS COURTYARD BLOOM?

If not on behalf of artist Saalburg then on our own behalf we apologize to Yale and Pierson College and its new quarters for the nancy-prancy stance of that righthand figure. It almost sours us on the clothes themselves, which is a pity, and we hope that you won't be similarly affected. The boy on the left wears the new cravenetted raincoat that was first introduced in England for riding, fishing and general outdoor sportswear, where it was worn with trousers to match, but is here worn with an old tweed suit. The tweed is a Scotch check. The hat is a porkpie, and the shoes are buckskin with rubber soles and heels. That other cooky wears a single-breasted fly front peaked lapel topcoat of heavy tweed, with raglan sleeves. The rest of his outfit consists of a button down collar attached Oxford shirt, striped rep tie, an odd jacket and grey flannel trousers, Norwegian model shoes and a snap brim.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Women Are Good Drivers

Continued from pages 93-130

ficial thinkers cling to the notion that "women are crazy drivers" —forgetting that most drivers are a few chips shy at best!

As for the mechanics of it, few women give a hoot about what is under the hood: a trait which probably saves them money since it precludes their tinkering after the manner of Friend Husband who is eternally bent upon improving the handiwork of the automotive engineers. This does not imply that a knowledge of basic principles isn't beneficial or that its lack isn't often serious. Probably more bearings are burned out by women who forget about the oil than by men—and certainly their mechanical dismays give us many a good tale. It was such a woman who brought a new car back to the salesroom for some minor adjustment, discovering later that a wrench had been filched from the tool kit. Her irate protest was stilled by a willing replacement and the incident forgotten until she reappeared some three weeks later with the complaint that the car was bucking like a bronco.

Lifting the hood, the salesman made a quick inspection and nodded.

"Just as I thought: one of your cylinders is missing," he said.

"Oh, it is!" snapped the lady indignantly. "Well, whoever got away with my wrench probably stole that cylinder, too."

Be that as it may, it is still a mistake not to differentiate between mechanical ability and driving skill when they are two distinctly separate fields. As far as good driving goes—and that is *safe* driving—the mechanical factor is unimportant. For, when all is said and done, a woman can be a good driver without being a skilled mechanic just as a man can be a good jockey without knowing enough about the insides of a horse to qualify as a veterinarian.

All of which seems to bring us back to the point that in the laboratory or on the highway the woman is just as good a driver as the man and measurably safer to boot. It is rank treason, of course, for a man to say so—as I have discovered during the past few months—and at first the contention is taken as a jest. Hold your ground, however, and you soon run head on into a flood of alibis. Naturally, the factor of mileage can't be argued with. But the claim that men drive in heavier traffic weakens when you discover 65% of our accidents occur on rural highways where the death rate is more than double that for congested city accidents—the bad weather gag falls flat (women are supposed to stay home when driving conditions aren't good) when you find that 85% of all motor mishaps occur on clear, dry days—the mechanical factor explodes in view of the experience that less than 5% of our accidents can be attributed to this cause—the supposed unfavorable influence of the commercial driver upon masculine records is pure myth because truckers have a mileage-accident record so infinitely superior to the pleasure driver's that both can't be mentioned in the same breath.

This leaves only the feature of speed, it being a stock argument that "men invariably drive faster than women."

But since the records of every city and every state for the entire country prove beyond question that TOO MUCH SPEED FOR THE SURROUNDING CONDITIONS is the *most prolific single cause of accidents today*, we suddenly see that the very backbone of the argument for male supremacy behind the wheel ceases to be an alibi and becomes a confession! #

Woman As Creator

Continued from page 75

been reminded that there is a double standard.

"He for God, only,
She for God in him"

wrote Milton. In other words, it is the duty of woman to worship God as personified in her husband. He becomes God's representative on earth.

"His to command, hers to obey!" How familiar the phrases sound! And that's the way life was ordered everywhere until a few years ago. It is run on that formula today in all the countries of Europe and Asia, where woman submerges her personality and willingly devotes herself to arranging life according to the personal convenience and necessity of her husband.

No doubt about it, woman hasn't had an equal chance to develop her artistic instincts. "She hasn't *really* wanted to, of course," you will be told. Or, "She's going to start soon!" There is an adequate answer to all this —but again no woman can make it. Actually, our whole mob psychology militates against her being anybody. If a young boy starts toying with an idea, plays the violin or paints landscapes, for instance, all his relatives jump to the conclusion that some day he might earn his living that way. But if it's the young daughter, the family says: "How nice!" and goes on about its business. The thought is, if there is any, that she will entertain her friends or perhaps play at finishing-school parties. For her, it's an embellishment and she is put at once into the class of an amateur.

This situation, we are told, has changed rapidly in this country since the War. Emancipated woman has found the way to economic independence; and now, not only wears the pants, but forms clubs to reform man and to furnish an audience for herself when he will listen no longer.

To the Frenchman, it looks as if she exists merely to attract attention and to frustrate man. He observes that the average American, who brings his wife or someone else's to Europe, acts very much as if he had recently purchased a stream-lined Cord and was showing it off. And the Frenchman if he has had any experiences with our women brands them as teasers and hypocrites. "If you kiss a girl in my country," I was told, "it means you can go the rest of the way. But in the United States, My God! it means nothing! You never know where you lie . . . or what the woman will do. At least, in France, we still make a distinction between whores and other women."

* * *

A pertinent question: What is our woman doing with her freedom? Is she making use of it for other purposes than to boss a man?

Will woman ever give up visualizing herself as a companion to a great man? Will she cease dragging her husband out to listen to music written by a man and conducted by a man? To lectures given by a man? To plays thought out and produced by a man?

Or, will she stand on her own feet and create a work of art that rises above the prosaic levels of daily life, that enters into the world of longings and mighty visions, that is not merely "good for a woman?" Will she give us an hour with noble heroines and great thoughts? Will she thrill us with emotions which she hardly dares confess to herself?

I doubt it, but then there is always the off-chance! Now that she can smoke and drink cocktails, she can at last get an admission card to the genius class.

It would be a surprise if a woman became a real artist and ceased to beat the air, lash the waves, and milk the ram. Then she might sow seeds for future growth and become mistress of the subject as well as of the situation. And her output would no longer annoy the sensitive and foozle the honest. She'd no more be holding a candle to the sun. #

Portrait of a Torch

Continued from page 83

icably, Mr. Jones gets paid, and the matter ends there; sometimes it comes about by way of a law suit, the court being left to decide whose estimate is the more nearly right.

In some cases, however, the broker may decide not to handle the matter himself. He may say to Mr. Jones:

"Mr. Jones, this looks like a rather complicated case and if I were in your shoes I would let an adjustor handle it. An adjustor, you know, is a man who specializes in getting fair settlements for people. He knows all about values and things of that kind and is prepared to go the limit to see that you get a fair deal. He will go into your store and for a slight fee estimate the damage and conduct all the negotiations with the XYZ people. You won't have to do a thing—except endorse the check when it comes in."

Public adjustors thus enter normal fire-loss cases either at the suggestion of an insurance broker or as a result of having one of their employees chase fire engines and personally solicit the owner of the property where the fire occurs. However, if the testimony in the case of Mr. Skablow and his associates is to be believed, not all fire adjustors limit themselves to these activities. According to this testimony, at least two firms of adjustors were prepared not only to extract proper payment from insurance companies for damage done their clients' property but also to see that the damage *was* done. Firms which go in for this latter aspect of the business usually have on hand at least one person who specializes in setting fires, the "torch." This was Skablow's role, a role he would no doubt still be playing had it not been for the loquacity of Abraham Goldner.

Operatives who had been puzzled by the looks of numerous Brooklyn fires finally got wind of the fact that Goldner was a man from whom they might get some information. Accordingly, one of their number, posing as the owner of an insured store in which he wanted to have a fire, got in touch with Goldner. Goldner admitted knowing a wonderful torch and in order to back up his statement proceeded to escort the fake store owner about the city, pointing out places where the torch (whose name, address, etc., he carefully withheld) had had successful fires in the past, relating anecdotes of the man's prowess, and even introducing his prospective client to people who had benefited from fires. All this lasted several days during which time the supposed store owner tried his best to get Goldner to reveal the torch's name. But Goldner always managed to evade giving any direct

Continued on page 134

Portrait of a Torch

Continued from pages 83-133

information. He would sprinkle his conversation with such remarks as: "Well, I've just seen the torch. . . ." or "As I was saying to the torch only yesterday. . . ." But further than this he would not go, fearing undoubtedly that the store-owner might take his business directly to the torch and thus cut him, Goldner, out of his profit.

Judging from Goldner's remarks that he was in almost daily communication with the torch, A. Bruce Bielaski, former secret service ace, now chief investigator for the National Board of Fire Underwriters, sicked still another detective onto the insurance agent. The second operative was ordered not to introduce himself to Goldner but to trail him wherever he went. These tactics soon brought results; the detective reported that he was sure the man they were after, the torch, was one of the tenants of a certain two-family house in the borough of Brooklyn. Goldner had been followed to these premises a number of times but unfortunately on each occasion the detective had been unable to tell which section of the house he had visited. It was necessary therefore to pick one or the other of the tenants and have him followed until either his guilt or innocence should be established.

As the tenant on one side was a meek, scholarly-looking little man with horn-rimmed glasses and the tenant on the other looked like a racketeer, the police decided to begin following the latter. They followed him to pool halls, ball games, movie theaters, up one street and down another, until their feet ached. And at the end of two weeks they had nothing whatever to show for their efforts. So they transferred their attentions to the tenant of the other side.

For a scholar, this tenant was extremely elusive. He had a car and he would get in it and disappear like a frightened rabbit. During the first few days he was out of the detectives' sight as often as he was in it. But they were not discouraged because even within this short space of time they had been given reason to believe that he was their man. Somehow, mysteriously, a fire had occurred in one of the places they had seen him visit. They lacked proof that he had had anything to do with it (it had burned during one of the times he was out of sight) but they did know that he had visited the place on the preceding day. So they increased their vigilance and a few days later, on the morning of May 17, received their reward when Skablow came strolling out of Barnett's apartment.

But catching Skablow was one thing, making him talk another. All efforts at the latter failed until, more than a month later, he was confronted with the testimony of one of his former clients, a woman named Rose Brenner.

Rose Brenner was one of the people to whom Goldner had introduced the detective who had first approached him in the guise of a store-owner. When Skablow refused to confess his guilt, all the people who had been introduced to the detective as erstwhile customers of the torch were rounded up and thoroughly quizzed. Rose Brenner was the first to give in. She was tricked into it. The police let her get the impression that the detective-store-owner had gone ahead and had his fire and was now in the same category as herself, a suspect. So she confided in him and her remarks were used as a lever with which to pry the lid off Skablow.

Shortly after confessing, Skablow turned state's evidence and began his lengthy career as a star witness. The legal procedure was slow not only because it generally is in this country but also because the prosecution was hampered throughout by the law of New York which holds that a person cannot be convicted of a crime on the testimony of someone guilty of the same crime. In spite of the fact that the police were convinced that Skablow was telling the truth, they could not—as a result of this law—clap into jail all the persons whom he named as accomplices. In each case they had to secure corroborative evidence of the accomplice's guilt.

In the course of his various appearances on the stand, Skablow gave a pretty complete picture of himself and of his incendiary methods. He is a widower, 48 years old, with 4 children, all boys, ranging in age from 24 to 9. He is passionately devoted to these sons and one of the reasons he turned arsonist was to provide for them. The eldest boy is married and supports himself, the others are dependent on their father. What will happen to them, now that the state has wrung the last drop of testimony out of Skablow, is not known. He had hoped that in recognition of his assistance the court would be moved to leniency when it came time to sentence him. Unfortunately, it did not work out that way.

Previous to his descent into crime, Skablow was a prosperous manufacturer of knit goods. A sudden and unexpected drop in the price of silk brought this phase of his life to a close. He had bought hundreds of pounds of silk at $7 a pound. Almost overnight his holdings became worth only one seventh of what he had paid for them. The extent of his previous success may be gauged from the fact that his failure was for $800,000.00.

The first tentative experiments with arson probably occurred at this time. On one occasion in the remoter past, Skablow had resorted to this method of getting together some ready cash. He had contracted with a torch to fire a sweater factory of his.

"But he botched it," Skablow testified. "I only got about $50,000. I had expected more."

Fresh from bankruptcy, Skablow recalled this experience and the fact that at the time he though he could have done a better job setting the fire himself. Why not set a few fires for friends until he was on his feet again? He proceeded to do so. When he learned that one of his acquaintances wanted a fire, Skablow would tell him he knew a man who could take care of it. Several people, thus approached, accepted the offer and gave Skablow money enough to pay the torch, who, as Skablow pictured him, was of a very retiring disposition. None of these people ever knew that it was Skablow himself who burned out their places so effectively and pocketed the money.

Managing in this fashion to collect a little capital, Skablow had another go at legitimate business. The venture was not successful, so, in order to extricate himself, he again resorted to arson. There was a nice, purposeful, little fire after which a firm of adjustors was called in to thresh things out with the insurance company.

During the ensuing negotiations, Skablow and the adjustors naturally saw a lot of each other. Many things were discussed. It was in the course of these conversations that Skablow was formally introduced to Big Time Arson, the latter to its Ace Torch.

The following three years were busy ones. Skablow was in demand; he rented his talents now to one employer, now another. Most of the time he worked under the auspices of a firm of public adjustors named Shields and Wurzberg—or at least, so he testified.

The adjustors themselves denied having had any relations with him. Nevertheless, both were charged with second degree arson, tried, and on the testimony of Skablow, corroborated by that of persons whose fires had been adjusted, found guilty and sentenced by County Judge Franklin Taylor (the same judge who later sentenced Skablow) to the maximum penalty, 12½ to 25 years in Sing Sing. Both men promptly appealed. Wurzberg's appeal was denied and he is now serving his time. Shields was granted a new trial and acquitted.

Before his arrest, Samuel C. Wurzberg was something of a figure in the civic life of Brooklyn, organizer of the Borough Hall Boys Association, a politico-charitable group, and at one time foreman of the King's County Grand Jury. He was charged specifically with having helped to fire the premises of a Dr. Jerome F. Granoff on April 29, 1932. Dr. Granoff pleaded guilty, testified for the state, and this fall received a 7 to 20 year sentence.

The case of Bernard Barnett, Skablow asserted, was one of the few he was handling strictly on his own. No insurance agents were involved, no fire adjustors. Nobody but himself and Barnett, a personal acquaintance. Skablow said that he had agreed to fire Barnett's apartment for the ridiculously small sum of $40 both because he was hard up at the time and also because Barnett had promised that, if the apartment fire were successful, he would later on pay the handsome sum of $500 for a fire in his shoe factory.

Skablow testified that he did not put much stock in this offer, that in fact he had privately decided not to fire Barnett's apartment at all, merely to collect the money and clear out. At the time the two were arrested, Barnett had paid $30 on account and they were on their way to get the remaining ten. Skablow further testified that in his estimation Barnett was going to let him do the piddling little apartment fire, discover his methods, and then set fire to the factory himself. Barnett, as stated, denied everything and is now in jail, brooding about it.

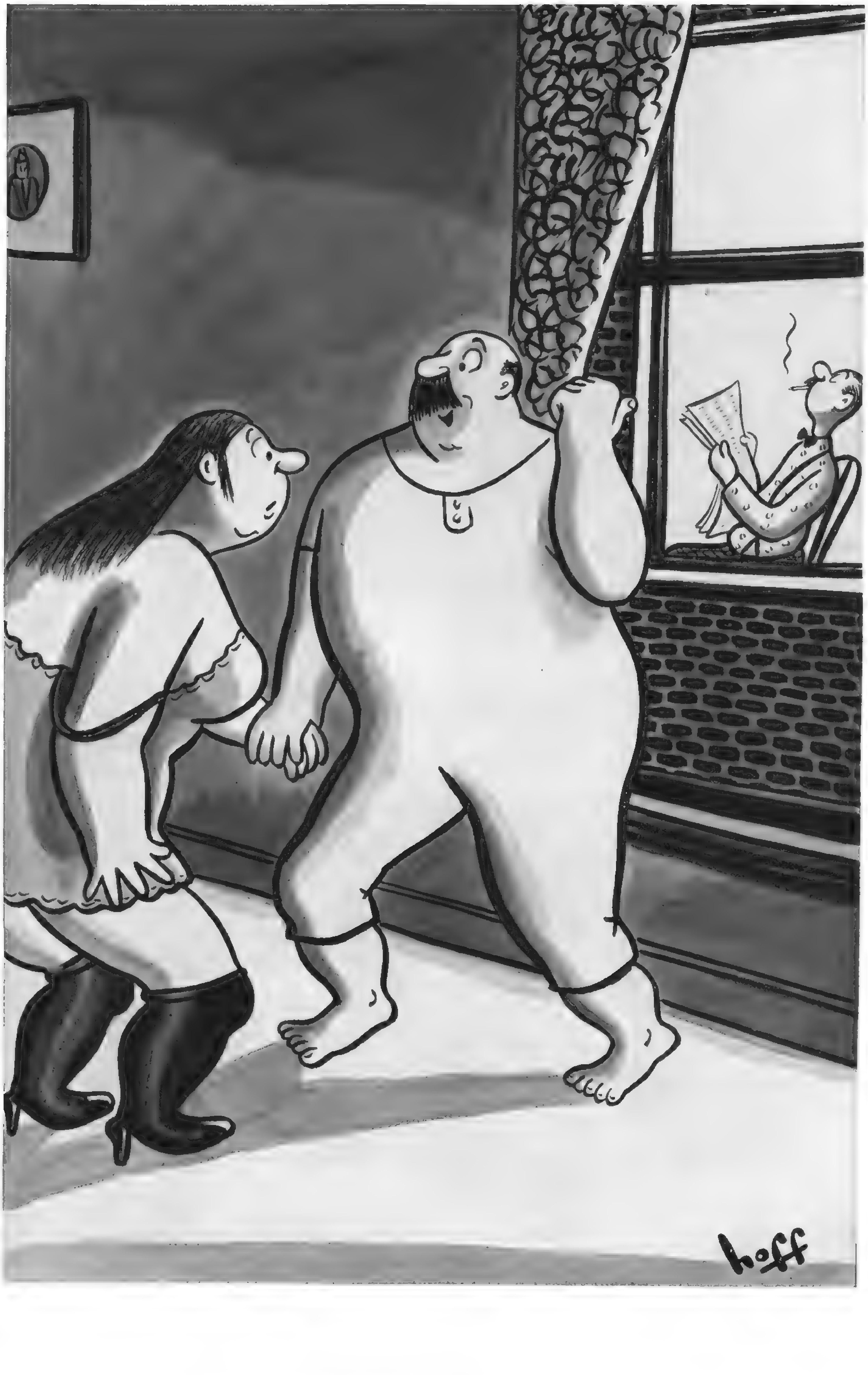
As a rule, Skablow took no job netting him less than $150 and on occasion was even paid as much as $2000. Sometimes he set as many as 6 fires a month. That, however, represented a pretty good month.

At the time of his arrest he had practically retired from the arson business. Adjustors owed him $1200 and he was looking forward to using that sum as a nest egg for another venture in legitimate business. As a matter of fact, the money had been owed him for the past six months and it was this almost as much as the confession of Rose Brenner which finally decided him to talk. The Barnett fire, he says, was the first he had undertaken since the beginning of the year and he wouldn't have considered it at all if he hadn't needed cash.

Ordinary methods of incendiarism are crude and can easily be detected by experts. They usually consist in stuffing the premises with waste or something of that sort partially saturated with gasoline or some other inflammable liquid and then touching a match to it. The results as a rule look and smell funny even to policemen. Skablow's refined arson technique was a far cry from anything like that. He favored a candlestump and celluloid, scraps or sheets, the materials which turned up in connection with the abortive attempt on Barnett's apartment.

A phone call from the adjustor's office asking him to drop around was generally the beginning of one of Skablow's jobs. At

Continued at top of page 136



"Stand by the window a minute, Honey—I want to burn up that bachelor"

A Portrait of a Torch

Continued from pages 83-133-134

the office, he would be given the name, address, etc. of the person whose premises he was to fire. He would then visit the site, sometimes making himself known to the customer, sometimes not, depending upon how reassuring the man's appearance was. Where the examination was secret, he would later on secure the keys of the place from the adjusters.

In making his preliminary survey, four things were always uppermost in Skablow's mind: the best time to have the fire; what size fire to have; the possibility of anyone's being injured; and finally, the risk to himself.

As a rule, the best time to have a fire was when no one would be likely to be around to put in an alarm before it had got well under way. The size of a fire was an important factor. An ideal fire was one which did exactly the amount of damage it was supposed to, no more, no less. With regard to the third point, the possibility of anyone's being injured, Skablow testified that no one ever was injured by his fires and that if it looked to him as though there were the remotest danger he would turn the job down. Thus, he would set fires only in one family dwellings where everyone in the family knew what was up, in fireproof apartments where the blaze could be confined to a limited area, in places of business at night when there was small likelihood of anyone's being trapped, and finally, in other types of premises whose peculiar characteristics recommended them. The fourth point, risk to himself, had to do with the type of client.

If, after considering all these things, Skablow decided to go through with the job, he would choose the right time and enter the office, apartment, or whatever it was to make his preparations. These consisted of placing the candle-stump in an appropriate spot and distributing the celluloid. The choice of sheets or scraps depended pretty much on which Skablow had been able to buy at the time and on the type of premises. He used scraps, the cheaper form of celluloid, in small places; sheets, varying in size, in larger.

The length of the candle-stump depended upon the hour the blaze was to start. He used only one type of candle and had learned from experience the rate at which it burned. Thus, in a case where he had decided to have his fire on the stroke of midnight, he might enter the premises to arrange his materials shortly before 10 p.m. He would fix the candle in a spot protected from draughts and bed it in celluloid scraps. Then he would lay the rest of the celluloid leading away from this nucleus to other parts of the building, using only an amount calculated to produce the desired damage. Then he would light the candle and let himself out, sure in the knowledge that at about midnight the candle would have burned down to a point where the flame would reach the celluloid.

Once outside, Skablow sometimes left the neighborhood temporarily, but always arranged to be back at a point of vantage the hour the fire was to start. This step was dictated not by any childish desire to watch the fire engines but by native prudence. He wanted to be in a position to cover up and protect himself and his associates if anything went wrong. If it had not been for this precaution his career would not have lasted as long as it did.

Once he was given a job to fire a furniture factory. The proprietor, a timid fellow full of misgivings, showed him over the ground in almost complete darkness. He was afraid that a light might give them away. As a result of this and also of the fact that the proprietor forgot to mention it, Skablow made all his preparations unaware that the building contained an efficient sprinkler system. He was thus at a later hour treated to the spectacle of his well-laid fire being promptly extinguished, a circumstance unfortunate in itself and also in the fact that it did not occur before an alarm had been turned in.

The factory was full of the evidence of guilt and the fire engines would be there before it could be removed. It was a difficult spot but Skablow proved himself equal to it. He called up the owner of the factory, told him what had happened, and instructed him, when questioned, to say that he had been having labor troubles and that the celluloid no doubt represented an attempt by some employees to sabotage the factory. The man followed these directions and the police accepted his story.

Skablow kept his incendiary methods a carefully guarded secret partly from pride in their ingenuity and partly because it was his custom, wherever possible, to make an additional charge for materials. These, he would say, cost around $50. They actually cost only a few dollars.

Celluloid, of course, lends itself admirably to the uses of the incendiary. It burns without leaving any tell-tale trace either of ash or odor. And as the candle also was entirely consumed, Skablow's fires presented a baffling appearance to the investigator.

The question of where the torch's celluloid came from was not overlooked in the course of the various arson hearings. Skablow said he used to get it all from one place, a firm of button manufacturers. These people and others like them cover buttons with celluloid and sell what they have left over to jobbers. The employee of the firm who dealt with Skablow testified that he had asked what Skablow was doing with all the celluloid he bought. Skablow replied that he made children's toys out of it.

"Well," remarked the employee, "I've got a kid. How about bringing around some of your toys sometime? I might be able to use a few."

Skablow said he would, but somehow it was always slipping his mind.

Wrestling: China Fashion

Continued from page 71

belly, he was lightning quick, with perfect coördination and timing.

That second tumble had jarred our man. When he finally rose, he seemed dazed. He shook his head groggily from side to side.

The giant did not deign to waste words on him, this third try, but promptly took the initiative, eager to gain the final fall and settle the contest. There was the usual flurry of flying arms and legs, followed by an earth-trembling shock.

"*Ting hao!*" shouted H. "Very good!"

The big man lay prone on his back, groaning a little.

It had been a simple case of the trickster tricked, for our man had only pretended to be groggy.

The onlookers, mercurial as all crowds are, promptly shifted their allegiance to our man. They yelped words of praise and began showering him with coppers. But the giant was not for having any of that. He leaped from his prostrate position with remarkable celerity and picked them up. He walked over to our man and deliberately kicked him in the shin—it seemed that the model had inadvertently put his foot on one of the coins, perhaps with an eye to retrieving it later. He gave a howl of pain, clasped his shin in his hands, and glared murderously at the giant. This seemed to please H. Perhaps, he commented to me, it might turn into a grudge fight. Our gladiator, if really roused, could be formidable. Although the score stood two falls to one, he should be able to overcome that handicap.

In dead silence, the two men squared off. Even the crowd was still. Each fighter got a grip on the shoulder of the other's wrestling jacket. Around and around the ring they thrashed, each trying to kick his opponent's feet from under him, our man having to give ground before the other's excess weight.

Abruptly the big man halted his advance. His mobile face became blank. He muttered to himself, and shot a quick glance upward. In a shaken voice he said:

"Ey-*yah!* Bad luck! A hawk! A hawk is circling over us! One year of bad luck!"

His grip relaxed; he made a move as if to stop the contest; then he stumbled backward, his whole body going slack.

"A hawk, eh? I'll show you who's the hawk!" shouted the model.

He dove for the giant, grunting with the force of his self-propulsion. The big man fell back another step, throwing up his arm to shield his face, flinching like a child who fears a blow. But his foot went out—viciously—then an arm darted snakily forward. He caught our man and lifted him over his shoulder, waving him derisively in the air—like a straw-stuffed scarecrow. It was a magnificent exposition of terrific power. Then the giant contemptuously sent our champion hurtling down, on his back, where he lay, stunned and still.

Without giving the victim so much as a glance, the big fellow strode over to us, his hand out. He had won three out of four falls, clinching the contest. We handed him our wager money.

But he stared at it, as though it were counterfeit. His face darkened. He spat on the money and threw it to the ground. He addressed us in passionate Chinese.

H. smiled blandly. "No," said H. At intervals, he repeated, "No."

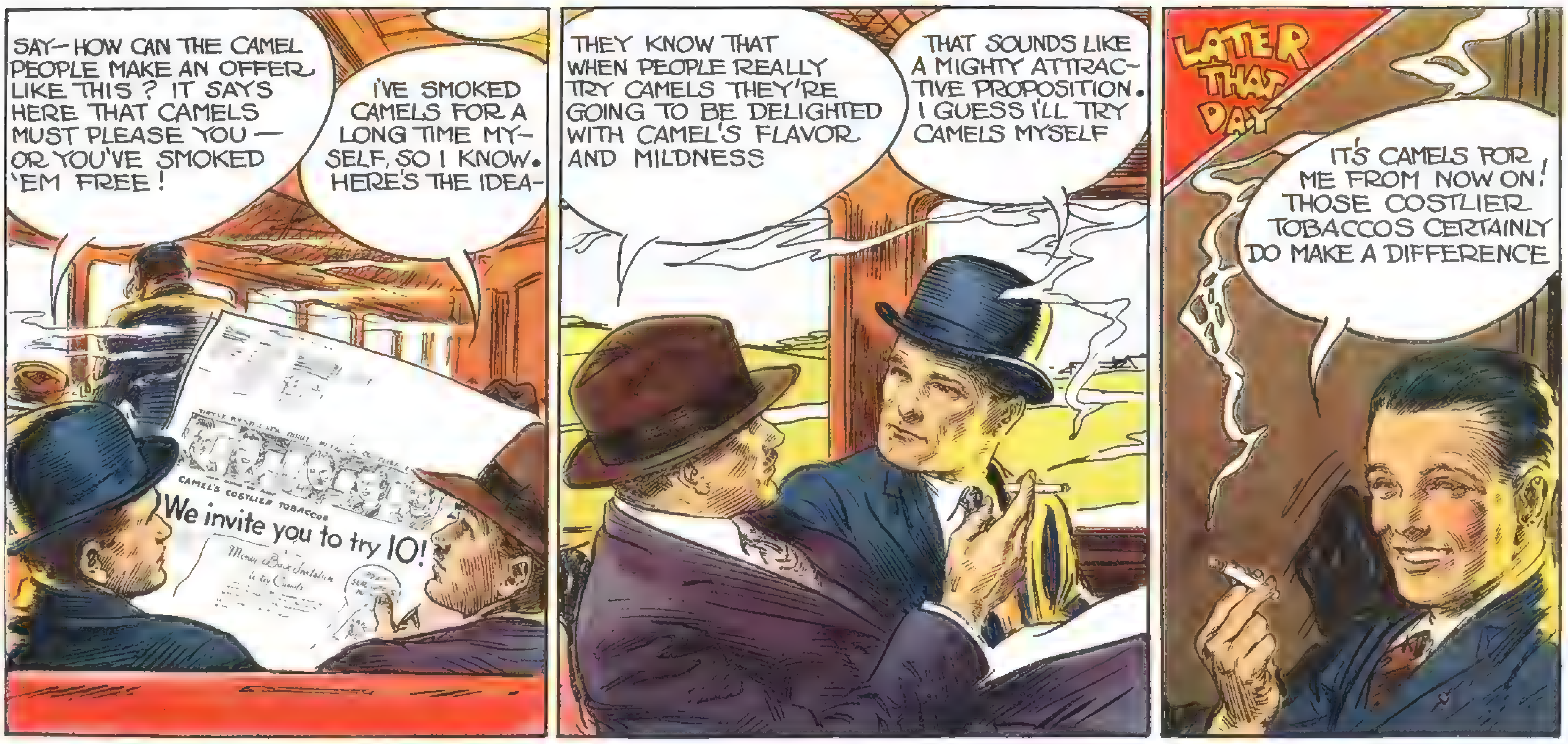
"*Now* what's come unstuck?" I asked.

"He says that was only a bet. What about our paying to see the wrestling? His *cumshaw.* He wants a modest ten dollars more—which probably is as much as he would earn in a week, wrestling from morning to night. The Chinese all have delusions about the fabulous wealth of foreigners. However, to stop the argument, if you're willing we'll each give him a Yuan, and then be on our way."

H. and I flipped the shining silver pieces down beside the neglected bills. The wrestler pointedly ignored the largesse. He continued to rend the heavens with a recital of our penury. He threatened us with vengeance. He cursed our grandfathers as being sons of turtles. Apparently those two silver dollars spurred him to high flights of oratory. As we pushed our way through the crowd, we could hear his voice demanding more, and more.

Then, just before he was lost to view, I saw him turn and scoop up the money. The timbre of his voice changed, became jubilant. Expansively, he addressed the crowd:

"Ey-yah! No more wrestling today. Or tomorrow. Have I not shown on the field of battle that I am great? *Now,* I shall go and show it in another place. Twelve dollars! Twelve sing-song girls from the Flowery House of the Crystal Fountain will learn tonight that I am not only a wrestler but a *man!*"


SAY—HOW CAN THE CAMEL PEOPLE MAKE AN OFFER LIKE THIS? IT SAYS HERE THAT CAMELS MUST PLEASE YOU—OR YOU'VE SMOKED 'EM FREE!
I'VE SMOKED CAMELS FOR A LONG TIME MYSELF, SO I KNOW. HERE'S THE IDEA—
CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS
We invite you to try 10!
Money-Back Invitation to try Camels
THEY KNOW THAT WHEN PEOPLE REALLY TRY CAMELS THEY'RE GOING TO BE DELIGHTED WITH CAMEL'S FLAVOR AND MILDNESS
THAT SOUNDS LIKE A MIGHTY ATTRACTIVE PROPOSITION. I GUESS I'LL TRY CAMELS MYSELF
LATER THAT DAY
IT'S CAMELS FOR ME FROM NOW ON! THOSE COSTLIER TOBACCOS CERTAINLY DO MAKE A DIFFERENCE

Camels have to please you—or you pay Nothing!

A positive money-back offer made to show the confidence we have that Camel's costlier tobaccos will bring you a new idea of smoking enjoyment!

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

Money-Back Invitation to try Camels

Smoke 10 fragrant Camels. If you don't find them the mildest, best-flavored cigarettes you ever smoked, return the package with the rest of the cigarettes in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund your full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed)

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

OUR INVITATION TO YOU

"What mildness." "What delicate flavor." "What a difference in taste."

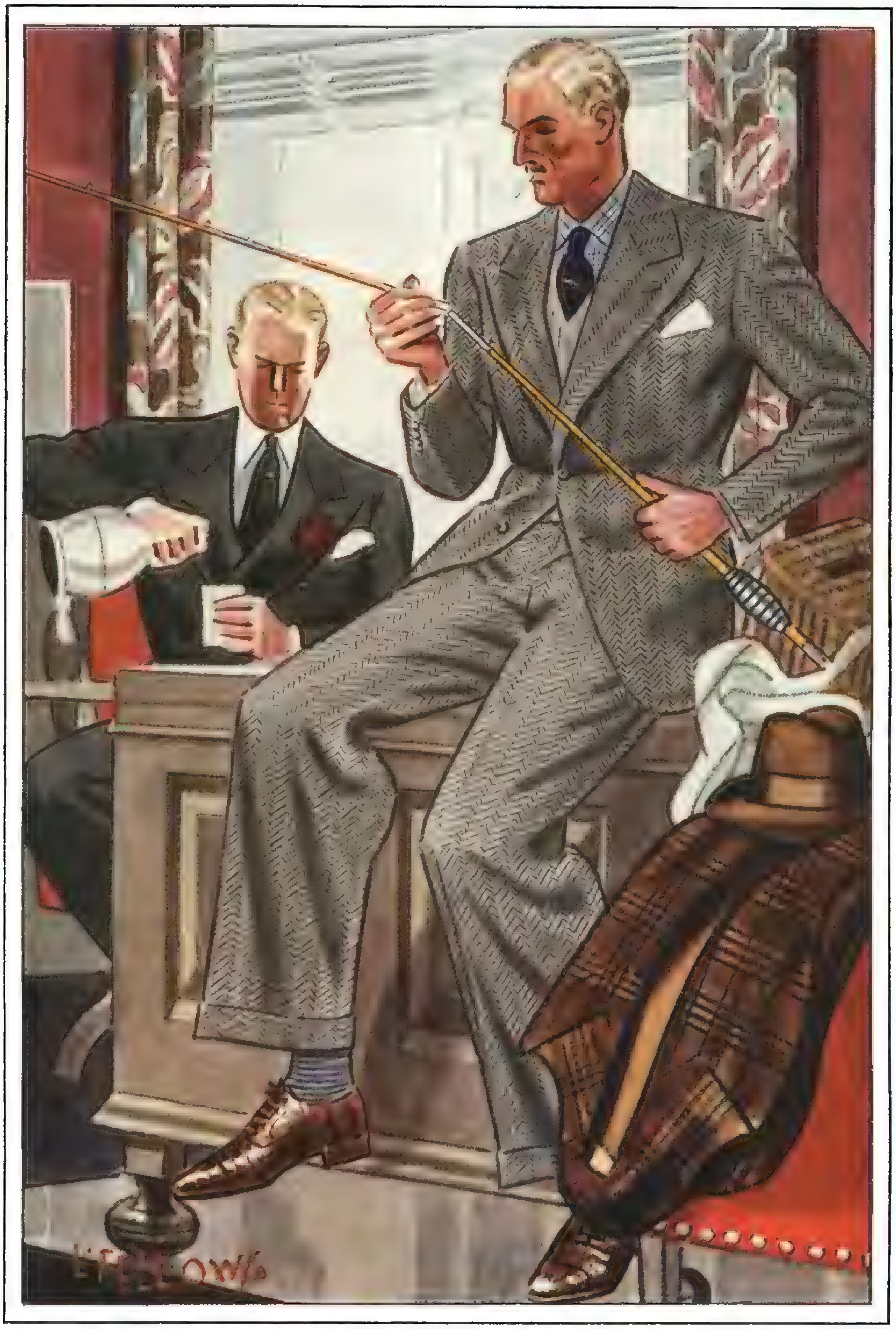
These remarks are typical of what new Camel smokers say, smokers who saw our money-back offer to "try ten" and took us at our word!

They *tried ten*, smoked twenty. And went on, from pack to pack, to explore a new delight—as they sensed the mildness, the coolness, the unrivaled flavor of Camel's costlier tobaccos.

We believe you will like Camels too. So accept our invitation—try Camels. Judge them critically. Compare them with others for mildness, for bouquet, for throat-ease, for good taste. Time flies—get a pack today.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

● Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.



INCIDENT IN A HARD DAY AT THE OFFICE

The hard part, apparently, is to arrange an unavoidable business trip into trout country at the right time. The broker, busily pouring himself a drink of water, at least believes in looking businesslike and therefore wears a sedate outfit consisting of a dark Oxford grey double-breasted suit, a blue broadcloth shirt, white starched collar and dark Spitalfields tie. The other loafer is wearing a two-button peaked lapel suit with the fullness left under the arms, made up in a very fine soft Saxony fabric of which the pattern is an arresting version of the old herringbone. In place of the conventional waistcoat he wears a short sleeveless Alpaca sweater. His broadcloth shirt is in a blue Glen Urquhart pattern with a widespread collar to match. A dark blue Spitalfields tie with a gold animal figure sporting pin completes his turn-out, except for the light weight wool horizontal striped hose and crocodile shoes.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Sourdough Pilots

Continued from page 87

have them return outside, for the most part, upon the completion of the pack. Thus, money is always going out.

Lack of transportation means lack of population. It held back the development of the Far West until the introduction of the Pony Express, the Stage Coach, and, finally, the railroad. The only steel road penetrating the real interior of Alaska is the Government railroad from Seward to Fairbanks and that does not produce enough revenue to maintain itself. Other traffic proceeds on slow river sternwheel steamboats except for the Richardson Highway expensively constructed from Valdez to Fairbanks. However, steep mountains, rugged terrain, and Jack Frost make it almost impossible to construct and keep open the roads and rails.

In the winter, all river traffic ceases because of the ice. Resort must be had to dog teams which on broken trails may make as much as thirty miles a day. For example, the heartbreaking trail from Fairbanks to Nome has been covered in the excellent time of twenty-five days even though there were snowdrifts to fight and endless storms to endure the entire distance. The comparison is startling—but the swift Lockheed Electras of Pacific Alaska Airways, a subsidiary of Pan-American Airways, make the same journey in four hours elapsed time! This at the small cost of slightly over $100 per passenger. The planes need no roads nor trails. Heretofore unknown comfort in transportation is provided. Using this comparison as a gauge for the Territory, it can readily be seen that Alaska will grow as her airways grow.

Like the early days of aviation in the States, Alaskan flying began with the barnstormers. A pertinacious race, they were well fitted for the tough flying they were called upon to do. Even today, their successor, the charter-trip flier, is the backbone of Northland aviation. Nevertheless, the final step, that of organized companies, has begun with the entrance of Pacific Alaska Airways on the snowy scene. Despite this, the individual pilot with a single plane or the small company possessing only a few aircraft of various types will persist for some time to come due to reasons peculiarly Alaskan.

Cities with a population of a few thousand are infrequent—Nome, Fairbanks, Anchorage, Seward, Ketchikan, and Juneau. Obviously there is insufficient business within the cities to account for much commerce. They are the distributing centers. Thus it is that the organized airline transports traffic between the cities, but there the passenger disembarks to charter a smaller airplane.

Most of the business concerns mining, fishing, or similar ventures. As a result, the destinations of the commercial agents are varied. One may want to proceed to his diggings a hundred miles to the northward. Another may hold a claim on a hilltop two hundred miles to the southwest. The only way to make such a business remunerative is to have available a number of small planes. The type of craft will depend upon the season and upon the destination. A cleared strip may exist at the given point, but more likely a river or lake, or even a sandbar in the river, will have to serve as a landing field.

Possibly a party of sportsmen want to be flown to some special lake so far from all settlements that they will be assured a record catch. Or, it might be a tourist trying to see the most of Alaska in a short time. In any event, for some time to come the local charter pilot will undertake the task of delivering the passengers to their ultimate destination.

Pacific Alaska Airways fly their two-engined Electras from Juneau to Fairbanks and on to Nome, a total distance of over 1200 miles. Smaller planes make the feeder runs to Ketchikan, Flat, and Livengood. Two round trips each week are made on the 700 mile flight from Juneau to Fairbanks while the flight on to Nome is made weekly. The operations to date are restricted from April 1st, to November 1st, inclusively. Fairbanks has become an important base for charter planes. Similarly, Anchorage provides excellent charter service because it is accessible by rail from Seward which is always open to steamers at any season. From these bases all points in Alaska are reached.

Planes are used for freight carrying to an unusually large extent for it is more difficult to haul in large machinery than it is to fly it in. Tractors and stamp mills have been disassembled on the coast and flown in piece by piece. Where it is impracticable or impossible for the plane to land for unloading, the machinery is frequently rolled out of the plane as the pilot flies low over a moss-covered tundra. Though this freightage costs dearly it still proves to be cheaper than other modes of transportation unless the destination is accessible to river steamboats, and, in many cases, it provides the only means of delivering machinery.

Air mail service has proved to be most useful to companies doing business in the territory, for Nome becomes but four and five days from New York. This excessive length of time is required because of the two days' steamship trip from Alaska to Juneau. Aircraft companies now bid on the Star Mail Routes. On these contracts the bidding companies guarantee to deliver the mail after a certain day in the month. This makes it feasible to select the best weather for the flight.

In Alaska, as elsewhere, what is one man's meat is another man's poison. Aviation has been a boon to one section of the population, and a curse to another. The old-time mailman, the musher and his dogs, has been replaced and is left without employment. Workers who caught and cured salmon for winter dog feed have been thrown into the discard by the new order. Moreover, the picturesque and celebrated roadhouses or taverns which were built at the end of each day's "hitch" by dogteam, and operated for the comfort and convenience of mushers, have found fewer and fewer patrons. Yes, despite its blessings, aviation has its enemies in the Territory.

The heroic flights of Joe Crosson and Ben Eielsen during which they carried serum to outlying and storm-bound settlements have been received on the Outside with small appreciation. But, that is because it is impossible for anyone who has not seen the Alaskan terrain to appreciate the hazards involved in such flying. A flight of mercy will likely bring the pilot no income, yet he doesn't hesitate.

At the same time a trip of the same extent under the same conditions, but with a commercial mission may prove most remunerative indeed. For instance, several years ago Alaska experienced an unusually cold winter. The ice came in early. All shipping had ceased long before. Winter was King. The citizens of Nome were on their usual winter diet of canned goods and frozen meat. Green vegetables would have been valued as nuggets. Out of the low scudding clouds glided a medium-sized cabin plane which everyone recognized as Noel Wein's Sliding on top of the drifts the plane came to stop alongside the half-buried cabins. All hands dug out to see what was up, and imagine their surprise to discover that Wein, a pioneer Alaskan pilot, had flown in his plane completely filled with lettuce! It sold for one dollar a head.

A few seasons ago a Soviet ship became frozen in the ice of the Bering Sea. The drift brought the stranded craft close to the American shores but with no prospect of becoming free until the spring thaw. That would have been too late for the extremely valuable cargo of pelts aboard. The fur market in Seattle was begging for furs at an unusually favorable price. Planes were called upon and they delivered their high-priced cargo to vessels at Seward where they were shipped Outside. Even with the enormous profit made by the pilots on this occasion, however, this particular cargo proved costly to Alaskan aviation, for Ben Eielsen, an Arctic pioneer, lost his life during one of the flights.

Planes are equipped with wheels, pontoons, or skis depending upon the season and the type of work to be done. Usually each base, such as Anchorage or Fairbanks, has both seaplanes and landplanes available during the summer and all planes go on ski when the snow falls. This, however, proves to be embarrassing at times for during the transition of the two extreme seasons the northern portion of the Territory will be covered with snow and ice while the southern part will have none. Consequently, for several weeks in the spring and autumn plane travel between the north and the south of Alaska comes to a standstill, although local flights will continue.

As a matter of fact, in spite of the difficulties offered by the cold it is more convenient for the aviators when snow and ice cover the entire Territory. Then skis permit operations on the ice-covered rivers and lakes as well as on snow-covered landing fields. Besides, the snow drifts in heavily in all the valleys, and planes can land nearly any place. The drifts cover the thick brush that normally grows along the rivers and make plane operations feasible.

While winter may add to the number of landing fields, it offers serious objections in other ways. For instance, if frost collects on the wing surfaces, it destroys the shape of the wing foils and makes the takeoff nearly impossible. This is equivalent to the icing which we hear spoken of so often in the States. Wet, sticky snow will often prevent the plane from attaining flying speed and so keep it on the ground. And, all this after the pilot has spent a possible two hours warming up his engine in preparation for flight!

Landing an open plane has its problems and as a result the cabin planes are favored in the far North. One pilot found himself about to land when his goggles suddenly frosted over and cut off his vision. He threw the goggles from his eyes and completed the landing with his head out in the slipstream. Ever since he has suffered reduced vision as a result of his eyeballs becoming frost bitten.

Flights in such sparsely settled country must be planned in such a manner that fuel is available at all times. This is a real problem but during the summer gasoline is taken up rivers in boats and cached for the use of planes. It has even become necessary to fly fuel in to some fields. As a result of this freightage, gasoline often costs up to $1.50 a gallon. It is little wonder that the price of charter trips is relatively high. For example, the cost per hour of an open Waco plane on floats, wheels, or skis will average $30 an hour, while a Ford will run up to $100.

Because of the high fuel cost the pilot desires to increase his income by carrying as many passengers as possible. It must be

Continued at top of page 140

Sourdough Pilots

Continued from pages 87-139

realized that the emergency firearms, snowshoes, etc. produce no revenue. Before the Department of Commerce stepped in, some truly remarkable over-loads were carried by planes. Regulations now keep the loading down to a safe figure even though it does reduce the payload.

Most of the repair work is done at the various bases, but as a rule engines are sent to the States for periodic overhauls. To date this has proved to be more economical than maintaining a huge stock of spare parts. During the flight of ten Army planes to Alaska last year one of the Martin bombers made a forced landing in the waters of Cook Inlet off Anchorage. It was highly desirable that the plane fly back in company with the squadron. All the mechanics of Anchorage volunteered their assistance and were on hand by the time the plane was pulled from the salt water.

By this time, the entire fuselage had become filled with silt, but this didn't stop men who were used to making emergency repairs with any available tools. They turned the municipal fire hose in the fuselage and flushed it clean of sand and salt water. The engines couldn't be treated so casually, but two were procured at Fairbanks and ten days later the plane dipped its wings in farewell en route to Washington, D. C. The Alaskan pilot and mechanic can outdo the proverbial farmer with his baling wire. It is said, that given the wood and rawhide of a pair of snowshoes he can keep a plane operating for weeks.

The Alaskan favors the high-wing monoplane. Naturally, he wants the monoplane for its efficiency since he must have a plane capable of carrying the maximum load most economically. Speed is not of great importance to him, for any speed the airplane makes is much greater than any other mode of transportation available. The craft must have a reasonably slow landing speed because of the lack of good fields. The engines are all of the air-cooled radial type, for water-cooled engines would add extra labor to the pilot's arduous task in draining the water at the conclusion of each flight.

Nearly all the pilots have gone in from the Outside after having been trained by the Army or Navy. Many of them are youngsters trying to build themselves a stake. Others, remain after years of flying that rugged country, held there perhaps by the money to be earned, or, because they enjoy the adventuresome cast of their struggle against the elements.

Pacific Alaskan Airways points out that all of their pilots have had over five years' experience in Alaskan aviation.

In spite of local rivalries, Alaskan flyers all agree as to the blessings that will follow the installation of approved airway equipment. They view it as a necessity, for they visualize the time when Alaska will be a refueling point for planes bound to Russia and the Far East via the Arctic Great Circle course. While they are exceedingly proud of their ability to fight nature with little artificial assistance, common sense tells the Sourdough Pilot that new standards of safety may be attained and regular flight schedules may be maintained upon the installation of modern ground flying equipment. #

Talking About Writers—

Continued from page 59

no reason why a couple of old friends like us shouldn't play ball. What's this story you're trying to stick Paramount with?"

"I'm trying to stick Paramount?" I said. "They're bothering me I should sell them a story. Can I help it if I got good writers on my hands that everybody wants?"

"Who's the writer?" Max said.

"Well," I said, "did you ever hear of Alice Johnson?"

"Did I ever hear of Alice Johnson?" he said. "Didn't we practically grow up together in New York? Didn't I help her to sell her first play to Al Woods? Do I know Alice Johnson!"

"Well," I said, "so it's two other Alice Johnsons. This Alice Johnson that I am talking about, she writes stories. She never was in New York and she never wrote any plays."

"Oh you mean her?" he said. "Why didn't you say which one you meant? Her I don't know personally, but I read every story she writes in the *Saturday Evening Post*, every week. Never miss one."

"All right, all right," I said. "So let's not get all bolixed up. Alice Johnson is a writer and even if she ain't never had a story in the *Post*, like you claim, she's still the nuts, and I got her on contract. Now, there's one story she wrote, *The King on Horseback*, which is the best damn comedy that was ever written, not to give you any exaggerations."

"So why can't I see it?" Max asked.

"Who said you can't see it," I said. "I'll send you over a copy. I'll be glad to, in fact I was going to anyway, only it happens that Paramount read this story somewhere else and they made me this offer for it and I've got to go over there this afternoon and sign a contract."

Max made rings with some smoke, looked at me kind of sadlike and shook his head,

"Yeh," he said, "I guess that's life. You come up in the world with a guy, you suffer and struggle with him, you purposely let him beat you in klabiash to build up his self respect. You lend him money when he's broke and make believe like you forgot it in order not to embarrass him, but what the hell. Go knock your head on a wall. When he's got something he can do for you, he's got a date at Paramount."

"That's a fine thing!" I said. "That's a great speech you are giving out there, Mr. Big Shot Segal. Any time you want to play klabiash with me, I'll give you the yosh and the bella and I'll still beat you nine times out of ten. Well, forget about the story for the time being, but those other things that you said——"

"Wait a minute," Max interrupted. "If we are going to do any forgetting, so let's forget the baloney. For once let's make it t. on t. What's with this story? Do I get a break on it or don't I? After all, Bill, we're not children, are you?"

"But Max," I said, "what do you want me to do? These guys offer me $10,000 and they gotta have an answer this afternoon. Not only that, but between us, we're old friends, and you know I wouldn't lie to you. I am telling you the truth. The story stinks. You don't want it. It ain't worth that kind of money."

"So why is it worth that kind of money to Paramount?" he asked.

"Go figure out Paramount," I said. "Who can ever tell what they are going to like over there?"

"I still want to see the script," he said.

"How do you like a guy like that!" I said. "First he buys me a lunch and then he gives me apoplexy. I'll talk to you like to a baby. Listen close, so you shouldn't miss it. I have not got any extra scripts and if I did have it wouldn't do any good because I'm going to sell it today. This very afternoon. And you wouldn't have time to read it if you did have a script."

"So all right," he said. "So I'll buy it. So I'll buy it without reading it. Do I have to read it? You read it, didn't you? Paramount read it, didn't they? That's enough for me. Sold. Come on up to the office and I'll give you a check for $8,000."

"Max, please," I said. "What do you want to be a guy like that for? You heard me your ownself turn Paramount down for ten thousand. So I'm going to sell it to you for eight?"

So, anyway, this conversation went on and on and nothing happened except finally Max made me go back to his office with him and get on the telephone. I called the Johnson dame and I gave her the works.

"This is Pincus," I told her. "You know that king on horseback story," I said. "I'm over in the Metro office and they want to know what is your absolutely lowest figure."

"$2,000," she said.

"Naw, that's too high," I told her. "They won't go for $20,000."

"I said $2,000, Mr. Pincus," she says.

"Yeh, I know." I said, "I heard you. But $20,000 is a lot of money. Wait a minute. Hold the phone while I ask him."

I put my hand on the mouthpiece and turned around to Max.

"You see, Max," I said. "That's how stubborn these lousy writers are. Now she wants $20,000. You better take it quick before she changes her mind and wants $25,000 yet."

"Offer her twelve five," Max said.

I turned back to the phone.

"Look, Miss Johnson," I said, "there is no sense being stubborn about this, they won't pay that kind of money. How about twelve five?"

"Please, Mr. Pincus," she said. "I'm afraid there's some sort of misunderstanding. What I said I should really like is $2,000, but if you think that is too much, can we get $1,500?"

"Why no," I told her. "I am right here in the office now and they simply won't pay $20,000. Why don't you be a good girl and accept $13,000?"

"But I will, Mr. Pincus," she said. "I'll accept anything you think is proper."

"Well, all right," I said. "If you're going to be stubborn about it; so I'll call you back later. In the meantime think it over."

And I hung up the receiver.

"You see Max," I said, "what more can I do?"

"So why did you hang up on her?" he asked. "Maybe we can still get to her. Offer her $14,000."

"The hell with her," I said. "The story ain't worth that kind of money. And, anyway, what right has she got to tell me how much to accept?"

"Well," Max said, "writers are writers. What can you expect? Call her back and offer her $13,000."

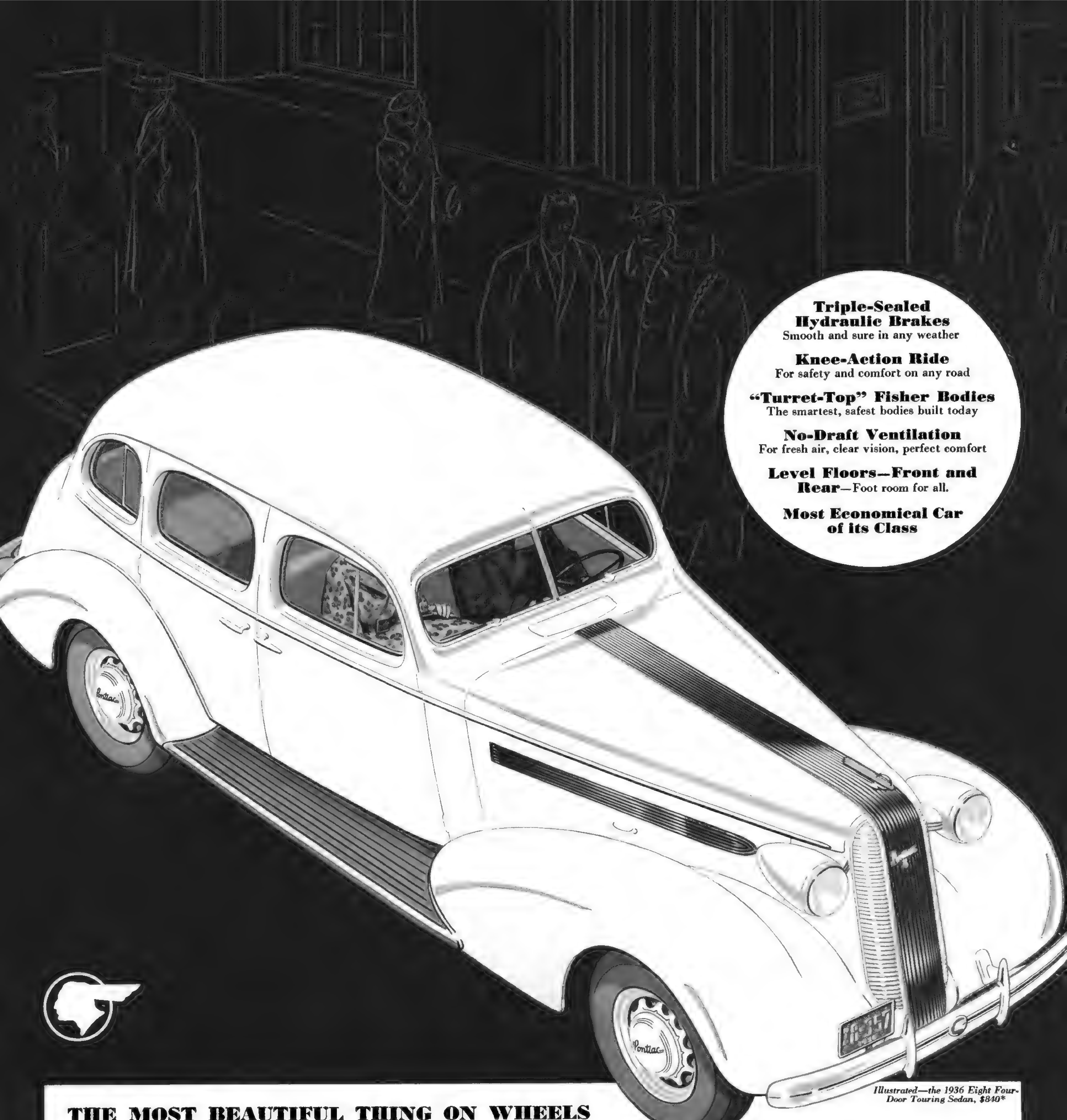
"I heard you the first time," I said, "and I think you're nuts, but I'll try it."

So I put in a call for the Johnson dame again. Soon as I got her she begins talking fast.

"Oh, I'm so glad you called back," she said. "We must have had a very bad connection last time. What I was trying to tell you was that I would like $2,000 for the story, if you think you can get it, but I will take less, in fact, any figure you can get."

"I know, Miss Johnson," I said. "I appreciate your viewpoint and you're perfectly right. I really

Continued at top of page 142



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Talking About Writers—

Continued from pages 59-140

should go back to Paramount and give them a chance to better this bid. But Max Segal is an old friend of mine and his latest offer is $14,000 and I really don't think that Paramount will give us more than that, so why not accept it?"

The poor dame must of thought I was good and nuts by that time. She begins crying over the phone.

"Can't you hear me?" she said. "Can't you understand me?"

"All right, all right," I said, "I'll try, hold the phone a minute."

I turned to Max again.

"She says absolutely her lowest price is $17,500."

"Sold," Max says. "Sold for $15,000."

"Sold," I says. "Sold for $16,500."

I turned back to the phone and told her to stay right there, I would call her back. Then Max and I chinned some more and he finally calls in his girl and we make out a contract and I sell the story for $16,000.

Well, I've given you the entire play piecemeal because I wanted you to understand it. I wanted to show you what started the whole thing.

Here was a dame who had nothing. But I mean nothing. Her name didn't mean anything. Her stories all stunk. She never sold a thing to pictures in her life.

So I come along and from nothing I build her up. I make her a big shot. I put her in a spot where all the studios have got respect for her and I put her over. You've got to admit that I did the whole thing myself. She had no part of it.

What we really got for the story don't make any difference. The fact remains the dame had nothing and I made her something.

She was willing to sell her story for peanuts. If I'm smart enough to take that story and put it over and get real money for it, it's not her fault but mine. The ordinary guy would have screwed her out of the whole thing, but I've got a reputation at stake. So I paid her off, and paid her off plenty.

That very night, as soon as I deposited the Metro check, I went to see her and told her we had sold the story for $5,000 and took my ten percent off that, like I'm entitled to it, and gave her my personal check for $4,500.

So everything is fine and she's happy and she's got four and a half grand more than she is entitled to, or say, at the very least, 3,000 more than she is entitled to.

And she is satisfied and I am satisfied, and Metro is satisfied.

Could anything be sweeter?

So what happens? Behind my back, while I'm in New York on a trip, the studio hires her to adapt her own story and Max Segal, being a lousy rat, like I always knew he was, stool pigeons to her how much he really paid for the story and now I got to go to court and all kinds of things.

So you see, it's like I told you at the beginning. If ever there was a bunch of cheap chiselers in the world, it's writers, and if I only get myself straightened out of this rap in court next month, there is one thing I know.

If they should get on their knees to me, if they should beg me with tears in their eyes, if they should offer me Rolls Royces, I will never have anything again to do with writers. They're too cheap. #

Erratic Torpedoes

Continued from page 66

tow of a fisherman. The fishermen at New London, where the Submarine School is located, used to find the torpedoes a mixed blessing. Years ago before the Navy and the fishermen set aside "lobster areas" and "submarine areas," many a lobster pot line was cut by a speeding torpedo and sometimes a heavy pull on the lobster pot brought up a torpedo and a reward with it.

In 1924 a native fisherman brought a barnacle covered torpedo into the Naval Station at Cavite in the Philippines, and claimed the fifty dollars standing reward for the recovery of a lost torpedo. The fisherman did not realize that he threw the routine of the Navy Yard into confusion, he collected his reward and departed. He did not know that the torpedo he had recovered had been lost for eight years.

The first thing that excited the interest of all hands at the Naval Station was the fact that this torpedo was a 13-inch torpedo. No torpedoes of this type had been used for years—only 18 and 21 inchers being used in the later submarines. After the grass and sea-growth had been removed and the number of the torpedo was discovered a perusal of the old records disclosed that it had been fired from an "A" class submarine, one of our first subs on the China Station, some eight years before. Yet the fisherman had sworn that he had found it floating on the surface. Surely it could not have floated about for eight years without being discovered, to have even floated that long was a miracle.

The only answer to this riddle lies in two facts. The first is that the bottom of Manila Bay is covered by a very thick layer of mud. The other is that there had been a severe storm. The only answer is that the torpedo had plunged to the bottom when fired and had been dislodged by the storm eight years later. Even so it is hard to conceive of the torpedo not leaking in eight years, and even the slightest leakage would have destroyed her buoyancy.

Another strange story of an erratic torpedo comes from our Submarine Force in the Philippines. In 1925 one of our ships discovered a torpedo floating off the Sulu Island, which is the southwestern portion of the Philippines. It was recovered and cleaned up. Upon examination it was discovered that it was a Whitehead torpedo, such as are used by the British and Japanese Navies, and not one of our torpedoes at all. The representatives of these navies were informed.

The torpedo was finally claimed by the British Navy who stated that it had been fired from a British destroyer off Singapore over a year before. This torpedo had managed to stay afloat for over a year in all kinds of weather and during that time had drifted over 1,000 miles by the most direct course!

It is not always the torpedo that is lost and recovered. A few years ago a poor fisherman came into port towing a paravane, which is a mine cutting device resembling a torpedo which is "streamed" from the bow of large ships. The fisherman thought he had a torpedo and was greatly elated at the thought of the reward. Strangely enough no one had lost a paravane, and no one could discover where it had come from; there was no note of it in the records. It was a U. S. Navy paravane none the less and as the same reward is paid for both torpedoes and paravanes, the fisherman received his money.

So far we have been dealing with lost or sunken torpedoes, but there are other kinds of misfit torpedoes. There are those that circle and turn on their owners, those that "porpoise," stick in the tubes and otherwise prove the bane of a torpedo officers existence. We shall deal more thoroughly with these presently. But having said this much of sunken torpedoes it is only fair to note what steps our bluejackets will take to keep them from sinking.

The classic example is that of the torpedoman who saw, from his recovery boat, that the torpedo was just bobbing on the surface of the water. It was leaking and must inevitably sink in an instant. He stood by with a line, ready to run it through the ring in the nose of the torpedo the instant the boat got alongside. But the Coxswain of the boat became excited and placed his boat too far away for the torpedoman to reach. In a flash the torpedoman jumped over the side, swam to the torpedo and slipped his hand through the nose ring. He then began towing the torpedo to the boat. But now the torpedo began to sink in earnest. Soon it dragged the struggling man under the water. He of course endeavored to pull his hand clear of the nose ring, but to his horror he discovered that his knuckles had swollen and he could not release his hand. He began the most violent efforts to swim to the surface, dragging with him the torpedo. As his head cleared the surface he screamed "throw me a line." No sooner had he spoken than the torpedo pulled him under again; again the struggle to the surface and again the cry "throw me a line." On the third ascent to the surface the line hit him square in the face. Instantly he threw his left arm around and around the line until it was coiled snake-like from wrist to shoulder.

The boat crew working frantically pulled him alongside the boat and in some miraculous fashion actually got a line around the tail of the torpedo, released the man's hand from the nose ring and saved both the man and the torpedo.

But as for torpedoes which do not run true. One of the most interesting accounts of what may happen to a torpedo and how it looks when something goes wrong was recently told me by an officer who had recently returned from the torpedo school. He said:

"My first experience with erratic torpedoes, or those which are supposed to run straight, but don't, began with *Old 101.* I had been sent to the Torpedo School at San Diego, California, in the hope that I might learn enough of torpedoes to be able to handle them when I returned to my ship. After some preliminary skirmishes with the books, we were set to overhauling a torpedo. Each group of four or five officers were assigned to one torpedo and in order to assure that our work was of excellent quality we were informed, by the officer in charge of the school, that we would be required to fire our torpedo, and our final marks would be determined by the success or failure of the torpedo in hitting the target.

"We were a little dubious about *Old 101.* That torpedo derived her name from the fact that she had been fired 101 times on that station. How many other times she had raced down the range before she got to San Diego I don't know. She may be likened to an automobile which has been in continuous service for years, still running but all the parts terribly worn. In other words *Old 101* was hardly the instrument of precision that she once had been.

"At the next bench, a group of our fellow officers had an almost new torpedo. It has been run just long enough to be thoroughly broken in. Their job of overhaul would be simple and the adjustments would be easily made. *Old 101* on the other hand was so

Continued on page 144

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Erratic Torpedoes

Continued from pages 66-142

loose in all her joints that it was doubtful if the adjustments could ever be made. It was no question of putting in a new part here or there, that would only mean that another and another part must be reinstalled. To fix her up properly would have meant complete renewal of all the mechanisms. Something in the nature of jacking up the whistle and building a new boat under it. We had only one consolation, she had run 101 times with unvarying success and the chances were she might be coaxed into doing it once more.

"We suffered terribly during the days that followed. The other group guyed us unmercifully. Particularly on the day we made the engine test. *Old 101* creaked, groaned and rattled. She sounded unbelievably bad in comparison with the clean whirr of the engine of the new torpedo. But we had to go on to the firing just the same.

"The day our rival's torpedo was to be fired, I was detailed as plane observer. That is, I was to go up in a plane which was sent out from North Island, and was supposed to make notes on the firing. As we cleared the strand I saw the destroyer standing by, and as we reached the range the torpedo was fired. The water was calm and deep blue. I could see the torpedo very clearly and she looked like a silver arrow against a deep blue velvet curtain. She ran perfectly to the half way buoy and I could already hear the jeers of our rivals, for *101* would not be fired until the morrow.

"Suddenly that silver arrow staggered in her flight and went erratic. She plunged to the depths, she rose to the surface and threw up a great white plume of spray from her nose, then she settled to her proper depth and ran normally for a few seconds. Suddenly there was a flash of metal from her after-body followed immediately by a large puff of steam and smoke. We could see she was sinking, it was more difficult to see her in the depths and in an instant more she sank into the deep blue out of sight.

"The destroyer marked the position and a diver later recovered the torpedo. A small mechanical part had broken, this permitted another part to carry away and the machine had wrecked itself. The fault however did not lay with the overhauling group. None the less they were much upset.

"It seems hardly fair to record that *Old 101* was fired three times with success on each run. She rattled and wheezed each time but like an old race horse invariably crossed the wire. After her last shot she was retired.

"During the fall of 1926 during the torpedo firing of the *O-Six* one of the most unusual erratic torpedo performances that I have ever witnessed, occurred. The *O-Six* was operating in the sound near Block Island, off New London, Connecticut where the Submarine School is located. I had been detailed as observer on the *U. S. S. Chewink*, a navy tug which was to make the runs as target.

"The run was to be very simple as a student officer was firing. Further, the submarine was to keep its periscopes exposed at all times so that we would always know exactly where she was. As the run began the skipper of the *Chewink*, the Submarine School representative, the torpedo officer of the Submarine Base, and myself were on the bridge. We could see the *O-Six* stand in for the approach and as she neared the firing bearing we crowded to one side of the bridge to observe.

"Suddenly a large white bubble broke the surface and we knew the torpedo was on its way. A few seconds later to our amazement, the torpedo lazily broke the surface of the water and drifted. For some reason the starting mechanism had failed to function and the torpedo was not moving under its own power but from the force of impulse. At this point we must remark that those particular torpedoes were not buoyant when fired, but did become buoyant as they expended their fuel, air and lubricating oil during the run, and consequently floated at the finish. Thus it was only a matter of seconds before this torpedo, being heavy, would sink and the dreary business of diving for it would begin. The torpedo officer screamed 'there goes another of my blankety blank fish to the bottom.'

"Just then the *O-Six* surfaced to proceed down the range for recovery, and miracle of miracles she overtook the torpedo and her stem rammed the torpedo squarely on the tail boss which is possibly four inches in diameter. There was a mighty billow of smoke and spray as the torpedo took off. All at once her rudders took charge and she dove to the bottom at a sickening angle.

"The *O-Six* was still coming down the range on her motors and now her hatch came open and her officers scrambled to the bridge. Suddenly the torpedo broke the surface not six feet in front of the *O-Six*. She came up almost vertically and threw all eighteen feet of her length at least eight feet clear of the water. She fell to the surface directly in front of the *O-Six* with a tremendous splash, took another terrific angle and dove for the bottom. I could not help but realize what a terrible mess it would have been had the torpedo hit the submarine, for surely the air flask, charged to over 2,000 pounds per square inch, would have exploded.

"'You can check off that torpedo' said the skipper.

"Some few seconds later the torpedo again surfaced, some distance off, still going four bells and a jingle. She made two magnificent loops, porpoising about on the surface, during which time the *O-Six* and the *Chewink* madly scrambled to keep out of her way. And then, with the same abruptness that had marked all her wild performances, she steadied at her proper depth and made a normal run in exactly the opposite direction to which she had been originally fired. When we recovered the torpedo we found that not a single mechanism was out of order, that the propellers and rudders were not even nicked and only the bottom of the head was smooth and shiny where she had scraped along the bottom. And all the while the torpedo had been traveling at approximately forty miles an hour.

"Mention has been made of the danger of the air flask of the torpedo exploding. Torpedoes are set in practise firing to run at a depth greater than the draft of any ship present—but the depth mechanism has been known to fail, in which case there is a fair chance of the torpedo's striking the hull of the target vessel. The exercise head is designed to protect the air flask somewhat and so reduce the danger, but should the torpedo hit the propeller, the head would be of little assistance. If the torpedo was near the beginning of its run, in other words if the air flask was still nearly completely charged, the explosion would have about the same effect as a depth charge.

"Precisely this casualty occurred about eight years ago during the torpedo firing of one of our destroyers, the *Rathburn* I believe it was. The torpedo circled upon firing and ran square into the propellers of the *Rathburn*. A propeller blade struck the air flask which exploded with such force that the whole stern of the ship was damaged to such an extent that it had to be almost completely rebuilt.

"In 1932 a similar circumstance occurred during the torpedo firing of one of our fleet submarines. After firing, the Captain watched the run of the torpedo from the periscope. Suddenly he saw the torpedo start to circle and realized that if it continued it must strike the submarine and explode, the force might well be sufficient to open a hole in the ship large enough to sink it. The only hope was to come rapidly to the surface in the hope that the torpedo could pass underneath the submarine. The Captain ordered 'emergency surface,' and the diving officer 'blew the bottom out of her.' As the ship got to the surface there was a slight jolt, indicating that the torpedo had grazed the keel. The torpedo was ultimately recovered and red bottom paint was discovered still clinging to her head, showing that the submarine had missed sinking by inches.

"In 1935, according to press reports, a torpedo fired by the *U. S. S. Dolphin* during practise firing struck the starboard side of the Cruiser *Northampton* abreast of the bridge. In this instance the exercise head buffered the force of the blow and no damage was done, although the torpedo was not recovered. The submarine service was somewhat elated over the instance as this was one torpedo hit which could not be questioned.

"It isn't always the erratic torpedo that fails to hit the target. There are human errors as well as mechanical. In 1928 one of the 'forty' class of submarines fired a one torpedo practise off San Diego, California. There was a choppy sea running which quite effectively effaced the torpedo 'slick,' and from the minute the torpedo was fired it was not seen by the submarine, the target or any of the observing vessels. The Captain of the target refused to allow a hit as he never saw the torpedo. The Captain of the submarine had a perfect torpedo score for the year and that one torpedo, had it hit, would have placed the ship in the excellent class, which meant payment of prize money to the crew. Thus a tremendous concern was felt over the status of the torpedo. Further, to secure credit for a torpedo hit the torpedo must be recovered. Thus there was not time to argue the matter, until the torpedo was found and safely on board the submarine. After searching all morning and afternoon without success, the submarine proceeded to a location not far away to anchor for the night. As they crossed the range again, a bright-eyed lookout saw the torpedo and in a few minutes it was on board. Strangely enough it was recovered just about where it should have ended its run as closely as could be determined in the open sea. No one could understand how it had escaped discovery so long.

"With so much at stake the submarine skipper put up a strong argument that it was not fair to credit him with a miss as no one could positively state that it missed and so it might have been a hit. This was a bit of 'sea lawyering,' I suppose, but there was something to it. Eventually it was decided to call it no run and to give him another run. That time he made a clean bull's-eye and the crew got their prize money. Still there was a good deal of mystery about the whole affair.

"Years later I ran across a torpedo man from that ship and he told me the story. He said, 'Well sir, you know how our skipper was, excitable and he didn't like mistakes. He called for thirty degrees right angle on that torpedo and in my excitement I put on thirty degrees left angle. The torpedo must have missed the target a mile. But the old man was so upset over it, I didn't have the courage to tell him."

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AGENTS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

TAKEN IN WALL STREET, NEW YORK

The Post Office Flag

Continued from page 90

of the alley, headed in five directions for the open country.

Postmaster Shannon went over to the big steel safe to get the United States flag. He ran it up every morning at opening time. Each night at closing time the flag was folded methodically into a small blue triangle and was placed on top of the safe. But this morning the top of the safe was bare.

"Now I wonder where that flag has been put!" he said testily. "Have either of you girls seen the flag?"

"No, I haven't seen it, Mr. Shannon," Gladys and Elvira said, both at the same time. Giggling, they hooked little fingers and pulled, making wishes.

"Lord, what a morning!" the postmaster groaned. "Which one of you brought in the flag last night?"

"Oh, Mr. Shannon!" Elvira gasped, "we forgot to bring in that flag last night! On account of us working so late, sorting the catalogues."

"The flag must've been out all night," Gladys said in awe.

Postmaster Shannon hurried out the back door to see whether the flag was still up. The flagpole was bolted to the brick wall on the alley side of the building. He saw the halyard dangling loose from the pulley at the peak of the staff. He turned and went back into the office, white-faced.

"Someone has stolen the flag," he announced dismally.

"No!" cried Gladys and Elvira.

"It's an insult to the U. S. Post Office and it's an insult to the U. S. flag," he said in a tense voice, "and nobody can get away with that while I'm postmaster."

Gladys and Elvira stood stock still with their mouths agape. They were all silent for a minute. Postmaster Shannon broke the silence by exclaiming:

"Well, let's get these windows up. It's already ten minutes after eight and the patrons are out there waiting for us to open."

They moved into their usual places. Elvira Draper stood at the money order window, Gladys Ferguson stood at the general delivery window, and Postmaster Shannon stood at the parcel post window. When they were all stationed he gave a nod and the three pebble-glass windows shot up as one.

The first person Postmaster Shannon saw in the lobby was Art Smiley, the town marshal. Art was standing in a corner reading descriptions of stolen cars and parole violators, circulars he had got in the morning mail.

As soon as the general delivery line had thinned out, the postmaster called quietly, "Oh, Art! Come here a minute."

The law moseyed over, pausing to spit toward the wastepaper barrel. The postmaster frowned, but didn't say anything. The town marshal hunched down at the parcel post window with his elbows on the shelf.

"Art," the postmaster said grimly, "somebody stole the postoffice flag, either last night or early this morning."

"No!" Art said, straightening up in amazement.

"Yep. We forgot and left it out last night, account of being busy with the catalogues, first time that's happened since I got my appointment. And it wasn't there this morning."

"Why, Mr. Shannon, what ornery scalawag would pull a trick like that—swipe a flag offen the post office?"

"Well, of course, I can't name him for sure, Art. Not right now, anyway. But I'll say this: there's a growing disrespect for the U. S. Gover'ment around here, and I aim to put a stop to it. Now you take those cardboard signs I've got up out there in the lobby. Department issues them to me. 'Please Do Not Spit' printed on them in great big boxcar letters. Well, sir, you'd be surprised if I was to name you people who'll go right ahead and spit in the lobby wastepaper barrel. And the street door not three steps away."

"Sure, sure, Mr. Shannon. No clues about that flag?"

"Yes, I've got a clue, Art, only it's not enough of one to say positively. But when I do find out who stole that flag, I'm going to have some action. Be dogged if I'm not fed up on the way people around here act, just as if this post office was just some little old one-horse business. This post office represents the dignity of the U. S. Gover'ment just as much as the National Capitol does—well, maybe not just as much, but pret' near as much."

"I guess it does at that, Mr. Shannon," the town marshal said thoughtfully. "When you come to think, I reckon you're absolutely right about that, Mr. Shannon."

"And stealing a U. S. flag from a U. S. post office is a pretty serious offence."

"You give me that clue, Mr. Shannon, and I'll run it down. Tell me who it is you suspicion and I'll sure bring him in."

"Good for you, Art! You go find Bill Huggins and bring him in here. I've got some questions to ask that lad."

The town marshal was suddenly aghast. "Bill Huggins? Oh, you're off on the wrong trail there, Mr. Shannon. You don't mean Bill Huggins. Why he's a strong worker in the Boy Scouts, and you know them Boy Scouts, they're not supposed to steal."

"Yeah? Well, I don't say he's the thief, Art. Only as I was opening up this morning I met Bill coming out of the alley with a big bulge in his shirt. I didn't think anything about it at the time. It just flashed in my mind a few minutes ago—that bulge in Bill Hugginses' shirt might have been the postoffice flag. If it was, I'd have him jailed just like I would anybody else. Boy Scout or no Boy Scout. You go get him. I want to see him."

"O. K., Mr. Shannon," Art said doubtfully. "I'm scared you're after the wrong party, though. But I'll go try and find Bill."

Half an hour later the town marshal came stalking into the post office lobby with the nape of Bill Huggins in one hand and a smouldering United States flag in the other.

"We shore guessed right, Mr. Shannon!" he called through the stench of scorched wool. "He stolen the flag just like we suspicioned. I caught him out back of Hugginses' barn, and I bet you caint guess what he was doin'. He was burnin' the flag, Mr. Shannon. Yes, sir; he was *burnin'-up-the-flag!* I didn't have a minute to spare. I nabbed him just before he destroyed the evidence. He already had the flag on fire, and it ain't quite out yit. You ought to seen him fight when I tried to stomp it out!"

The postmaster left his wicket and came up to unlock the partition door. "Bring him right in here to my desk, Art," he said, "where we can discuss this quietly."

Art Smiley shoved the youth through the door. Bill Huggins slumped sullenly down into an office chair. Little spasms kept jerking his flat chin back against his neck.

"He won't talk, Mr. Shannon," Art went on. "I tried to make him tell me how come he done it, but he won't talk. I caint get a word outen him. But he fit like a bobcat when I tried to stomp the fire out of that flag."

"You just let me attend to him, Art," the postmaster said crisply. "He'll take to me all right." He turned to the sniveling youth and said with heavy sarcasm, "Now ain't you a pretty specimen! You'd better speak up while you've got the chance."

Bill Huggins gave him a surly glance and kept still.

"So you stole the post office flag, did you?" the postmaster asked. "Boy Scout! And then went and set fire to it. Without using any matches, I reckon. Boy Scout! A great big overgrown lout like you! I guess you learned to burn up flags in the Boy Scouts, eh? Well, I don't know what you learned in the Boy Scouts, but I'm going to see if I can't instill a little genuine respect for the United States flag in you."

Bill Huggins straightened up in his chair, bridling. "The United States flag!" he cried. "You're a fine person to be talking about respect for the United States flag, Mr. Shannon. You've got a fat nerve to be talking like that, I must say. Who are you to be talking about respect for the United States flag?"

The postmaster was thrown off his guard by this onslaught. "Who am I to be talking about respect for the U. S. flag? Why I'm the U. S. postmaster here, that's who I am, you young smart aleck, you! Don't you get fresh with me, young fellow. I'm the duly constituted representative of the United States Government in this town, that's who I am. If you only knew which side your bread's buttered on, you'd address me with respect as such, sir!" He was rigid with anger.

Bill Huggins sneered openly. "Well, all I've got to say is, Mr. Shannon, you've got plenty to learn about your job."

The postmaster, on the defensive now, snapped back, "Oh, I have, have I? Why, young man, I'll venture to say that there's not a postmaster in this State who knows his job as well as I do—who has made as thorough a study of the Postal Laws and Regulations as I have. Anyway, I know enough about my job to know you're facing a federal penitentiary sentence right now for stealing and mutilating government property."

Art Smiley, who had been standing there gaping, dumbfounded by this sudden strange turn of things, came to. "Don't take any more sass offen him, Mr. Shannon," he said anxiously. "I'll haul him right on up to jail now."

"You better not put me in jail," the Boy Scout said with a menacing leer. "I know too much."

"Leave him right here till he has said his little say, Art. Now, young man, just you explain that last statement please. Then we'll decide how to deal with you."

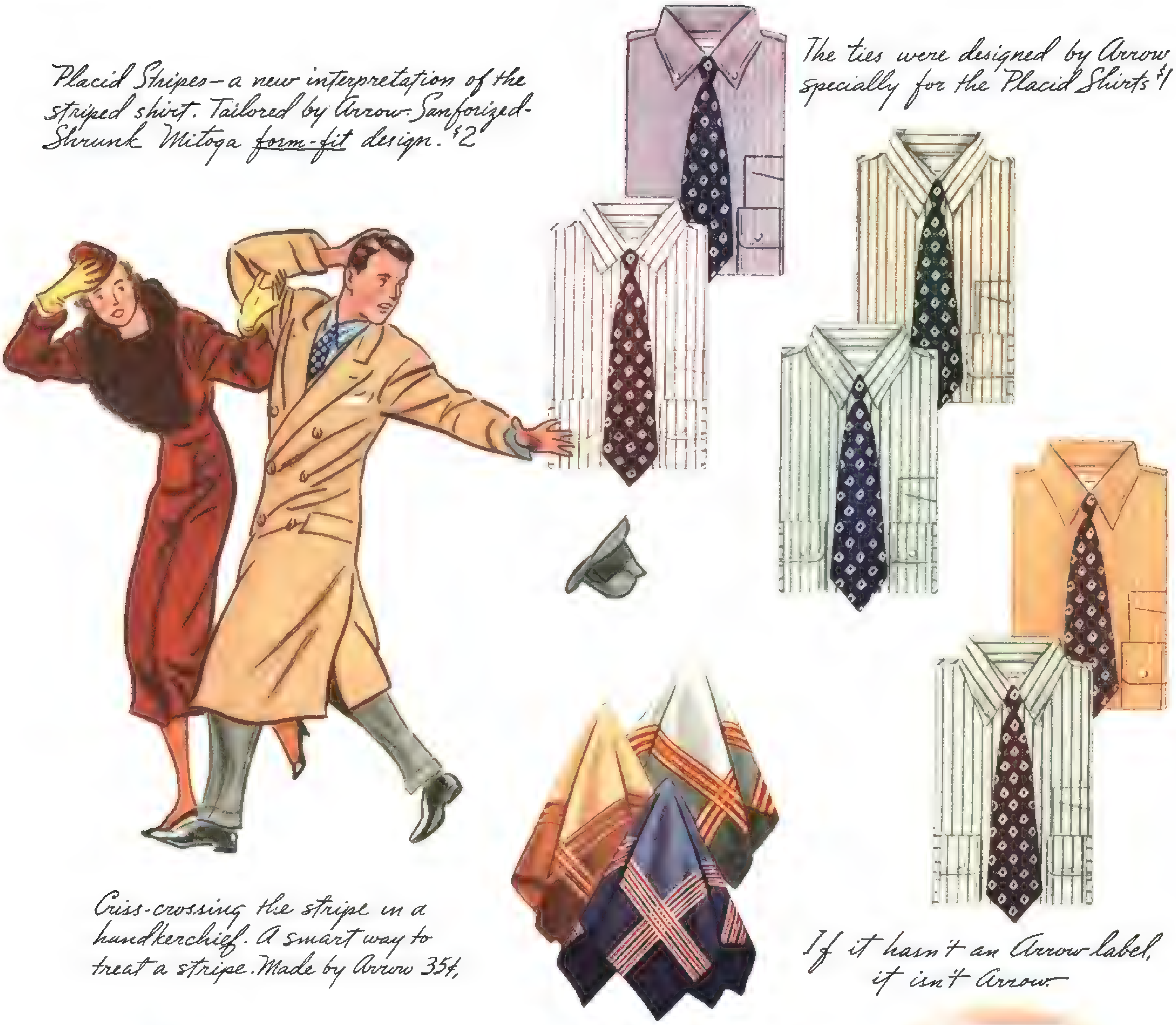
"All right, Mr. Shannon," the brazen fellow said in a pompous voice. "You claim you know so much about the United States flag and the Gover'ment for which it stands—well, Mr. Shannon, just let me try and refresh your memory a little. I'll just read you a few lines from the Boy Scout Handbook."

It was plain that he had the upper hand now. He pulled a blue, limpbacked book from his pocket and flipped it open. "This here is the chapter on 'Respects Due the Flag of the United States of America'," he said, giving his elders a brash look.

Postmaster Shannon turned red. "Just a minute," he said hotly. "If you mean we left the flag out all night last night, if that's what you mean, that was an oversight, and I regret it as much as anyone. But if you think you can sneak out of stealing and burning the postoffice flag on a slim excuse of that kind, young man, you're sadly mistaken."

"Naw, that's not what I meant at all. You just let me read this. 'Number one: Cautions. Do not permit any disrespect to be shown to the flag of the United States of America.' All right. Them's our orders. The Boy Scouts of America is the strongest patriotic organization in the country. May-

Continued on page 149



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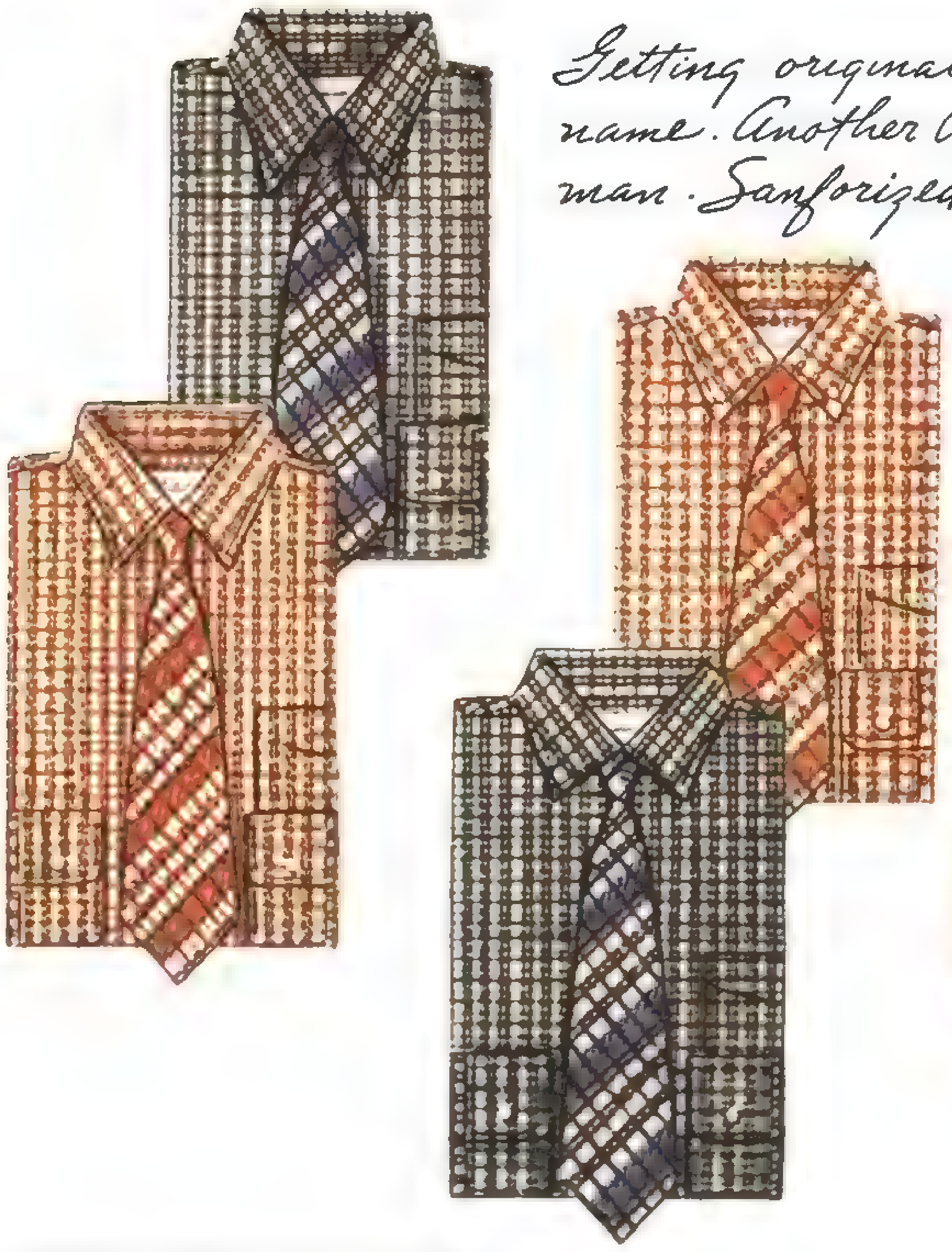

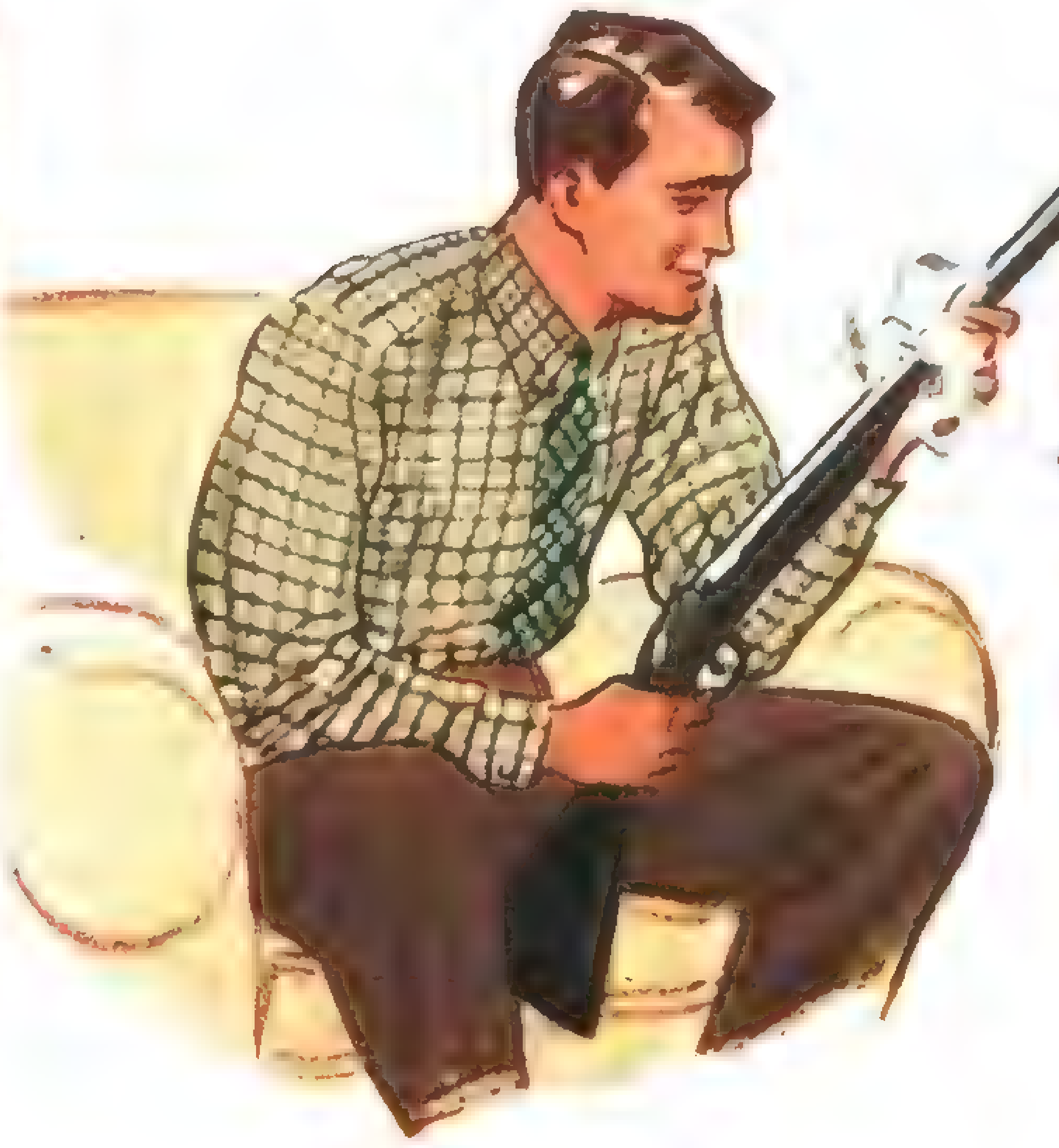

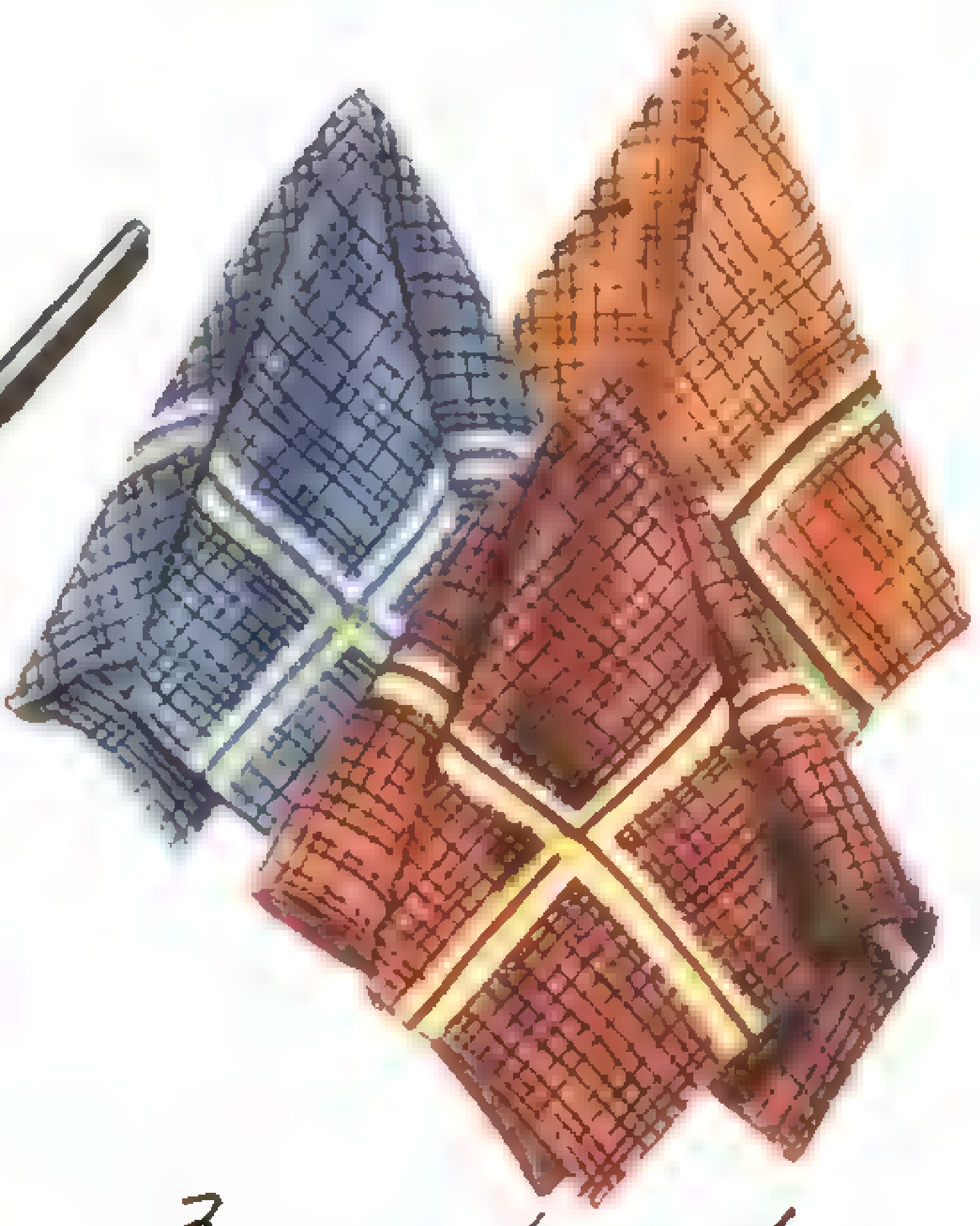

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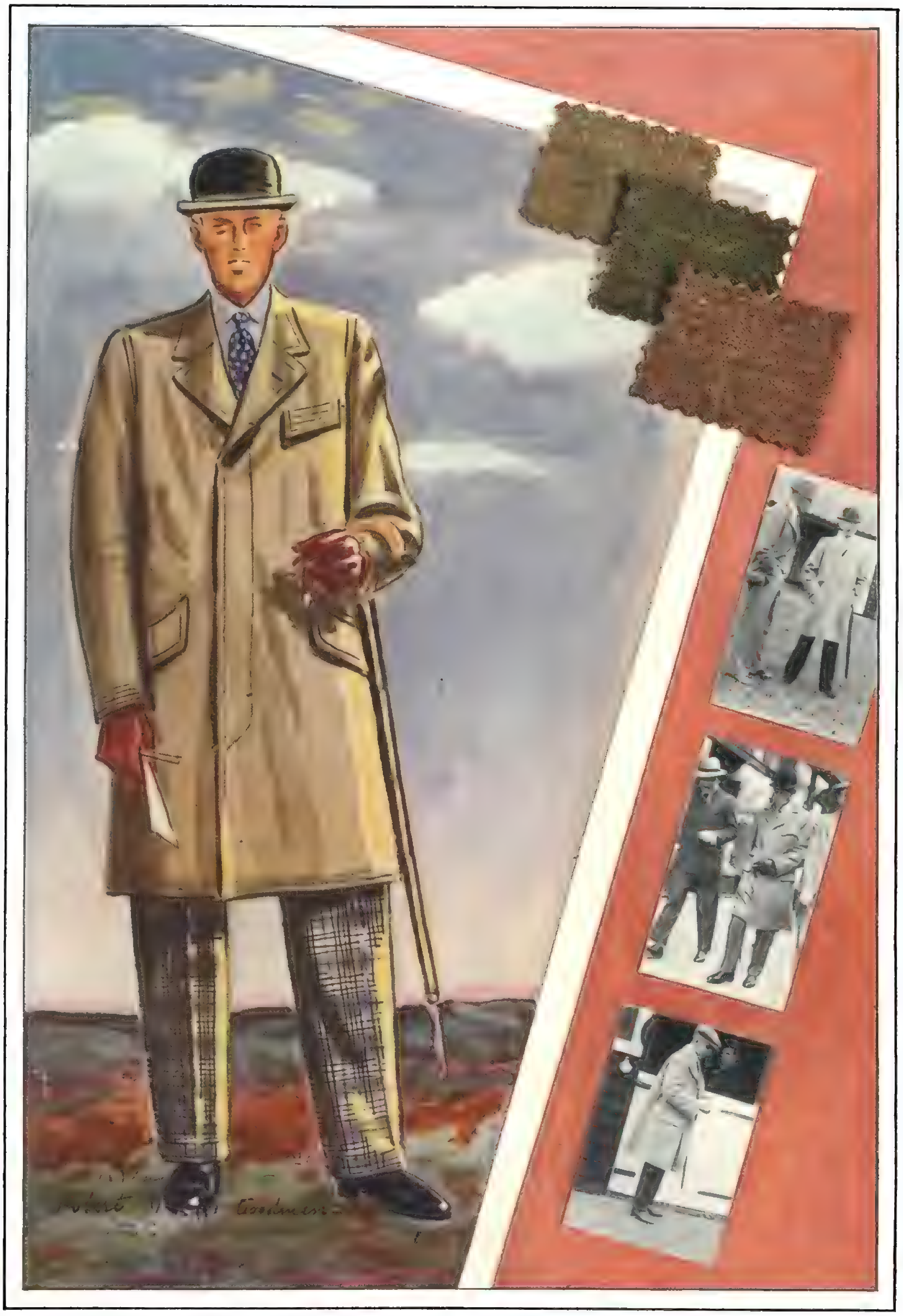


A COVERT SHOT FROM FASHION'S NEWSREEL

This knee length covert cloth coat is a revival of a fashion that harks back to the old coaching days. It is a coat that can be worn appropriately over tweeds in the country and even in town for business. It has been seen on many of the best dressed young men of America at smart race meetings during the past fall season. Its English acceptance is indicated by the small pictures which were snapped in London as well as at Newmarket. Naturally, because of its origin, it retains many horsy characteristics, such as raised seams, slanting pockets and rows of added stitching. Covert cloth itself, of course, is a hunting material. It is wind proof and shower proof. It comes in various shades of tan, some of which are shown in the swatches in the upper corner. Note the fly front closing, the regular set-in sleeves and the flap on the breast pocket. This coat is an important fashion item.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

The Post Office Flag

Continued from pages 90-146

be you didn't know that.

"Now here on page 72 it says: WHAT TO DO WITH WORN-OUT FLAGS Old or worn-out Flags should not be used . . . *hmm.* When a Flag is in such condition that it is no longer a fitting emblem for display, it should not be cast aside nor used in any way, but should be destroyed as a whole, privately, preferably by burning or some other method lacking in any suggestion of irreverence or disrespect due the emblem representing our country.

"*Preferably by burning*, it says. Now, Mr. Shannon, if you had been onto your job as much as you claim you are, if you had even been mentally awake, you'd 'a' seen that flag was no longer a fitting emblem of display. That flag—anybody except a blind man could see it—is all faded and frayed and whipped out at the edges. Mr. Shannon, you ought to of taken that flag and burned it yourself a month ago. When you didn't do it, I just done my duty as a Boy Scout, and burned it for you. So what right have you got to accuse me of stealing it?"

The Boy Scout sat back in his chair and perked his head in triumph. Art Smiley's jaw was hanging low. Postmaster Shannon was looking blank. After a moment the postmaster reached over and took the Boy Scout Handbook.

"Let me see it," he said. He read in silence a little while. Then he said with a puzzled look, "That's what it says, all right. I just can't figure it out. All that about worn-out flags is here, but right over on the next page it says, 'The two flags flying over the Capitol are replaced every six months.' Well, that's all the oftener the Department issues me a new flag. I'm only allowed to put in requisition for a new one every six months. And that flag Mr. Smarty here burnt up still had a good three months left to go. I guess these sand and wind storms out here puts more wear on a flag out here than it'd get up in Washington, D. C. I noticed myself that our flag was getting pretty frazzled. Anyway, it sure says here that a worn-out flag is supposed to be burnt."

The town marshal suddenly began whooping with laughter. "Well, Mr. Shannon, I reckon the boy has got you there all right. Bill sure knows his stuff about respects to the flag, don't he, Mr. Shannon? I told you a Boy Scout wouldn't steal. We never get too old to learn, eh, Mr. Shannon?"

A self-satisfied smirk covered Bill Huggins' face. "And furthermore," he said easily, "I don't mind telling you, Mr. Smiley, that when you stomped on that United States flag, you desecrated it, and according to Regulation 12 of the Proclamation made by the President, April 6, 1917, you are subject to arrest and punishment."

Art Smiley stopped laughing and pondered this charge.

Bill Huggins got up and swaggered toward the partition door. "Well, if that's all you had to ask me, I guess I'll be going," he said.

Postmaster Shannon jumped across and grabbed him by the seat of the pants. "Hold on there, son! Don't be going yet. I sat and listened while you read out of your little book. Now you just sit down and listen while I read out of a book I've got."

He turned to his desk, picked up a thick, paperbound book, and ran his forefinger down a pink index column. "Page 400," he murmured, flipping to the middle of the book. "Now listen to this:

UNITED STATES FLAGS

Forty-eight stars sewed on each side. Double-sewed seams. Heavy canvas headings with grommets. Size recommended for public buildings, 5 x 8 feet. All wool flags. 6H2603......Price, $6.45

"Now, Bill, it'll be three months before the Department issues me a new flag. Meanwhile I don't propose to have this post office going without a flag. So you see that pushbroom over there in the corner? And you see that drum of floorsweep right beside it? Well, you take that broom and a scoopful of floorsweep and you get out there in that lobby and start sweeping. And you keep that lobby clean until I tell you you've worked out the price of a new United States Flag for this post office."

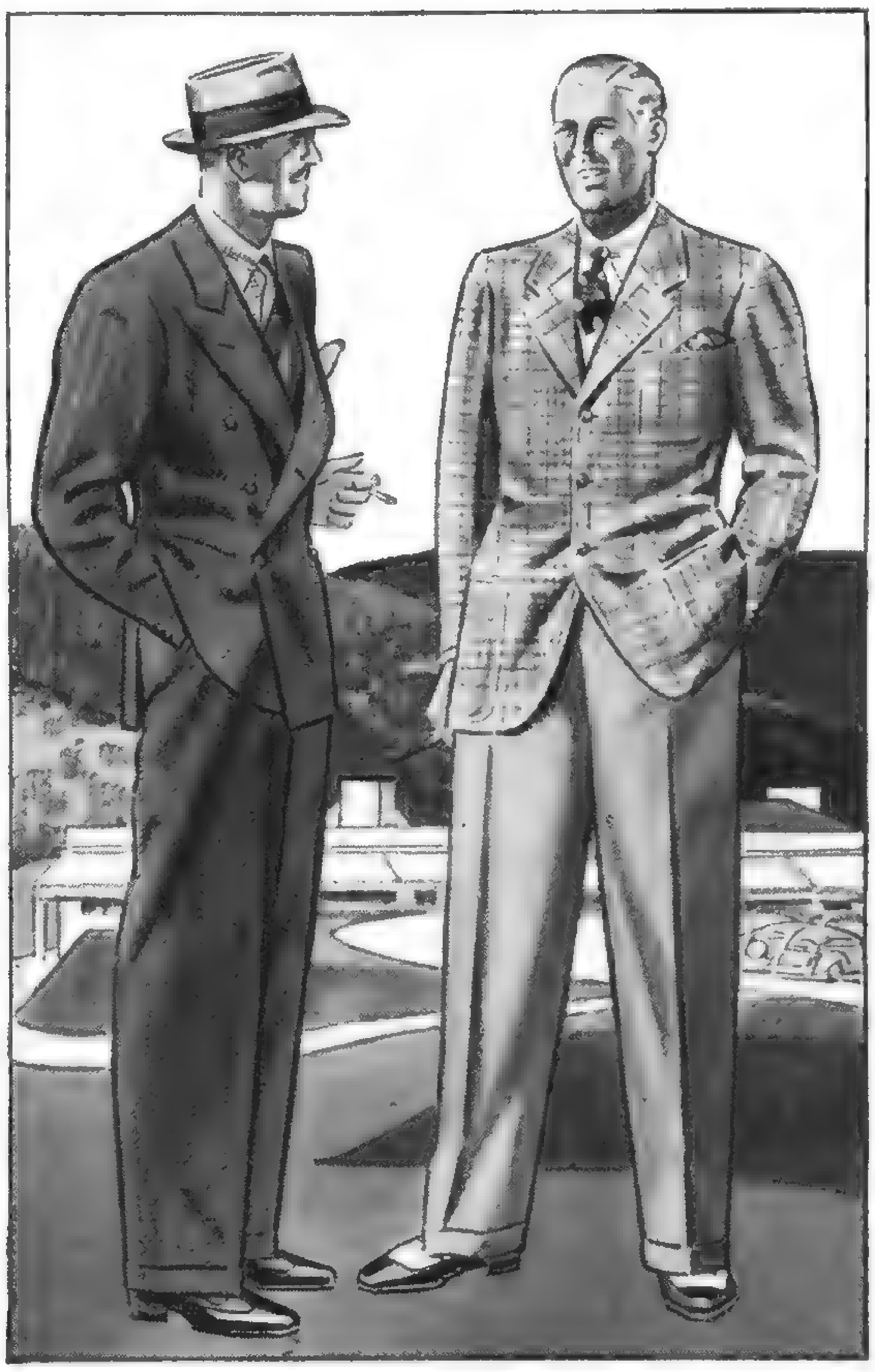
Bill Huggins sprang out of his chair, protesting, "Mr. Shannon, you haven't got no right to try and make—"

Art Smiley interrupted him. "And if you don't keep that floor clean," he said, stepping up and shaking his fist under Bill Huggins' nose, "until Mr. Shannon tells you you can quit, I'm gonna take it out of your hide. You blamed little old stuck-up fool, you, trying to accuse me of desecrating the United States flag! I'm jist aching for the excuse to take a poke at you. I don't keer if you did read it in a book somewheres—I never done no sich thing. All I was doing was trying to put that fire out, and you know it. Dern your hide, anyway, trying to make out like *I* insulted the United States flag!"

Bill Huggins cowered before the town marshal's threatening fist. Then he walked meekly over and took up the broom and a scoopful of red floorsweep. He went out into the lobby. They heard the broom start swishing over the littered concrete floor.

Art Smiley stood there with his jaw set hard, clenching and unclenching his big hands. Postmaster Shannon grinned and winked at him.

"Well, Art," he said, chuckling, "I guess there ain't much I can teach that boy about respects to the U. S. flag, but I bet you I'll give him a good course in respect for public property." #



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The double-breasted LOUNGE SUIT *illustrated is of cable striped flannel, featuring side vents in the jacket. Priced at* $80

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Jacket $50. *Flannel trousers from* $10

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The Music-Box Review

Registering boredom at the music that goes round and round, whereas first symphonies come only once

by FRANK BLACK

• RECORDS •

Put that needle down, and the record goes round and round . . . oh, woe, whoa (bis!) . . . new knew, gnu (bis!) . . . and (says your loudspeaker, loud) it comes out here. As far as I'm concerned it stays out. When I even see a musician push that first valve down, I am resigned to complete boredom and say to myself, "Here comes that funny-unny song again."

So I climb out of my easy chair and select the first symphony of Sibelius' to hear, not caring how the music goes in, nor whether it is round nor square nor marquise-cut, only knowing that it isn't the song that rocked the nation with the biggest rock you ever saw.

Some sage once cracked wise about first operas, saying that, like kittens, they should be drowned. Perhaps that is true of operas, but in regard to symphonies, you will find the first-born contain more ideas to the page of score than any of the succeeding ones. The working out may not be as skillfully done, the orchestration may not be as sparing, there may be disconnected spots, the form may not have been thoroughly mastered, but . . . first symphonies have a freshness in melodic ideas that eclipse subsequent works, and there is a youthful vigor and drive in the whole thing that is lacking in later efforts. They are more physical while more mature works are on the mental side. There is less mastery of detail but more force.

Sibelius, in the first movement of his first symphony, shouts out that he is a genius, and his following symphonies and other works whisper modestly but firmly, "You can hear I wasn't fooling." This work is a *tour de force* for any orchestra—not a cheap, clap-trappy war horse, but a really great surge of tone and tune.

Eugene Ormandy, upon whom falls the distinguished mantle of conductorship of the Philadelphia Orchestra next season, leads his present Minneapolis Symphony through this Opus 39 and achieves some striking color combinations and surging climaxes. You will find this album one of your prized possessions after the first hearing. You buy, you hear, you are conquered.

Symphony No. 1 in E Minor (Opus 39) by Jan Sibelius. Played by Eugene Ormandy and the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.

Victor Musical Masterpiece Series—M-290.

* * *

They tell me the new national anthem is selling more copies to the square inch than cheese has maggots—and I mean Roquefort. Need I tell you that the writers have recorded their magnum opus for Decca? So if you must be authentic, and surely this must be the true version, search this record out and go round and round until you get dizzy, and if you miraculously escape the irate wrath of your harassed neighbors you'll be lucky.

The Music Goes 'Round and Around
Lookin' for Love—by Reilly-Farley and their Onyx Club Boys.
(Remember, I warned yuh!)
Decca—No. 578.

* * *

Now about Louis Armstrong and his Orchestra. Someone intimated that I was discriminating against the Armstrong corps because I hadn't even mentioned him in any of my reviews. Well, if you don't find what you want in one shop, you go next door. The reason for this writing is my having heard *Old Man Mose*, which is a natural for the crew of the good ship "Armstrong." It is exciting and chasey and racial. Then there are two classy tunes; imagine an Armstrong reading of *Red Sails in the Sunset*, *Yeah Man* and *On Treasure Island, Baby*. The interpretations, a la Louis, are quite unorthodox but interesting.

Old Man Mose
Falling in Love With You Decca—No. 622.
Red Sails in the Sunset
On Treasure Island Decca—No. 648.
Louis Armstrong and his Orchestra

* * *

Hot fiddlers, meet your peer, Joe Venuti. Am I a trifle hard on the rest of you? Well, if you listen to some of his really torrid sawing you'll think I'm about the same consistency as a marshmallow. Just lately I complained because the duke of the Stradivarius handlers was in danger of being swamped in the band he had assembled. So here he is in a select company called "Joe Venuti and his Blue Four," and I ask you. They obtain some great effects from small means, and you are not annoyed by any vocals, that is, if you don't care to be annoyed by vocals. One of the best of the four sides is *Mystery*.

Nothing but Notes
Mellow as a Cello Decca—No. 624.
Mystery
Tap Room Blues Decca—No. 625.
By Joe Venuti and his Blue Four

* * *

Bronislaw Huberman violins the solo part of the E Major Violin Concerto by Johann Sebastian Bach. Never mind, don't cry, there isn't going to be a fugue to frighten my poor child.

The orchestra under Issai Dobrowen does well by the accompaniment and sets off the soloist very beautifully. This is a fine recording of one of Bach's most grateful works for violin and orchestra, and a grand addition to your collection.

Bach Concerto No. 2 in E Major for Violin and Orchestra
Bronislaw Huberman (violin) and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Issai Dobrowen

Columbia Masterworks Set—No. 235.

* * *

Ozzie Nelson has recorded *Mrs. Astor's Horse* and *Mama Don't Allow It* for Brunswick. They are probably coupled to show off Ozzie's versatility. In the former he is vocally more London-groomish than the proverbial Whitechapel inhabitant, and, in the latter, hotter than Louis Armstrong singing *Old Hundred*. An occasion for Nelson stooges to spit fancy.

Mrs. Astor's Horse *Mama Don't Allow It*
Ozzie Nelson and his Orchestra
Brunswick—No. 7580.

* * *

From the Princeton Triangle Club show come two tunes that really do not rate a listing on the big board. They are helped immeasurably by the treatment accorded them by Hal Kemp. There is too much dependence on the vocal material in *Then I Sha'n't Love You Any More*. *Love Will Live On* is the marriage, and if it weren't for Hal Kemp and his Orchestra I wouldn't have breathed a word about it to anyone.

Love Will Live On
Then I Sha'n't Love You Any More
By Hal Kemp and his Orchestra

Brunswick—No. 7578.

* * *

Recommended:

Beethoven Quartet in D Major (Opus 18, No. 3). Played by the Budapest String Quartet

Victor Musical Masterpiece Series—M-289.

Mozart Quartet in D Major (K 575). Played by Kolisch Quartet.

Columbia Masterworks Set—No. 237. ⌗

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THIS is the power of Aladdin's Lamp . . . to reach out your hand and command the immortals of music! A king with his expensively maintained court musicians was the veriest pauper compared to these riches . . . A Haydn, a Beethoven, traveled far and often painfully to hear, altogether, but a tithe of the music in The Victor Library of Recorded Music.

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I've just seen 25th Century Magic

by GRAHAM McNAMEE
FAMOUS RADIO AND SPORTS COMMENTATOR

I HAVE SEEN amazing feats of skill in my years as a radio reporter and sports announcer—but I've just witnessed the most remarkable demonstration of skill and accuracy I ever laid eyes on.

The other day I made an inspection trip through the Gillette factory in Boston where Gillette blades are produced. Here is a house of magic if there ever was one! The equipment there is as amazing—as bewildering—as the mechanical wonders you'd expect five hundred years from now.

These machines are so accurate, so finely adjusted that they turn out shaving edges which are actually *invisible*—edges measuring about 1/80,000 of an inch in thickness! It takes sheer magic to measure edges as fine as these. And that's why they use an exclusive "magical" device called the "photo-electric eye" that gauges sharpness with a beam of light.

But there are more wonders—more 25th-Century instruments—designed to make the finest razor blade that modern science and superlative skill can produce.

Can you imagine a hardening furnace room as cool and immaculate as an office...four-ton blade sharpeners adjustable to 1/10,000 of an inch . . . microscopes that magnify an object 3,000 times . . . hardness testers that use diamonds, real square cut diamonds . . . an X-ray-like machine that virtually sees through steel . . . abrasives as fine as cake flour!

With all this amazing scientific equipment . . . this painstaking craftsmanship . . . this superhuman accuracy, I just don't see how Gillette blades could possibly be equalled for downright shaving comfort. In fact, if all men could see what I've just seen, I feel sure they'd always say "Gillette" when they ask for razor blades.

With facts like these before you, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

The Stick of Gum

Continued from page 84

fixing you up?"

"I got plenty shoes," the Italian said. He wiped off the razor.

"You don't look like a salesman, stranger."

"Thanks." Lathan, trying to laugh, said: "I can't help my looks, you know."

The Italian's brows formed a straight line over his eyes. "Somewhere I see you before."

"Who, me? Where?"

"In the newspapers, maybe."

"Sure." Lathan tried a laugh.

The Italian's face stayed blank. He said: "Your right hand, it's got the jumps."

"Sure," Lathan said. "You get it from signing book orders. St. Vitus dance. You ever see it?"

"No." The Italian said: "But I know khaki boys with hands that can't keep quiet. They got 'em handlin' sub-guns."

"I've heard of that," Lathan said. His voice seemed to come from a long distance off. He moved his legs. They were starting to feel stiff.

The Italian shaved along the cheek. "What's your name?" he said.

"What, my name? My name is—Will Summers."

In silence the Italian shaved along the jaw.

Lathan thought: "How easy it would be for his hand to slip. . . .!" His mind, working furiously, began to concentrate upon the next move of this killer shaving him. Did Scarpelli suspect anything? He'd have to remember that name. "Will Summers," he told himself.

And then it happened. Lathan remembered something—his mind fastened on it out of nowhere. He saw, once more, the youthful Italian brushing off the customer's neck. And he thought, "If my collar should be turned down—" His throat became dry and his tongue felt heavy and wooden. It came into his mind, "—he will see different initials!" In Lathan's excited brain a feeling of panic grew.

Very plainly he knew what would happen then. And his mind seemed to disintegrate. Slowly his eyes took in the room, and stopped at the clothes-rack. There wasn't a chance; too far—

The razor scraped under his chin. The Italian spoke gently: "Used to know one man by name of Will Summers."

" . . . Yes?" Lathan's throat got very dry; his saliva had suddenly acquired a very unpleasant taste.

"He's dead now," the Italian shaved along the neck.

Lathan said: "You don't say." And the three small words felt like knives in his throat.

"Sure," the Italian said. "He rubbed his neck against the wrong edge of a knife."

"Like this." He held the edge of the razor against Lathan's neck.

"I see," Lathan said. "Very funny way to die." He felt his chest drawing in.

"I don't know," the Italian said. "It's pretty messy at times." He looked at Lathan and then went on shaving.

Lathan's eyes, drawn by a fascination he could not analyze, watched the hands shaving his face. The razor moved as easily as if it were part of the Italian's arm. The hand had long, smooth fingers very thick-based. As he watched those hands at work, Lathan pictured the hands of killers he had known. And he told himself, "There is no mercy in those hands. They will instinctively cut my throat." The razor scraped under his chin again, and he closed his eyes.

The shave went on; Lathan found time passing very swiftly. Watching those hands at work—and sensing the black eyes pause upon his neck—he felt this within him, "He cannot wait to turn back my collar!" John Lathan rubbed the palms of his hands against his trousers' legs.

The Italian spread more lather around his lips. Swiftly it happened. When the razor scraped under his lower lip, it came to John Lathan—one of those blind, unreasoned ideas that leap into one's consciousness in moments of great peril. He felt this incredible idea pause a moment—dangle before his eyes—next, the tonic of it came sweeping over his body in a kind of tingling, electrifying penetration. He suddenly felt alive again!

As the Italian stopped a moment to wipe the razor clean, Lathan turned his head aside, and pursing his lips, he spat wryly.

As one speaks without thought he said: "Damn! . . . Soap—" And he spat again.

Carefully he wiped his lips on the white cloth and then said:

"Hand me the stick of gum—left coat pocket."

For a moment the Italian looked at him. In that small, intense silence, John Lathan felt his whole body rising into his throat; choking him.

Then the Italian reached toward the clothes-rack, and feeling in the coat pocket, said:

"No gum here."

John Lathan spat loudly. And he said: "Oh, you'd never find it! Hand the coat here."

The Italian picked up the coat by the neck and handed it to John Lathan, who, feeling in the right-hand pocket, said:

"What th' hell anyway. . . . !"

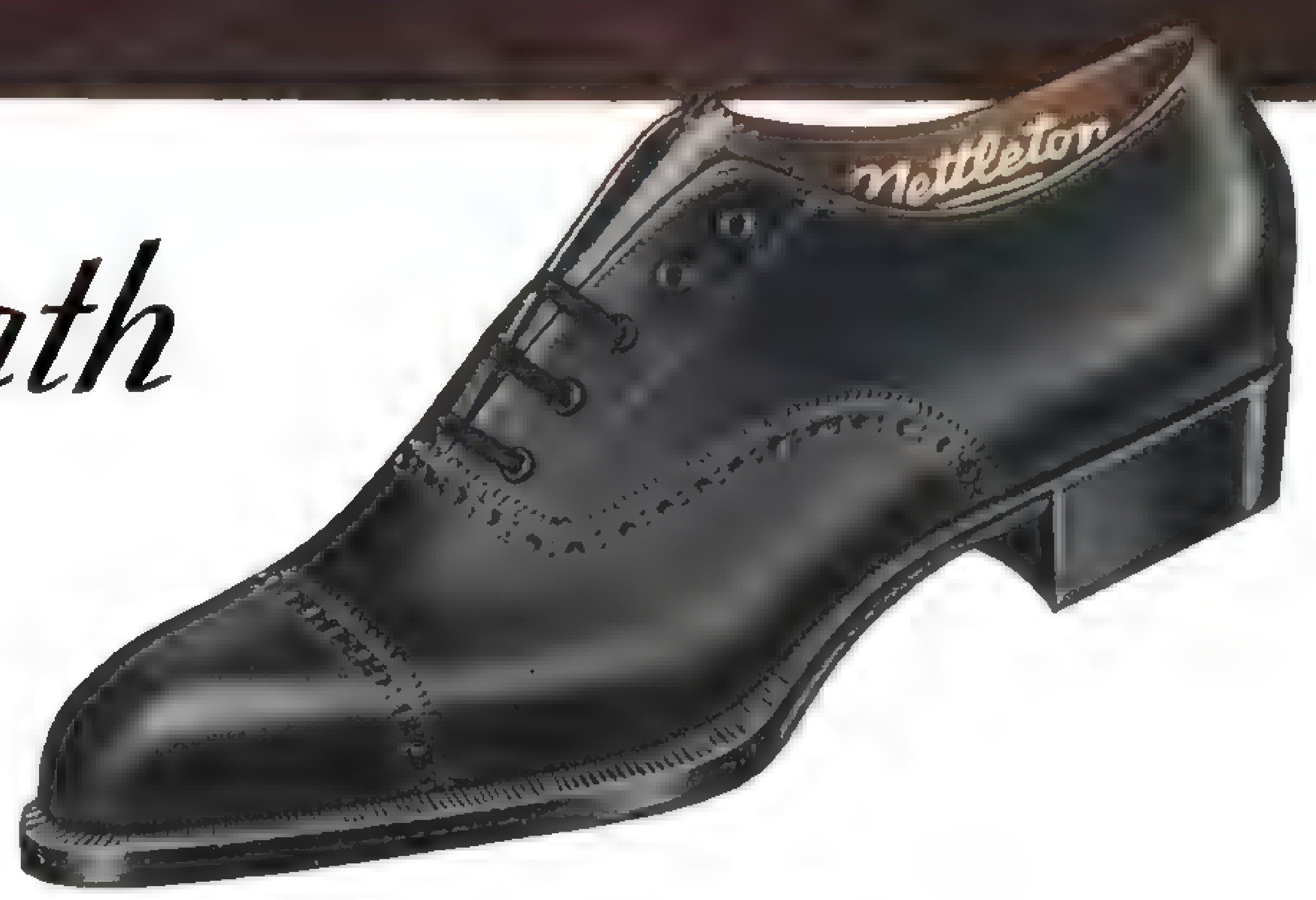
"Say—" The Italian moved nearer, the razor in his hand. His eyes got dark . . . very dark.

Carelessly John Lathan plunged his hand into the inside coat pocket; and he said:

"Throw your—"

His hand jerked out as the gleaming-eyed Italian lunged with the razor. John Lathan fired the automatic five times before he could control his quivering trigger finger. ⌗

They never tread the beaten path



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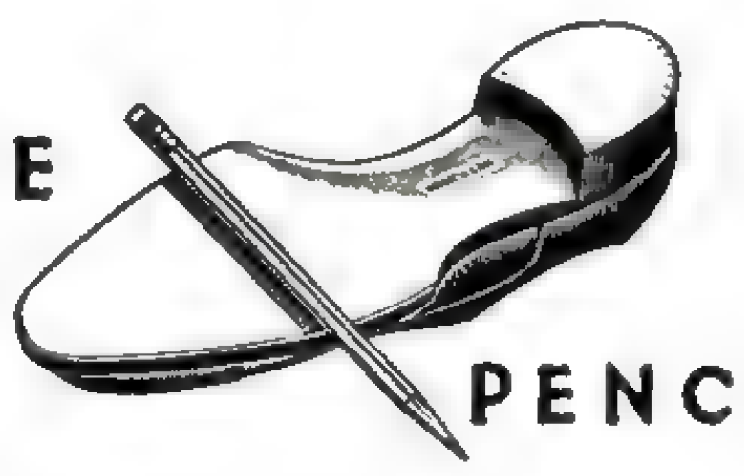

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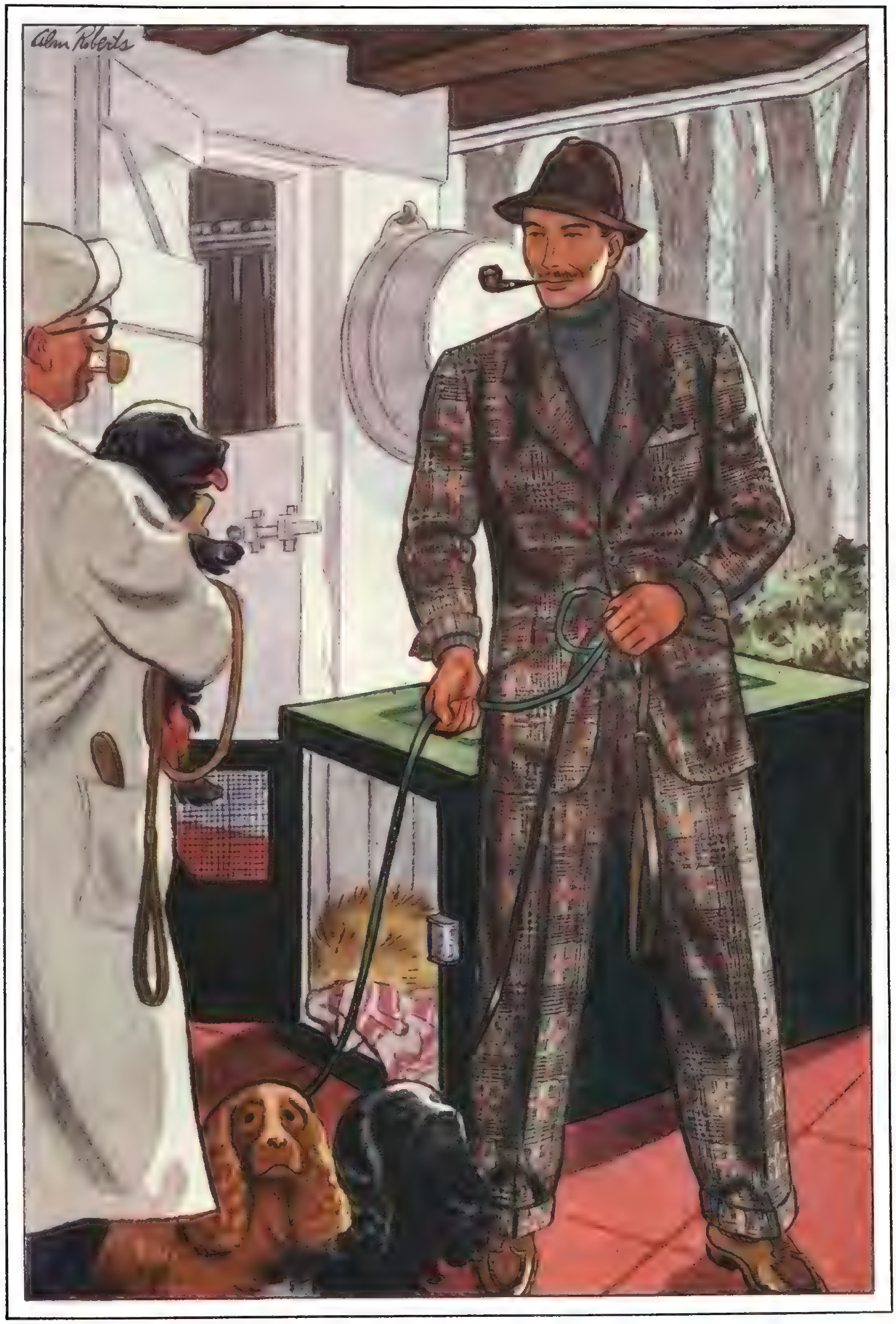

THE HOUNDS OF SPRING ON WINTER'S TRACES

The publishers are really terribly anxious to see that everybody gets his money's worth. That's why these pretty colored pictures are designed to carry multiple appeal. This one, for instance, is calculated to be (a) a joy to dog lovers (b) a thrill to those over-the-shoulder readers who admire the Rod La Rocque type and (c) a stimulant to the clothes-conscious. They don't pay us to write about dogs or Rod La Rocque so we will concentrate on the clothes with no more ado. This outfit is typical of that worn by the majority of country gentlemen in the East and is ideally suited for any type of outdoor use during the early spring season. The suit is a three-button single-breasted notch lapel model of grey Cheviot in a Glen Urquhart pattern with a large colorful overplaid. You will notice that the width of the collar of this suit is the same as that of the lapels. Note, too, the slanting pockets.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Dying to be Athletic

Continued from page 55

cago Neurological society, and citing as references, H. S. Martland in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, and the paper of the Germans, E. Jokl and E. Guttmann, *Neurologisch-psychiatrische Untersuchung an Boxer*.

Among symptoms mentioned as being common to punch drunks is a "rasping labored quality in the voice." In this detail evidence of the usual mistake in guessing the cause may be seen in the interesting story *Knockout* which not long ago ran serially in the *Saturday Evening Post*. The author, Charles Francis Coe, is a long-time and close-up observer of fistiana. Mr. Coe described Shadow Samuels, a prize-ring veteran of prominence in the plot: ". . . ears, both of them, mere melted gristle. His nose was flat and broad and each of his brows was an accumulation of ancient cuts. * * * And the voice of Shadow was a mere husky whisper. His throat, they said, had suffered from blows and this had reacted on his vocal chords, and so his voice had faded."

That diagnosis, probably accurately based by Mr. Coe on fight camp conversation, is an example of the obvious errors in connecting cause and effect which are so common among the pseudo-scientists of pugilism. Chances are few that a skillful boxer would be hit in the throat. Inasmuch as Mr. Coe describes Shadow Samuels as having been a brilliant boxer, throat blows as a cause of huskiness of speech, appear to be technically far-fetched. However, Samuels' "mere husky whisper" and his battered features are definite indications of "diffuse or scattered lesions of the brain affecting different systems at once and the same time" which Dr. Parker mentions as a major agreement in the scientific study of punch drunks.

Not reflecting any credit for sportsmanship on the fight fans, are Dr. Parker's remarks on that type of fighter identified in fight publicity as "crowd pleasers." After mentioning that the punch drunk condition in severe or mild form afflicts at least 50% of pugilists of a certain type, Dr. Parker continues: "Aggressive, hardy fighters who like to give the crowd an exhibition of blows, and who lead the fight to the end, are likely to suffer, and the degree of facial disfigurement is the index of susceptibility to 'punch drunk'."

When a fighter occasionally is clumsy with one foot when walking to his corner and has periods of confusion (most frequently evidenced by the fighter's walking to the wrong corner at the conclusion of a round), you may be reasonably sure you are looking at a punch drunk fighter, even though his condition may be at the time, comparatively mild and temporary.

The laymen, and even the fight managers and reporters, frequently are certain that they have seen a fighter enter the ring in advanced stages of intoxication and eventually put up stirring and devastating battle. The late Harry Greb was one often thought to be staggering drunk as he entered the ring.

Perhaps the following citation by Dr. Parker may be somewhat enlightening:

"He (the punch drunk patient observed by Dr. Parker) was accused unjustly a number of times of being drunk." It is reported that one fight in which the patient was engaged almost was called off because the promoters considered the fighter too drunk to go into the ring. Continues Dr. Parker: "He would be slow, awkward and clumsy during the first few rounds, would spar for time, then, becoming heated and loosened under the influence of exercise and excitement, would finish as well as ever. The left arm would go into a clonus, puzzling his opponent by its unexpected and grotesque trepidation, and then the right arm, which never had become affected, would do its deadly work.

"Nevertheless, remorselessly his disease advanced, speed and precision were slower in appearing in each bout, and a few days before the patient's first visit to the clinic his career ended in inglorious fashion. He had been pitted against a boxer whom he easily had beaten before, and had expected to beat again. In the first few seconds of the first round, while stiff and awkward, he was given a slight push, stumbled and fell and was unable to even get back on his feet again. While the crowd yelled in derision his seconds threw in the towel and his last fight was over."

It is somewhat ridiculous that so many fights have been decided on technical knockouts when one of the fighters has sprained an ankle, and no howl of criticism has followed that fighter's inability to continue; then to recall how many fights there are in which there are knockdowns from powerful punches, and the fight continues as soon as the fighter instinctively or deliberately arises. Of the two occurrences, the knockdown probably is by far the more serious. However the prevailing practice of lightly regarding possible brain injuries is quite in accord with the mob cry, "kill the bum" and no improvement in the situation may be expected unless the conscientious management of the big annual events for the amateurs introduces proper practice.

Just how far the sponsors of the huge Golden Gloves amateur fight program will be able to go in eliminating the long established ignorance of professional handlers in pugilism is questionable. After all, the amateur fighters and the crowd want the Golden Glove

Continued on page 156

LIQUOR
D.O.M
VERITABLE BENEDICTINE LIQUEUR

TRY THESE 3 WAYS OF SERVING Benedictine

AFFECTIONATELY and appreciatively, France calls Bénédictine "La Grande Liqueur Francaise." We agree, but find Bénédictine too delightful to be enjoyed only with after-dinner coffee. Try Bénédictine these three ways . . . then send two 3-cent stamps for recipe booklets containing other important ideas.

Cocktail — One of the subtlest of all cocktails, and smooth as silk, is the Bénédictine:
¼ Bénédictine
¼ Lemon Juice
½ Cognac Brandy (Jules Robin recommended)

Frappé — Pack a cocktail glass with finely shaved ice to the top. Fill with Bénédictine D. O. M Sip through a short straw. Enjoyable and refreshingly different.

Liqueur — Serve Bénédictine in liqueur glasses. Or in demi-snifters, if you would fully enjoy the aroma, so rich and incomparable that the monks in 1510 dedicated Bénédictine "D. O. M (to God most good, most great)."

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The usual carbonated water "collapses" in your glass

The first sip of your drink has life and sparkle.

But as you drink, it gets flatter and flatter.

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Canada Dry's Water is like a super-safe inner tube.

Long-lived, it holds its sparkle clear through the drink.

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IT'S THE EVERLASTING Sparkle THAT COUNTS

The Reason? In Canada Dry's Water pure alkaline water is carbonated to the usual point... and then, under still higher pressure and still lower temperature, it is super-carbonated. Only Canada Dry gives you this *extra* process.

Proof? The uniformly *better* taste of your long, tall drink—and this challenge! Leave an *opened* bottle of Canada Dry's Water in your refrigerator. 24 hours later, it will still be full of life and sparkle.

...and less than 3¢ a drink

The big party-size bottle of Canada Dry's Water costs less than 3¢ for each long, tall drink... also available in the regular 12 oz. size.

CANADA DRY'S
SPARKLING WATER
RA-VIOLET-RAY-TREATED WATER
LINE WITH BICARBONATE OF SODA
AND CARBONATED BY
Ginger Ale Incorporated, New York
PINT AND TWELVE FLUID OUNCES 1828 CCS

Dying to be Athletic

Continued from pages 55-155

show to resemble a professional affair, perhaps with even the ignorance of professional pugilism.

Unconsciously the spectacular phase may over-rule the fighters' interests in the important amateur events, as it most certainly did during the presentation of the Italian amateur team against a team of American Golden Glove amateurs. The Italian amateurs held arms raised in the fascist salute while the Italian anthem was played; a period that must have seemed interminable to even young Italian athletes in excellent physical condition. Arm fatigue developing during such a performance is not recommended as a preliminary to an athletic contest.

The salute incident was one prompted by the finest of spirit and may be excused for the reason that the international affair had no precedent, but such excuse cannot be employed in the cases of mishandling young football players. After all the years that football has been a tremendous revenue-producing spectacle at colleges there should be standardized and invariably employed correct methods of handling gridiron injuries.

But what is the customary practice in cases where "the wind has been knocked out," to name one of the most frequent injuries in football? Ordinarily the player is rolled over on his back and his legs and arms are pumped savagely. What actually has happened to the "windless" player makes this treatment not only futile but prevents his recovery. Nine times out of ten, the boy has had a blow in the solar plexus (a plexus of sympathetic nerves in the abdomen) and his breathing mechanism is, for the time being, out of commission. Violent handling in an attempt to get him to do what he is momentarily incapable of doing, is the worst sort of treatment. However, the public wants a brisk game and no pauses, so pumping the patient's legs within view of all in the stands is at least a vigorous demonstration of some sort and may keep the cash customers partially content.

Football collegians are bound to suffer from two major causes of lasting athletic injury. One is the players' self-neglect due to an entirely natural desire to be rated rugged. The other is drastic treatment of injuries with the hope of speedily fitting the player to take part in next Saturday's game. The majority of football injuries are such that fine manipulation is necessary. Heat and gentle massage are essential. Instead of the proper treatment the boy usually gets strenuously massaged in the cold autumn air, or when taken out of the game, subjected to almost blistering lamps and to massage that seems to be based on the enthusiasm and noise of the masseur's slapping rather than on understanding of the physical nature of the patient and of the injury. Undoubtedly the mistaken belief that the more vigorous the treatment, the speedier the recovery, accounts for the widespread mishandling of football injuries.

Of hopeful significance was the response from football coaches and officials to the Associated Press poll relative to the alarming number of deaths caused by football during the 1935 season. The authorities consulted attributed the majority of deaths to lack of supervision and medical care as well as use of faulty equipment. It was pointed out in an Associated Press report dated November 13, that twenty-nine of the thirty-five football fatalities that had occurred during the season to that date, were in high school games and others of the "pick-up" variety. Possibly coaches, trainers and others in authority at athletic departments of institutions of higher learning may be prompted by their own conclusions in this matter to see that proper supervision, competent and quickly available medical care and correct equipment be given commendable over-emphasis. The imitative instinct of "high school and 'pick-up' variety" players, coaches, parents and faculty then will account for a needed improvement in treatment of football injuries sustained by more casual players.

The equipment phase probably is the most difficult to solve due to expense involved. For a number of years the leading makers of football equipment have struggled with the problem of supplying properly protective equipment to the minor schools and have shown considerable progress but no profit in this work.

It can be said of the college athletic and medical authorities that their collaboration has been of far-reaching and positive value in one section of athletic study, and that is concerning fatigue and its relief. Study by Harvard Medical School doctors of Boston marathon runners brought sharply to the attention of the athletic world the relationship between blood sugar depletion and fatigue. That has had the effect of benefiting non-athletes whose fatigue, although of a mental more than a physical character, nevertheless may be definitely relieved by sugar replenishment.

Intense and prolonged fatigue may delay a rather long time before they give evidence of the toll they have taken of athletes. One of the fairly frequent manifestations of the extent to which fatigue has done irreparable injury is that of pneumonia fatalities among formerly prominent athletes. Enlargement of the heart brought on in earlier days by the heart's desperate action to fight off fatigue so weakens the organ that when pneumonia attacks the athlete in middle age, the heart is unable to pump blood demanded

Continued on page 158

Eastman presents **Magazine Ciné-Kodak**

Loads in 3 seconds

—*and* effortless loading is only one of six new features in a movie camera pocket size

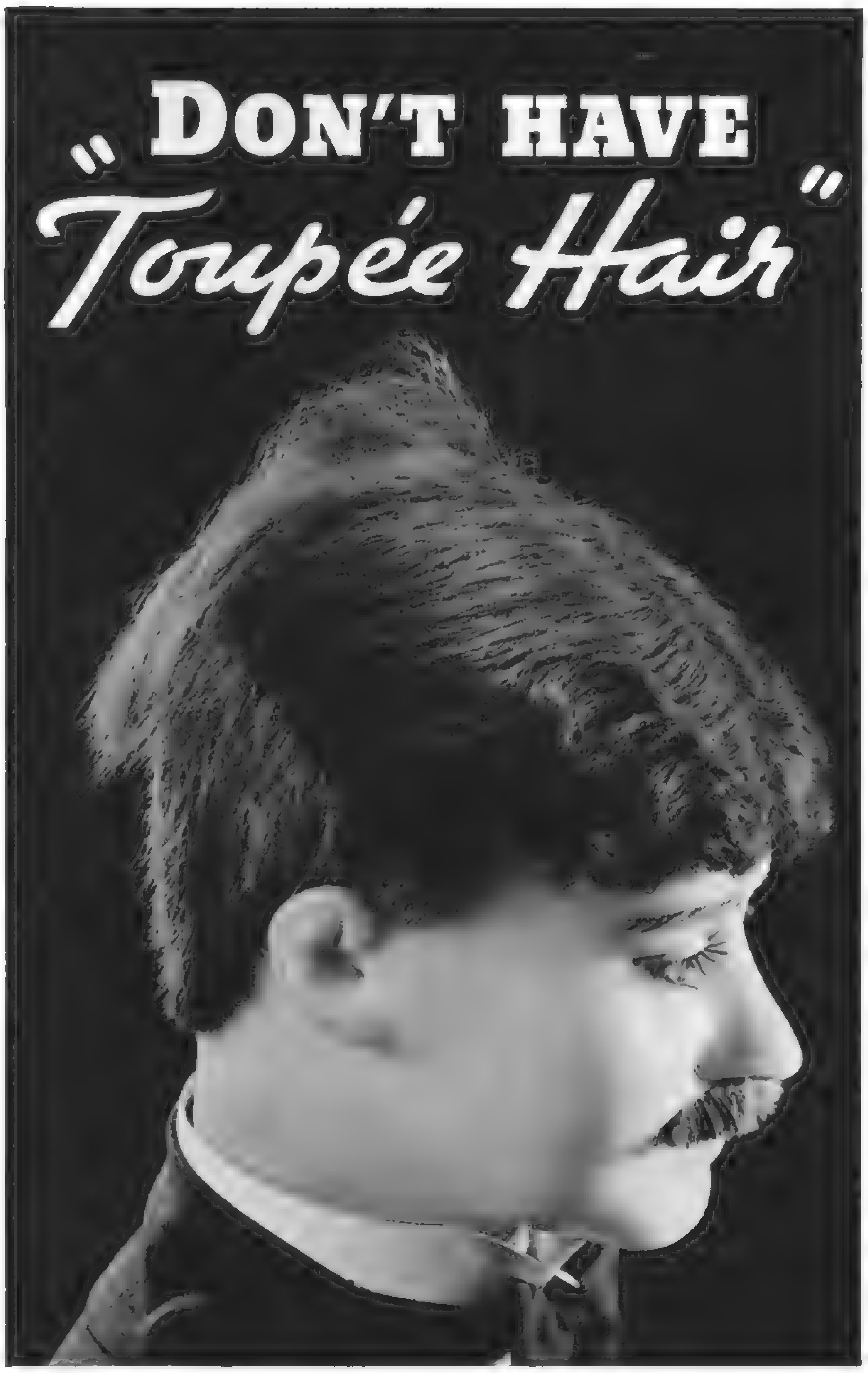
FINGERS and thumbs are "out." With *Magazine* Ciné-Kodak, you don't touch the film. It comes in a magazine. Slip the magazine into place, close the camera cover and you're ready to shoot.

Effortless loading isn't all. Suppose you want to make color movies with the wonderful new Kodachrome Film. Or indoor movies with Super Sensitive "Pan" Film. Just take out your partly used magazine, slip in one of the others. The magazine, not the camera, protects the film. Footage meter on each magazine shows how much film you've used.

Three speeds give you your choice of normal, half-speed, or slow motion. Clever "pulse" beats under your finger, telling you the elapsed time for each scene, while your eye remains at the finder.

Any way you look at it, 16 mm. *Magazine* Ciné-Kodak is 'way out ahead. Your dealer will put it through its paces for you. With fast *f*.1.9 lens, $125; including carrying case, $137.50. Extra lenses for telephoto work, 2-inch, 3-inch, 4½-inch, and 6-inch, all readily interchangeable, are also available . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

EASTMAN'S NEWEST AND FINEST HOME MOVIE CAMERA



● Water washes out the natural scalp oils
Let Kreml give your hair new *life* and *lustre*

People who soak their heads with water every day in order to comb their hair are most in danger of getting "toupée hair."

Too much water washes out the natural oils of the scalp, leaves the hair dry and brittle; takes away its lustre.

Try Kreml as a hair dressing for a week.

This scientific new oil-tonic brings back the natural brilliance and sheen to hair; restores the oil balance; makes unruly hair lie down before the brush and comb.

Kreml is so popular because it never gives hair that glossy, patent-leather look.

A marvelous dandruff remover, it also stimulates the growth of hair and stops excessive shedding.

Men swear by it and women love it, because it makes their waves last so much longer.

Ask for Kreml at your barber's. Use it regularly at home.

Try Kreml Shampoo, Too!

Use this olive oil shampoo. It simply billows with cleansing, purifying lather.

Good Housekeeping Bureau

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Dying to be Athletic

Continued from pages 55-155-156

in a successful conquest of the disease.

One could continue for pages to touch upon the woefully ignorant and dangerous mishandling of injuries in the major sports in which the general public figures mostly as spectators and thus misses the broadest phase of the athletic injury subject. What the colleges term minor sports, such as golf and tennis, account for a quite welcome sum of the physicians' and surgeons' income. As in the case of professional and amateur athletes in the public eye, the man in private sports life suffers more from the effects of improper treatment of injuries than from the injuries.

Consider the case of the golfer who swings with unaccustomed vigor and dislocates his sacroiliac joint. This especially painful dislocation where the spinal column joins the pelvis often is considered a severe sprain and is treated with liniment or bound tightly—and out of location—with adhesive tape. Thus treated this joint dislocation will become an increasingly serious matter. Competently handled the injury is quickly and painlessly relieved. In many cases it is simply a matter of lying flat on the edge of a table, lifting the leg stiffly extended on the side painfully affected and swinging that leg, still stretched over the edge of the table and as far back as it will go, during which operation the joint slides back into place. However, plainly the important factor is to be certain that the injury is a dislocation of the sacroiliac joint, but if you've suffered one of these injuries and had it competently diagnosed and treated there will be not much chance you won't know what it is the next time it happens.

Blisters on the hands and feet, probably the commonest injury to the occasional athlete, eventually pay part of the doctors' own golf and tennis expenses. Instead of protecting the blistered area so a protective coating of skin will allow the spot to properly heal itself, the injured ones seem to be unable to resist pricking the blister and wrapping raw adhesive tape over the sore spot, thus making the situation ideal for the development of a serious infection. Quite the usual method of amateur application of adhesive tape or bandages is to wrap them all around the member injured; a practice which badly interferes with circulation.

In this matter of circulation which of course is of paramount importance to any athlete, it is somewhat disconcerting to observe that such simple matters as tight collars are so often suffered. Golfers got one benefit from fashion when slacks became popular because the knickers formerly worn by most of them retarded circulation just below the knees, and Esquire's fashion department will have to argue long and loud with medical men before it can sell them on the return of the knicker in place of the slacks and loose short hose now generally in vogue.

Fortunately for the middle-aged golfers their most frequent complaint, that of undue leg-weariness after a round, is something that is easily corrected. If the complainant will lie on his back on a locker bench, lift his legs in the air and kick them around for a few moments circulation will be restored and fatigue for the most part will leave his lower limbs.

Such a fairly common ailment as tennis elbow, an arthritic condition that develops between the humerus and radius bones of the arm, often is aggravated by the victim's mistreatment until the medical man has a serious case to contend with. This the medical man considers a great pity because absolute rest would have eliminated the condition and that's about all that could be done.

In the early part of this piece the prize ring was drawn upon for glaring examples of mishandling of injuries. At the other end of the social and intellectual scale are the equestrians; or at least we will concede for the sake of convenience this premise, which equestrians will stoutly defend. But in the emergency treatment of injuries there is not the slightest difference in ignorance rating between the fight seconds and the hunt club members. Surgeons who have had repair work to do on victims of riding mishaps privately lament that emergency treatment of the victims is not entrusted to the horses until such time as competent care arrives.

From the youngster with a shinny stick wrenched from a tree to the high-flying sportsman pilot the American constantly runs the risk of dying trying to be healthy. That part of the national temperament is not difficult to understand but what no one seems to be able to explain is the reason for the Americans' almost complete ignorance of right treatment of the many potentially dangerous injuries inflicted by sports. With the exception, as before noted, of a few staff men at not many colleges Boy Scouts are almost the only laymen under whose care can come safely the emergency treatment of athletic injuries.

As a suggestion, then, for an initial step in the preservation of health of the athletic public, the appointment of Boy Scouts to state boxing commissions is in order. After handling the comparatively simple job of reducing the number of punch drunks turned out by pugilism under the present system, the Boy Scouts then can take over the emergency treatment of athletic injuries at many college football stadia, baseball parks, golf clubs, tennis courts and hunt clubs. They may keep us from killing ourselves. ⧺

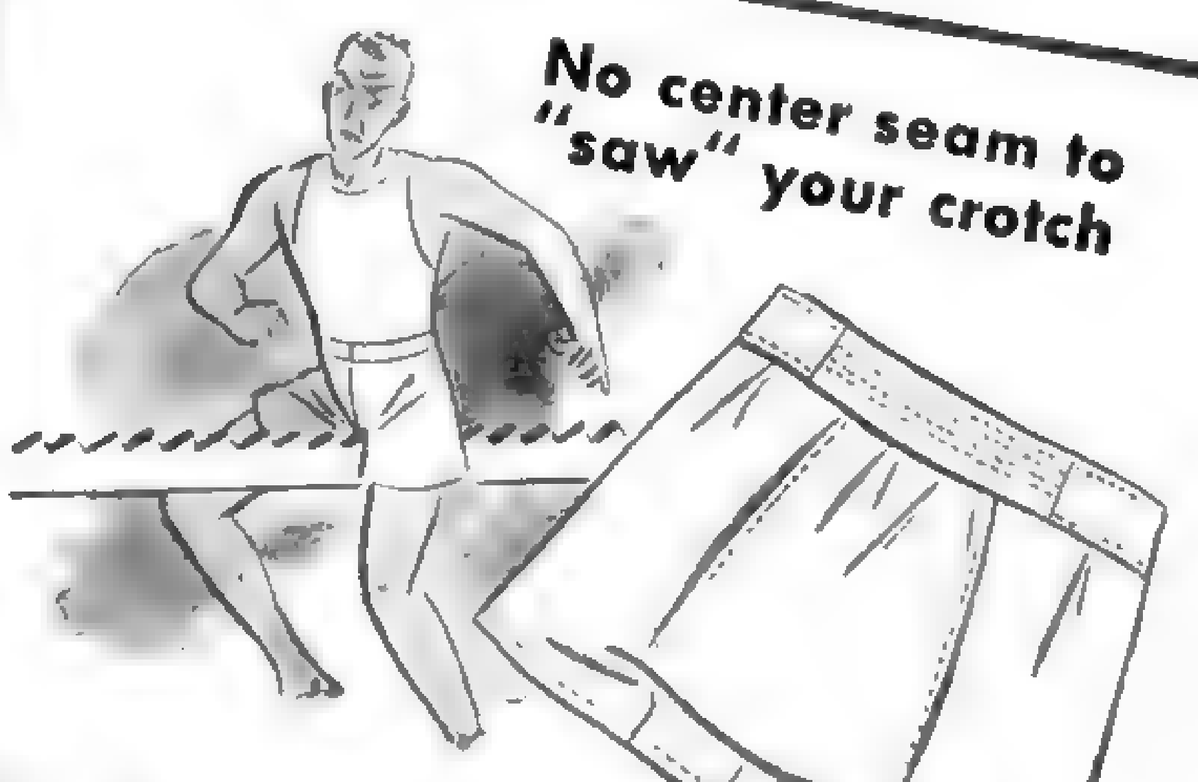
"THE MOST Comfortable Shorts I'VE EVER WORN"

Snapped by our snooping cameraman in the locker-room of one of Chicago's leading clubs

New Faultless Nobelt Super Shorts GO WILD in bright, bold patterns

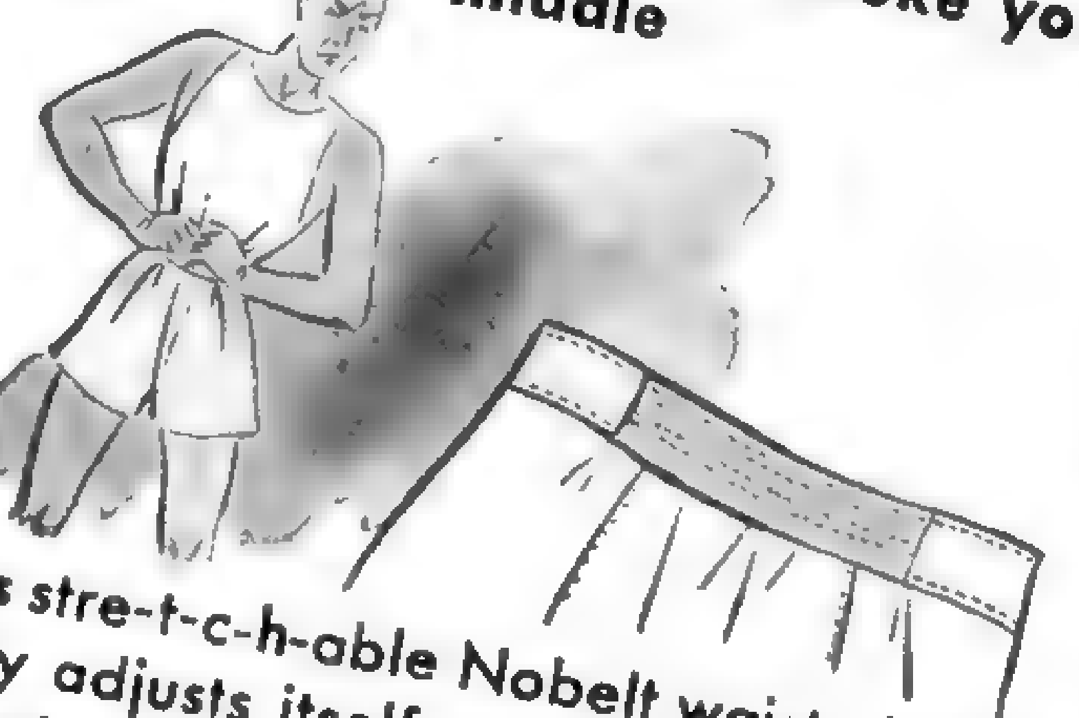
Now . . . Wilson Super Shorts with seamless panel seat also have the famous stre-t-c-h-able Nobelt waistband

No center seam to "saw" your crotch

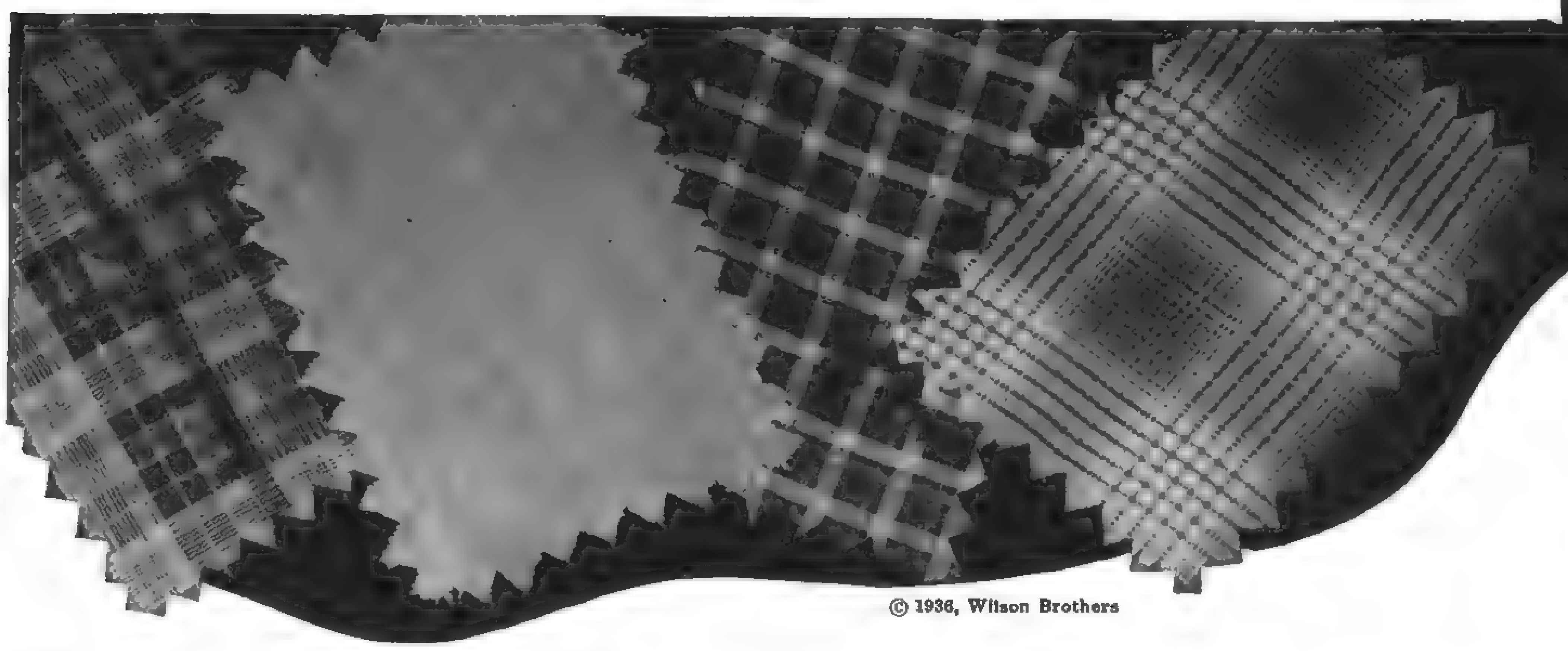


See how Wilson guarantees crotch comfort! This wide panel seat has no unkind seams to cut and chafe the wrong places.

No tight waistband to choke your middle



This stre-t-c-h-able Nobelt waist obligingly adjusts itself to a man's girth. It breathes with you. Holds shorts up always without noticeable pressure.



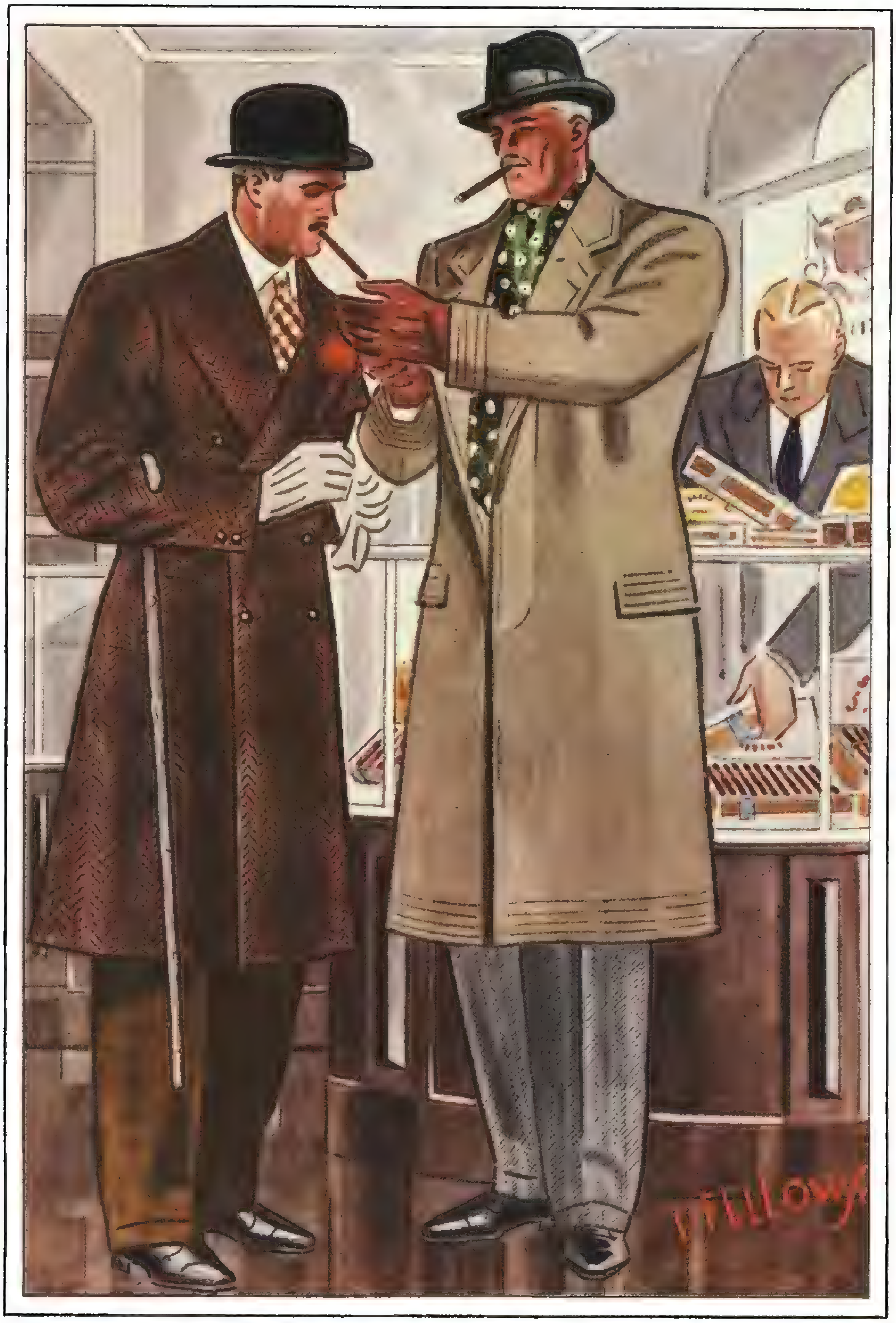
© 1936, Wilson Brothers

"Give us shorts that shout instead of whisper," you challenged. Here they are! Patterns are bold, colorful, distinctive. (But don't worry—we haven't overdone it!) Scotch plaids are featured, and stripes, too . . . at prices that flatter Scotch billfolds. 50c, 65c, and $1.

Not for Timid Souls . . . these new shorts by Wilson Brothers. But definitely *the thing* for men who dare humor their yen for the bold and bright. This spring the well-undressed man is sporting shorts in colorful, masculine plaids. And if he insists on comfort along with style, they'll be Faultless Nobelt Super Shorts . . . with seamless panel seat and stre-t-c-h-able waistband.

FAULTLESS
NOBELT
SUPER SHORTS

Tailored exclusively by **WILSON BROTHERS**, CHICAGO . . . Makers of Faultless Nobelt Pajamas, V-Shape Shirts, Buffer Hose, Skipper Sportwear, Skipper Swimwear, and Neckwear



BY LIPSTICK UNREDDENED, ROUGE UNDEFILED

They've long since taken our cigarettes, and, in salient features though sissified form, our pipes and even our pants, but the cigar counter is the last unfallen fort in the invaded land of man. All of which, though sad and true, seems to have a minimum to do with the clothes in question which are, on the left a double-breasted Shetland coat in a black and brown herringbone, cut over lines that give it something of a country air. There is an outside ticket pocket and a breast pocket flap, and the buttons are of leather. The coat comes an inch below the knee and has a slight flare. With it are worn a brown hard finished worsted suit, black blucher shoes, tan shirt with starched collar, a bold checked Spitalfields tie, buckskin gloves and bowler. The other coat is a fly front covert, worn with a grey Saxony suit, foulard muffler, capeskin gloves, black town shoes and a green Homburg hat.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Base-Ballyhoo!

Continued from page 48

veillance of the umpires anyway, so he figured that it would be a goodwill builder to allow the fans to keep these balls. Today instead of going eighteen innings a ball may go only one pitch, which helps account for the $10,000 bills each major league club runs up for baseballs every season, which of course brings no squawks from the manufacturers.

So today the hitter always has a nice live ball to hit at, as compared with the old dirtied "sponge" with which the master moundsmen used to mow them down. It all came about when the magnates began to see that it was not pitching but hitting that turned the turnstiles into whirling dervishes.

The forebear of the "jack-rabbit" ball was the cork center ball, first thought of in 1908, patented on Aug. 31, 1909 and introduced into the National league in 1910. After the World Series of 1910 between the Cubs and Athletics, which the latter won, Connie Mack stated that the cork-center ball had made a big improvement in the game.

The old rubber center ball had been regarded as entirely satisfactory up till then. The rubber core was so hard and unyielding, however, that the blows of the bat caused this rubber center to "sugar" or crumble, with resultant loss of liveliness. The first experimental work was done with a core of wood, and then cork was found to be a very satisfactory center for the little inner rubber ball.

Australian wool had been used for years in the famous shaker sweaters, but it was regarded as too expensive for baseballs. But when Babe Ruth began stirring up notice with his home runs right after the big scandal, the magnates lent their support to his act in the form of the "jack-rabbit." While denials were broadcast wholesale all during those days that there had been any change in the ball at all, the magnates and sporting goods manufacturers were in close cahoots over the subject, although the players and even the managers were not in on the changes that were being made in the ball.

The core of the ball was made up of first the little cork core, then a hard rubber covering, and outside of that a soft spongy red rubber layer. The finest Australian wool was put into the ball, and this was wound tighter than formerly. Also the cover was cut thinner to increase the resiliency.

So in the midst of baseball's darkest days of the Black Sox, one George H. Ruth, a star southpaw pitcher of the Boston Red Sox, happened on the scene with his home run stunt, along with Federal Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, who had gained fame by slapping so big a fine on the Standard Oil Company that it never had a chance of being paid. The Judge was awarded $42,000 annually to restore the prestige and honesty of the game, and the big, hulking, lumbering lummox, Babe Ruth, was relied on to draw fans into the parks with his whistling drives like the Pied Piper of Hamlin. Ruth was given $80,000 in salary for his share in the restorative act. The combination of Landis-Ruth-and-the-rabbit-ball soon had record crowds, record salaries for the other players, in more or less ratio to Ruth's fantastic but fully earned stipend, and record profits for the moguls. For the next fifteen years the ball parks of the majors stormed and quivered with tremendous turnouts on every big day. Thus the Black Sox cloud was lined with silver and gold, not only for Ruth and Landis, but also for the magnates, the sporting goods manufacturers, and the hundreds of big league ball players.

Remarkably soon big, brown, bulbous Babe Ruth became another of our great sporting myths in the mighty dynasty of a golden age of sport that saw alongside him Jack Dempsey, Tex Rickard, Knute Rockne, Red Grange, Paavo Nurmi, Bill Tilden, Man o'War, and Bobby Jones. It was not alone the rabbit-ball, and Ruth's ability and power to bat out long flies over the fence that made Babe Ruth. He was merely another of the crystallizations of the post-war hysteria that succeeded the long gloom of the war. A lot of Ruth's dimension was sheer publicity.

The newspapers ably augmented and stimulated all of these various inflations. During the World War, the machinery and technic for the production and dissemination of news had been expanded tremendously. Those immense earth-quaking crises when civilization, if not all human life upon the globe seemed to be tottering on the brink, required the utmost that the newspapers could produce. Then suddenly the war ceased. The newspapers still had those stupendous facilities for handling earth-jarring news, with no big news to record. So to satisfy their over-stimulated readers, they "blew up" minor matters, created big news artificially; and along with the great parade of sport stars we had less excusably perhaps Queen Marie, Lindbergh, Floyd Collins in the cave, The Man in a Million, flagpole sitters, Leopold and Loeb, The Battle of the Century, "Fifi" Stillman and "Daddy" Browning. It was the same as if the Big Bertha that had been firing on Paris had been used to shoot at sparrows and rabbits. The noise would have been just as loud.

For it should be remembered that it was not alone Babe Ruth who hit home runs. Babe reached his top with 60 in 1927, but in 1930 a pudgy, keg-shaped florid little fellow named Hack Wilson hit 56 for the Chicago Cubs. Back

Continued on page 162

GOOD *SHOE* BUYING SAYS,
"*Buy Florsheims*"

WHETHER you buy for price, pride or performance, buy Florsheims. The price you pay for them is dependably *less* by the *mile!* The pride you enjoy in wearing them carries through from the first to the final day's service. The performance you get from Florsheims is measured by good fit, good comfort—and many months of extra wear. We put more *into* Florsheims so you'll get more *out* of them. That's the simple Florsheim formula, cornerstone of Florsheim leadership. The MILBURN, *S-560, in black Norwegian Calf. Ped-Flex construction for comfort and "Keep-Dry" Outsole.*

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The sun never sets on Martini & Rossi Vermouth

Holland: *Fishermen of Volendam enjoying their Martini & Rossi on return to port. Traditional costume: dark gray caps, black trousers, black coats violet-lined.*

New York: *Fun over Martini & Rossi Martinis in well-known restaurant.*

"DE ZON gaat nooit onder bij Martini en Rossi Vermouth"—"The sun never sets on Martini & Rossi Vermouth"—it's true in Dutch, true in any language. Especially in ours because Americans last year bought 3 times as much Martini & Rossi as *all* other Italian vermouths together. Martini & Rossi is the world's standard because it *blends* better—so *much* better you'll be doing yourself a real favor if you specify it. There is no substitute for it if your palate is sensitive.

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MARTINI & ROSSI
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PRODUCT OF ITALY
VERMOUTH

MARTINI & ROSSI

Base-Ballyhoo!

Continued from pages 48-161

around 1908 the average sum total of home runs hit in both the National and American leagues was roughly around 250. In the 1930's the average had risen to around 1300 annually. A good home run hitter in the 1900's would bat out around nine or ten home runs in a season. In 1908 Hans Wagner, the hitting hero of his time, made ten home runs. In his best season, 1913, "Home Run" Baker, whose two homers in the 1911 World Series with the Giants created the flurry that was the tip-off on the future selling value of the home run, hit a total of 13 homers. Multiply their total by five, which represents the average increase of homers in the leagues since then, and those sluggers would be up in the home run totals, too.

But Babe Ruth amply filled his role as a baseball demigod, not only in the records, but also in appearance and showmanship. Ty Cobb, his predecessor, was a great ball player, but he was mean, antagonizing the fans of the towns he beat. But they came out to cheer for Ruth even when he plowed them under in defeat.

Ruth's pre-eminence as a home run slugger is shown, too, by his percentage of the home runs made in his league, as compared with the other star hitters of the rabbit and pre-rabbit periods in the following table:

Player	Season	Homers	League Homers	Perc.
Ruth	1927	60	438	13.7
Baker	1913	13	158	8.2
Wagner	1908	10	151	6.6
Wilson	1930	56	892	6.3

Thus the Babe stands up, practically two to one ahead of the others, even in the percentages. With or without the rabbit ball, under any conditions, he would still have figured twice as good a long range driver as any of the others. It was the happy circumstance of chance that he came in with the lively ball. It is an old saying that luck always favors those who can make the best use of it.

Ruth also filled the other requirements of the role better than any of the others. In other lands boys might dream of Robin Hood or Captain Kidd, but no one in this country in our time has quite measured up so well to legendary greatness in boyville as the Big Bambino. Not only in his great, brown, massive frame, but also in his raucous good humor, geniality and generosity.

The stories of his gifts to kids are legion, and in his biggest days it would have kept a corps of secretaries busy filling the applications that came in to him from kid teams for uniforms, gloves, bats and baseballs. Whereas Mathewson in his great campaign of conservation of his tubercular-ridden energies would avoid signing a baseball for a boy, Ruth has made long and tiresome trips out of his way to cheer a crippled boy who could not come to see him play. At the very zenith of his career when he hit four home runs in the World Series of 1926, as he was coming in from the outfield after an inning in a game at St. Louis, a little boy ran out to him to have him sign a score card. Although Babe always objected to signing anything but baseballs, he admired the little kid's spunk, and signed his score card. Then all the way to the bench he kept motioning to him to wait there. And when he went out for the next inning Babe took the lad a ball.

It was a good "act," and the Babe wasn't unaware that it was great salesmanship; but it was all the better because he was actually sincere in his interest in the boy. Babe always liked poor kids, because he worked his way up himself, but he never took much interest in rich kids. Every day before the game he was allotted two dozen baseballs, costing $30, and these he autographed and gave away among his young friends. There was a bigness about him, besides his build that enabled him to fulfill so completely his role of King of Boyville.

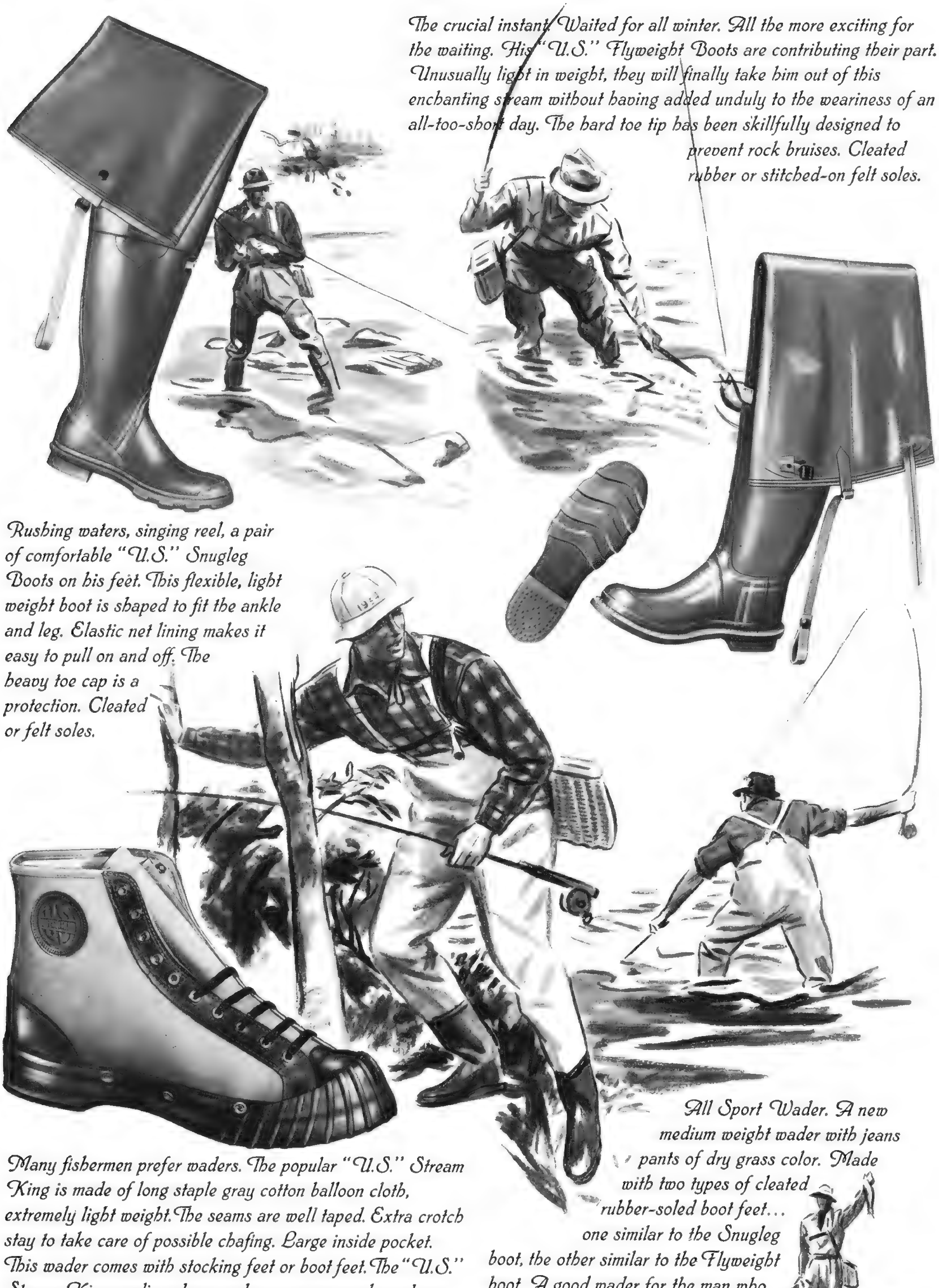
He never became anything other than just a big, brown, good-natured boy himself. He never recognized his own prominence; he never even quite understood it. But he enjoyed its dust and glare like Tom Sawyer, though he remained as naive as Huck Finn.

He had a time with his glory, and his ready money. In that respect he was practically a novelty in baseball. One of his slugging predecessors, who is now a retired millionaire, would get on a street car and let you pay his nickle fare. He never bought any of the newspapers that were so plastered over with his praises, but instead would wait around a hotel lobby until he could pick up one somebody had tossed aside.

But Ruth was a spender. He was so good a spender in fact that they used to have a rule on the Yankees barring the other players from going out with him. The first year he got $52,000, they say he gave half of it to the orphans' home in Baltimore where he was raised. He used to have a big travelling bag that he took around with him on the trips, and every time he had a porter carry it, he would tip the boy five dollars. Those fellows would talk about it for months.

He was stocked with 500 neckties, and numberless suits, nearly all in shades of blue or brown. His pressing bills ran around $30 a week. He literally had so much money he didn't know what to do with it, for besides his baseball earnings, he cleaned up in ghosted newspaper writings, advertisement endorsements, and the movies, where he got $125,000 for a film called, *The Babe Comes*

Continued on page 164



The crucial instant! Waited for all winter. All the more exciting for the waiting. His "U.S." Flyweight Boots are contributing their part. Unusually light in weight, they will finally take him out of this enchanting stream without having added unduly to the weariness of an all-too-short day. The hard toe tip has been skillfully designed to prevent rock bruises. Cleated rubber or stitched-on felt soles.

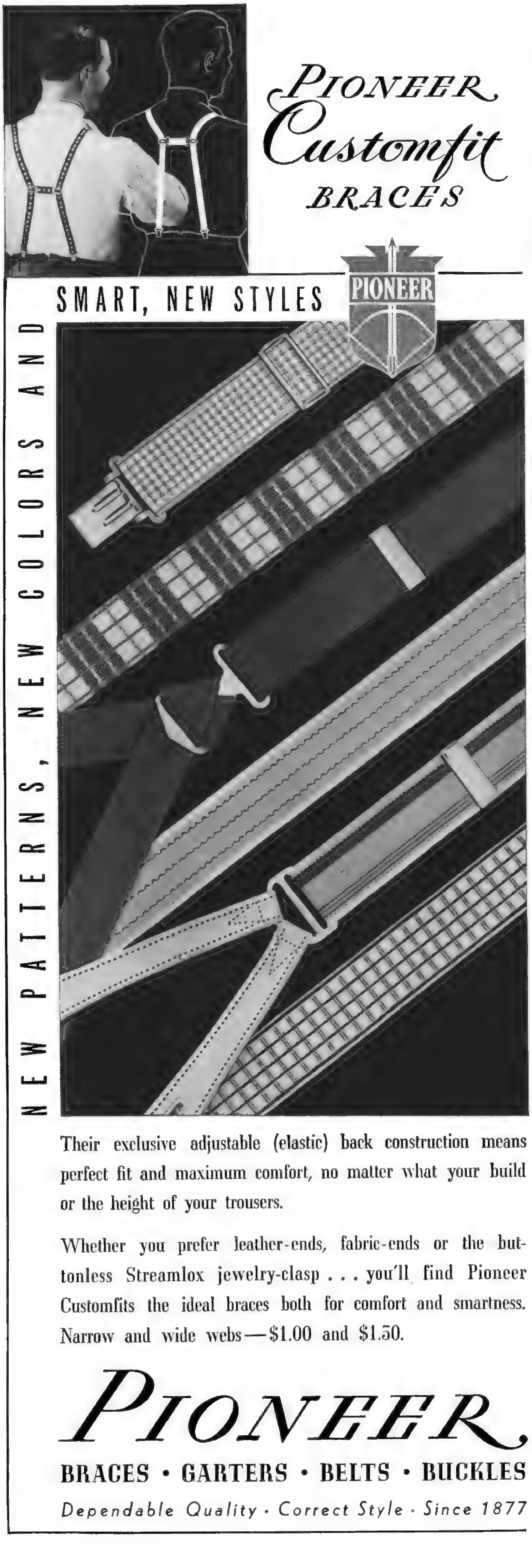
Rushing waters, singing reel, a pair of comfortable "U.S." Snugleg Boots on his feet. This flexible, light weight boot is shaped to fit the ankle and leg. Elastic net lining makes it easy to pull on and off. The heavy toe cap is a protection. Cleated or felt soles.

Many fishermen prefer waders. The popular "U.S." Stream King is made of long staple gray cotton balloon cloth, extremely light weight. The seams are well taped. Extra crotch stay to take care of possible chafing. Large inside pocket. This wader comes with stocking feet or boot feet. The "U.S." Stream King wading shoe can be worn over socks or bare feet as well as with the wader. The felt soles give sure footing.

All Sport Wader. A new medium weight wader with jeans pants of dry grass color. Made with two types of cleated rubber-soled boot feet... one similar to the Snugleg boot, the other similar to the Flyweight boot. A good wader for the man who does not like detachable wading shoes.

United States Rubber Company

UNITED STATES RUBBER PRODUCTS, INC., 1790 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



Their exclusive adjustable (elastic) back construction means perfect fit and maximum comfort, no matter what your build or the height of your trousers.

Whether you prefer leather-ends, fabric-ends or the buttonless Streamlox jewelry-clasp . . . you'll find Pioneer Customfits the ideal braces both for comfort and smartness. Narrow and wide webs—$1.00 and $1.50.

Pioneer

BRACES • GARTERS • BELTS • BUCKLES

Dependable Quality • Correct Style • Since 1877

Base-Ballyhoo!

Continued from pages 48-161-162

Home, which was appropriately adapted from a story called *A Piece of Soap*. Every town he went to where the film was showing, Babe would go to see himself on the screen, just like a kid.

Although Ruth was the perfect figure for his act, every move a salesman, his great, bulbous, lurking form representing the mighty slugger in every detail, his own reputation as a baseball player was probably belittled by the over-emphasis of his home run hitting. His old manager, the late Miller Huggins, once said: "He's the best ball player I ever saw. I never saw him throw to the wrong base. He would steal that bag for you at the right time. He had the rival outfielders' arms down better than any other player and always knew whether or not to try for that extra base. I never saw him make a bone-head."

The Babe's act and his era changed the entire aspect of the game. Old-timers complain that today's game, in which everything else is sacrificed to waiting for that "one swing" that wins, is too mechanical. The players do not figure out the fine points of opportunity, but simply dig in and "cow-tail" for those long flies. To the players of this big-money era, the game has become simply show business, whereas to the old timers it was a battle in which wit and ingenuity figured along with speed and skill.

In the old days a run represented achievement. "Inside baseball" and craftiness went into its makings. There was as much furore back in 1910 when little Jimmy Austin of the Browns stole second, third and home in succession to win a game in Cleveland as there was in 1932 when Lou Gehrig hit four successive home runs.

The home run elbowed aside the sacrifice, the hit-and-run, and the art of base-running. It changed also the entire system of batting. In the old days the conventional form was a crouch over the plate, with the bat choked merely to meet the ball if it came over the plate. The bats had larger surfaces down closer to the hands, like a bottle, and most of the hitters were poke hitters, or chop hitters, whose main aim was merely to slap a liner over the infield.

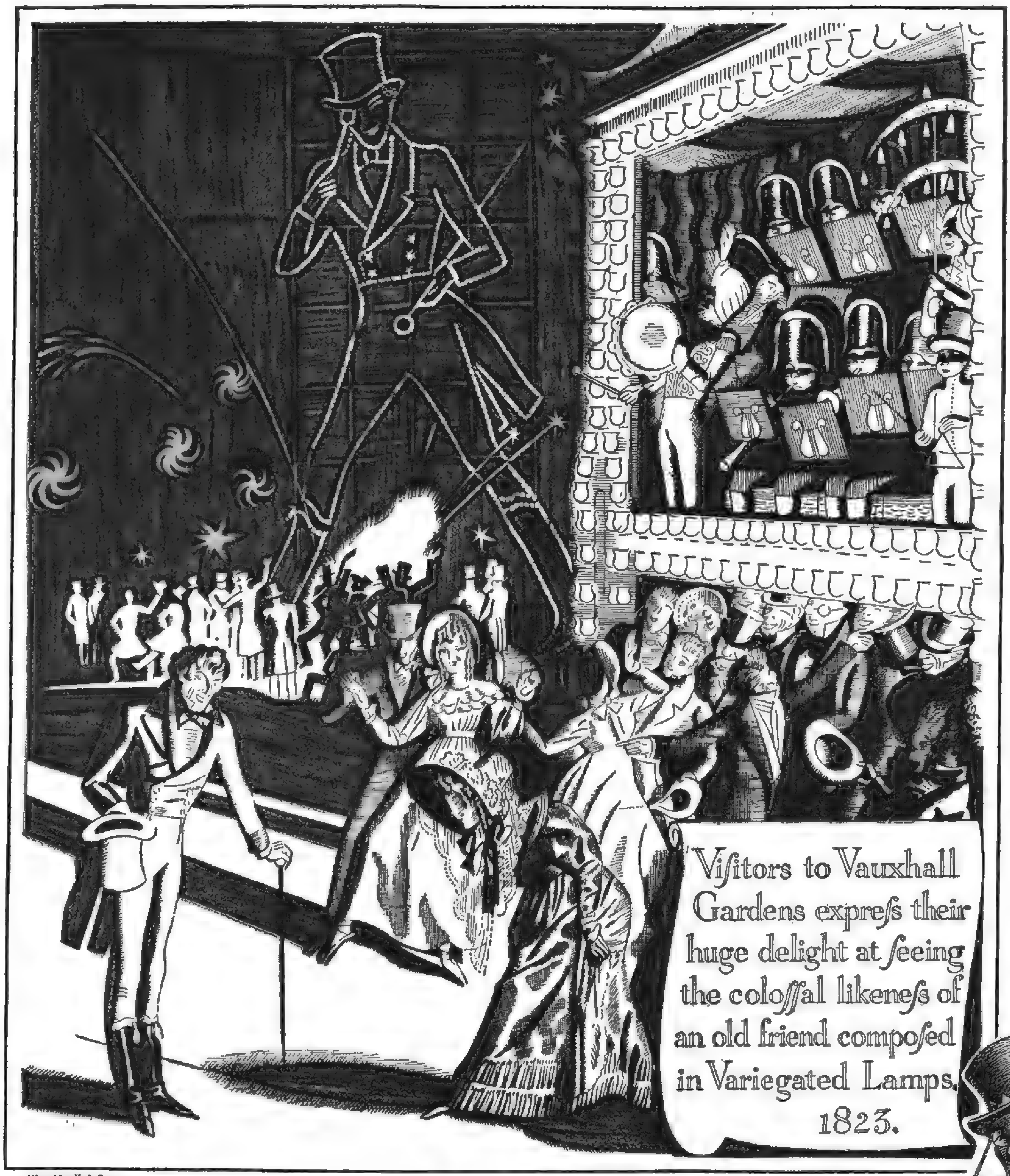
But now the hitters stand up, gripping long bats, with shorter hitting surface at the knob to wind up for regular golf drives at any pitch that looks within reach. Pitchers had to have control to get one by those old "taperitis" hitters. "Nap" Rucker, the great old Brooklyn southpaw, was saying the other day that in his time they would walk a man in a pinch to get at one of these swingers, figuring they could take care of him with their control.

In those old days baseball was a hot and dusty, rough and raucous masculine game, but with the big money came the gloss and glitter of show business, with Babe Ruth the great sideshow freak of the circus. Now that he is through, comes the question of what direction will the game move next. Baseball, along with all the other forms of show business, is essential and vital in a tense, dinning, drumming, deadening civilization like ours. In the great cities, these stirring games on the big holidays supply the populace with vicarious excitement.

In our intense civilization, flambuoyant organized sport is as important as restaurants or stock yards. It brings to the people of the great cities the food that eases the hunger of the mind. The caveman's emotions were stirred up and saved from atrophy by the excitement of the "kill" for the evening meal. Now the evening meal is on the steam table, and folks get their excitement vicariously from sports, theater, radio and the movies. These are yeast for minds that otherwise would turn sour.

In a more primitive country like Mexico, the monotony is relieved by banditry, bullfights and revolutions. But our great sport spectacles quiet and relieve the strained nerves the same way, with less cost in blood and money. For that reason baseball is worth all that it costs. It is a national sedative. If it could not pay its own way, it would be worth a heavy subsidy from the government as a measure of protection. After the exhausting hullaballoo of a great game, nobody is going to stop long to listen to the disgruntled harangue of some outcast Red.

How will baseball satisfy that need, now that Ruth is through? Will the cycle close and the game return to its earlier form with the main tent once more doing more business than the sideshow? It is significant perhaps that the standouts of the last few years since the recession of Ruth have been either pitchers or teams, as in the old days. In 1933 Carl Hubbell, the Giants' southpaw, was the year's greatest star, and in 1934 the honor went to Dizzy Dean of the Cardinals. The season of 1935 found two fast, balanced, fighting teams, the Tigers and Cubs, taking the play away from all individuals. Perhaps "the game" as an all-around sport is coming back to the place where it was before mogul conniving and the anomalous Babe Ruth turned the sport into a home run side-show. #


Viſitors to Vauxhall Gardens expreſs their huge delight at ſeeing the coloſſal likeneſs of an old friend compoſed in Variegated Lamps. 1823.

Allan Mac Nab Fecit

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JOHNNIE WALKER

SCOTCH WHISKY

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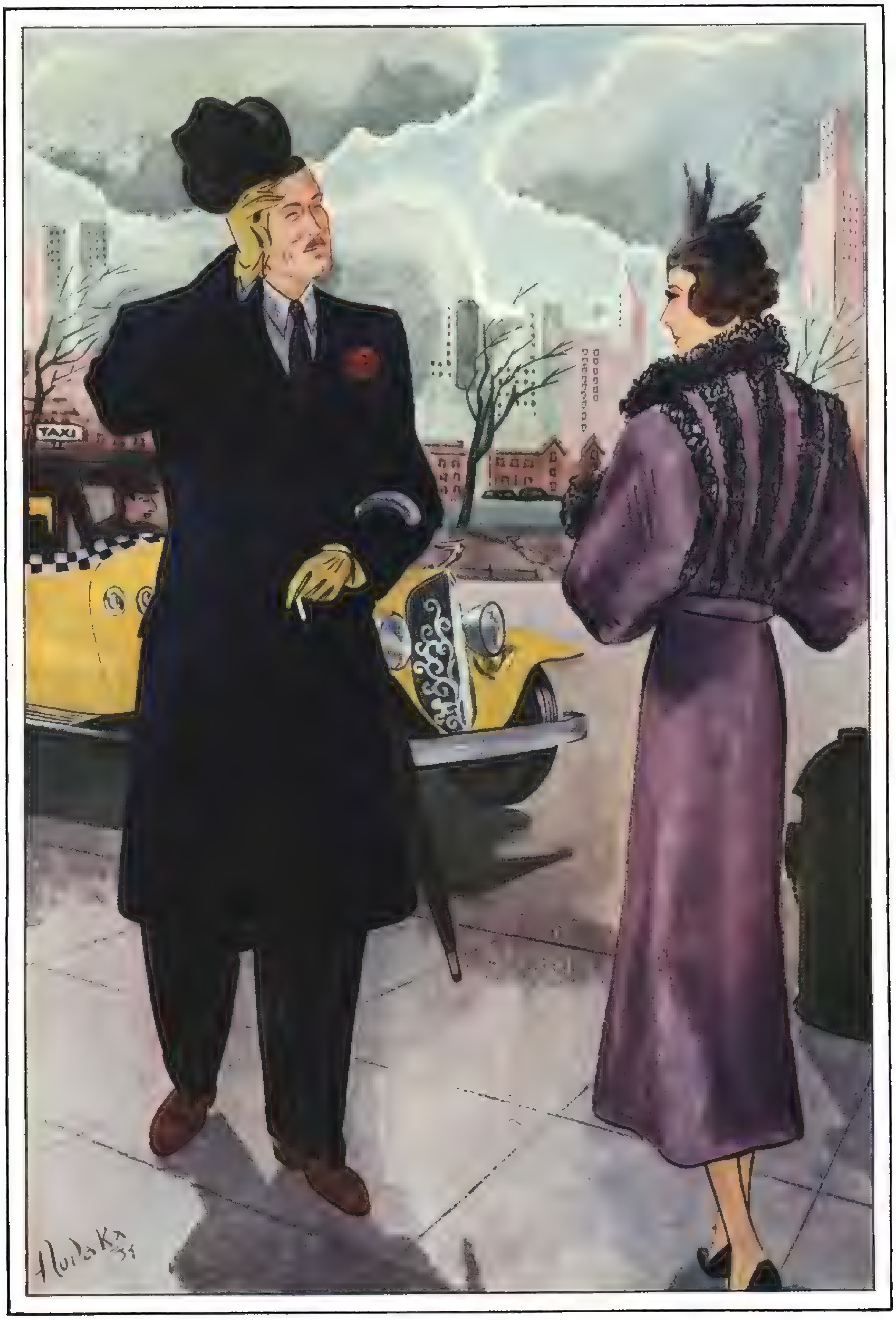

IF A BODY MEET A BODY, AT 5TH AND 59TH

The gentleman, having lunched, let's say, at the Men's Grill in the Plaza, has walked east. The lady, by the looks of her, has been shopping at Bergdorf Goodman and walked north. It's a lousy grey day in March. But anyway, boy meets girl. There's a taxi lurking and—but maybe your eyesight's all right too. We don't know why we're always trying to help out your imagination this way. Maybe it's just the influence of the cartoons. But somehow we always get to discussing the body job, when it's only the upholstery that is our topic. The gentleman is upholstered, then, in a double-breasted medium weight overcoat, with a guard's back (belted), slanting flap pockets, cuffed sleeves and a long lapel rolling to the lowest button. His suit has the new polychromatic stripes. The broadcloth shirt has a matching slotted collar. The black Homburg and the reversed calf shoes are noteworthy.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 100

them." And his final chapter on *The Growth of Consciousness* is plainly a recognition of the existence of both individual and collective choice or will.

To any one who can read between the lines, Mr. Fergusson's theory is as old as the hills and is not, strictly speaking, a philosophy at all, at least it is not a philosophical system. It is an exhortation to break with the past, flout tradition, ignore taboos, experience life to the fullest, seek adventure, defy moral codes, and live in action for only in action is there the thrill and actuality of life. But, if his primary assumptions are true, we cannot do this—at least not by choice.

Now Professor Joad is all steamed up over this very "Do What Thou Wilt" philosophy as expressed in the work of D. H. Lawrence and Aldous Huxley. Lawrence not only denied the existence of the intellect; he denied the accredited function of the brain: he said all thought was emotion and that emotion takes place in the solar plexus and not in the cerebral cortices. He wanted people to be as physically, as sexually, free as animals, as uninhibited as little children. He thought that, in that way, people would lead natural lives in unity and harmony. Huxley now inclines somewhat toward the same view, after having long displayed the paradox in his novels, poems and essays, of exhorting people to be sexually free, experimental and uninhibited and of being profoundly disgusted with them when he did. In *Chrome Yellow* and *Point, Counterpoint*, Huxley depicted characters acting upon uninhibited impulse and he made these characters loathsome and satirized them with the viciousness of an inspired ascetic. He also brought them to bad ends, like an avenging god.

Joad is under the impression that Aldous Huxley is such a gifted writer that the Huxleyean philosophy has undermined the taste and morals of a whole generation; indeed, that it threatens the destruction of society itself. He asks for a return to philosophy (his philosophy), to a life of difficult choice, austere discipline of the mind and the cultivation of taste. His point and his points are, in fact, an elaborate and sometimes rather cheap vulgarization of the point and the points which Professor Lane Cooper makes in *Evolution and Repentance.* It would seem possible, indeed, that Professor Joad has drawn in the present book from the most beautiful and most effective of Professor Cooper's essays *Loss and Gain*, which was a commencement address delivered as long ago as 1921.

Professor Joad is dogmatic, digressive and vulgar where Professor Cooper is sweet-reasonable, serene, cultivated and an example of the mental harmony he desiderates in his philosophy. Professor Joad rehashes the old platitudes about the raw, feverish excitement of the modern age brought about by the development of rapid transportation and the invention of countless gadgets for comfort and luxury; he attacks Christian Science irrelevantly, using the usual arguments without any freshness of image or corollary; he denounces jazz music and modern dancing and asks for a return to Brahms and Mozart and rides his hobby of excoriating Beethoven as a sort of pompous Irving Berlin; he tells us he has learned not to take a cocktail before making an address but to wait for his alcohol until afterwards, that he hates people who "have a good time" because they only think they do. And he says that any child that is brought up in an environment in which cultivation exists, surrounded by books, good paintings and subjected to good music will grow up with instinctive fine taste, whereas a child brought up in a home which lacks these advantages will not. That is pure rot. I have seen men brought up in the best surroundings and given every possible advantage and they have had no more taste than a jackass and considerably less intelligence. Professor Joad is, indeed, something of an infant in reasoning at times, much of a snob both intellectually and socially in his point of view, a proponent of aristocracy with rather deplorable personal tastes himself and not a very clear understanding of the differentiation between an aristocracy of money-power and an aristocracy of intellect and culture. He is arrogant and opinionated and without humility; he seems to believe that whatever he does is the only proper thing to do. Yet his book is entertaining and to read it is a pleasant stimulation of the mental faculties.

Professor Lane Cooper does know what culture consists of, what the pleasures of the mind and spirit are, how discipline conduces to mental harmony and equilibrium and how taste, even under the severest handicaps, can be developed. His little book is, to my mind, one of the most valuable and instructive volumes of essays I have ever encountered and certainly it is one of the best written. He is a traditionalist and a scholar, but not a rigid one and some of his most telling thrusts are at pedagogues and pseudo-scholars, mouthers of false scholarship and reiterators of fallacies. His essays on Plato are actually the only essays on Plato that I have read which make any sense in reference to Plato's text. He is the only expounder of Plato, for example, who points out that in his *Seventh Epistle*, Plato explicitly states that he never divulged his own philosophy in a book, i.e., that Plato was an artist, as self-effacing as Shakespeare and

Continued on page 168

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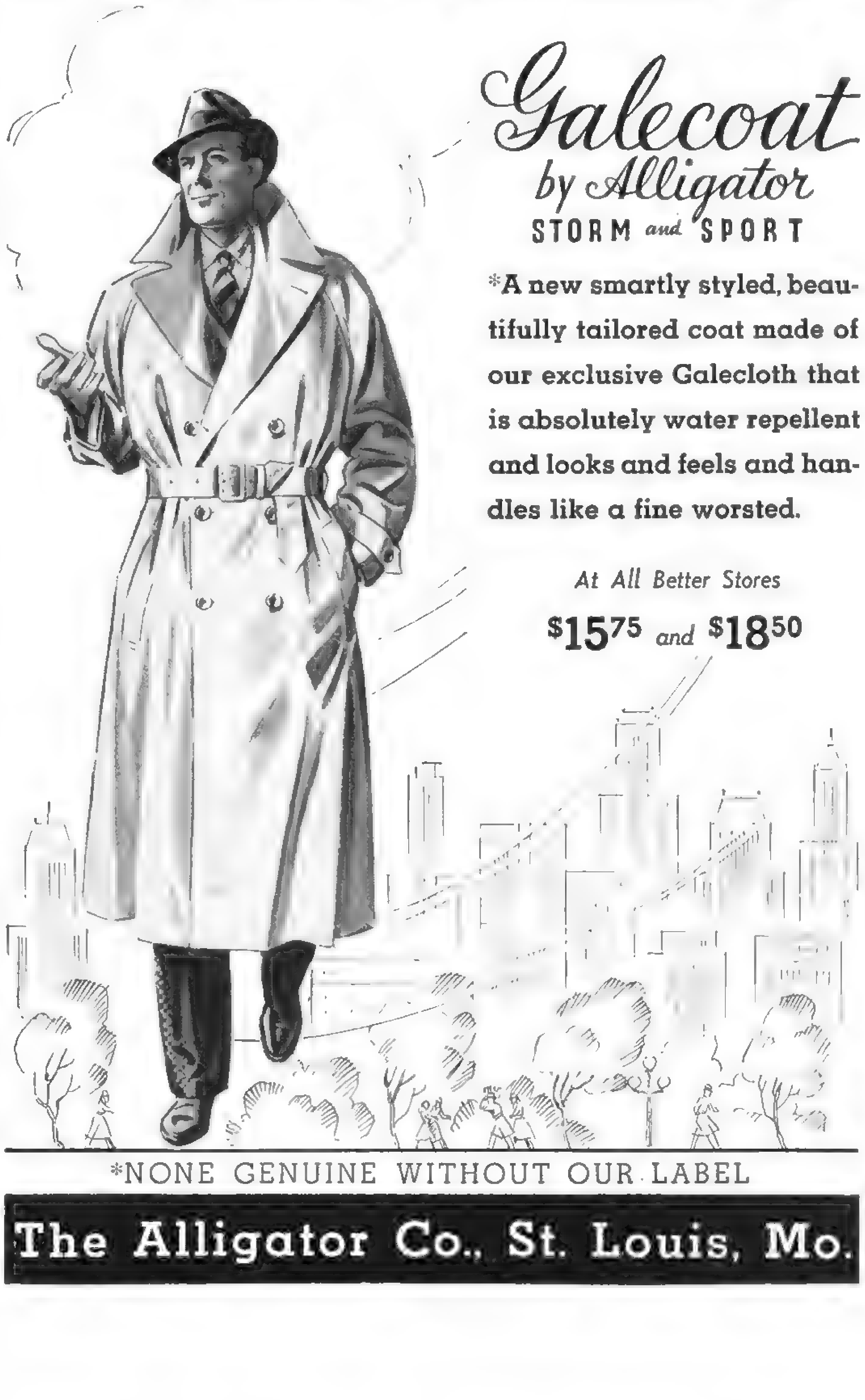

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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 100-167

that Plato "held up all sorts of ideas where he and his readers could obtain a good look at them. Looking at an idea does not commit you to it."

Professor Cooper is the first expounder of Dante to make me understand Dante and therefore to have sympathy with him. All other commentators on Dante had put me on the wrong track. I could see little or no relation between what they have extolled in Dante and the text which I read conscientiously in translations. It is certain that if I had read Professor Cooper's essay on Dante before writing *Titans of Literature* I should have brought a clearer understanding to Dante's intention, re-read Dante from a more sympathetic point of view and that I should have considerably modified my tone in my revolt against what other commentators had asked me to see in Dante. What these commentators asked me to see in Dante simply isn't there. Professor Cooper tells you what is there; just as he explodes the common pretentious, academic misunderstanding of Milton's Lucifer in *Paradise Lost* and Homer's Ulysses in *The Odyssey*, and shows up the Encyclopedia Britannica and dozens of "scholars" who are under the false belief that Galileo rolled two balls off the parapet of the Leaning Tower of Pisa and therefore disproved Aristotle's notions of physics. Galileo didn't drop any balls off the tower at Pisa and Aristotle didn't entertain any such notions of physics as the Encyclopedia Britannica says he did.

I should like to quote extensively from Professor Cooper's *Evolution and Repentance* for I can recall not anything, not even in Emerson in Nineteenth Century or present day essay writing, more inspiriting and chastening counsel than Professor Cooper gives. But I can only quote:

"What we all desire, and what we all hope to gain from an education, is beautiful power; power over ourselves, good power over others. In other words, what we wish to gain is soul; for, strictly speaking, what you set out to win in life is your own soul, something you do not fully possess at the beginning. Now, if you do not fully possess your own soul, you possess nothing. In that case you cannot give yourself to any cause or to any person; and instead of your controlling material things, such as money, they will grip and hold you. Your emotions will run away like wild horses. You will be unable to guide the course of your own thoughts. You will be in constant fear of losing your money or the like. You will give anxious thought to the relatively unimportant business of making a living for tomorrow, and will neglect your main affair, which is living a human life today."

Now I have just read a dramatization of the central idea of that paragraph. And where do you think I read it? In a new novel by John Steinbeck. You remember his utterly delightful *Tortilla Flat*, a hilarious yarn about the escapades of shiftless, irresponsible, immoral, drunken, thieving *pisanos* in the hills back of Monterey, California? You would not think that Steinbeck's next novel would be a wholly serious, beautiful and profoundly tragic book about a strike fomented among the migratory fruit-pickers or "bindle-stiffs" in the valley orchards of California, would you? And yet that is what Steinbeck's *In Dubious Battle* is about; and the two central characters in it win their own souls, by checking their emotions so they would not run away like wild horses and by not allowing material things to grip and hold them, although one of them lost his life in doing this.

The two heroes of *In Dubious Battle* lose themselves in something outside of themselves and are exalted by it; they live in an ecstacy of harmony with themselves and without fear, in a devotion to the cause of labor and alleviation of hunger and exploitation in an impulse that is hardly explicable to themselves. And in telling this story, a story which grips you with the sheer power of Steinbeck's genius at story-telling from the first page to the last, there is no propaganda; you cannot tell what social, political or economic views the author has; he is as detached an artist as Shakespeare and almost as compelling in his dramatization of a tragic situation for which he offers no solution and gives us only the drama of one way of winning one's own soul. One cannot realize what a consummate artist Steinbeck is until one has read this novel through and observed how marvellously he avoids the many pitfalls of his theme, how he might have presented a false and distorted picture, indulged in futile, unconvincing propaganda either for one side or the other and how he presents his drama with all the firm emotional balance of a great artist and manages to purify the reader's heart through pity and terror.

Reverting to the philosophers, whereas there is exquisite art in Santayana's philosophical essays and the harsh uses of the intellect in them are subtly made subservient to a musical and harmonious prose, the novel is a difficult exercise in sustained dialectic and hardly fits into the classification of fiction at all. The hero is an abstraction; he is not a living person but an impalpable image of a way of life, pursued to its logical conclusion from a given assumption—an assumption with definite corollaries in no way interfered with by the imponderables of human living. The Oliver Alden of the novel is a theorem demonstrated with mathematical precision. Moreover it is a theorem

Continued on page 170

FIVE DRAMATIC MOMENTS *in the sports year 1935, as caught and re-enacted by Richards Vidmer in the New York Herald Tribune*

The Fates Had Frowned

AUGUSTA, Ga., April 6.—Craig Wood waited in the clubhouse while the field finished in the masters' tournament. Having posted his seventy-two-hole total of 282 he felt that at last, at long last, he was about to win his first major title. It was a pleasing feeling.

He had come close — oh! so close — before, but each time the fates had snatched victory from his grasp with sinister mirth. Back in 1933 he had tied with Denny Shute for the British open, but had lost in the play-off. In the 1934 national open he had disqualified himself when he was right up with the leaders. He had played the wrong ball and then, unaware that the penalty had been changed, had posted the wrong score. In the final for the P. G. A. title the same year he had carried Paul Bunyan two extra holes, only to be beaten by a twenty-five-foot putt.

But this time the fates had relented. He couldn't lose now. Olin Dutra, his nearest pursuer, had finished and was two strokes back. There was no one else even close. What about Gene Sarazen? He was hopelessly out of it. Going to the fifteenth he had to play three under par for the last four holes to get a tie. It was impossible. . . '

A shout echoed across the far fairways and a runner dashed toward the press tent. Wood rose and walked to the clubhouse door. What was all the excitement about?

"Sarazen holed a spoon shot for a two at the par-five fifteenth!"

A two! Three under par on one hole! He had eaten away Wood's lead with one shot — one miracle shot. All he had to do now was play the last three holes in even par.

Wood walked back into the clubhouse, a rueful smile on his face. He knew Sarazen would get those three pars. Perhaps he knew too that Sarazen would beat him in the play-off. The fates had frowned again.

Like Father Like Son

BALTIMORE, May 11.—They were at the post, and 40,000 people, the greatest crowd ever assembled at a Maryland track, leaned forward to see the start. Most of them were watching a chestnut colt and asking themselves the same question: Could Omaha do what his sire had done before him? Could he add a victory in the Preakness to the one he had scored in the Derby a week before? Could he duplicate the feat of Gallant Fox and —

They were off!

Excited eyes picked up the chesnut colt. He was away back in the field at the quarter — nine lengths off the pace and running sixth. But there he came, making up ground with courageous strides. At the half he was fourth, five lengths back of the leader.

Look at him go! Horse after horse he passed as little Smoky Saunders leaned over his great shoulders. At the three-quarter mark he was out in front. By half a length. And still he outdistanced the field. Coming into the stretch he was six lengths to the good and Saunders was letting him gallop. Across the finish line he flashed, pulled up. Every one felt he could have won by ten lengths instead of six — and he missed the Preakness record by only one-fifth of a second!

DOWN IN FRONT

By RICHARDS VIDMER

"Down in Front" appears every day but Monday in the sports pages of the New York Herald Tribune. Its conductor, Richards Vidmer — conforming to this paper's style — combines the abilities of a fast, accurate reporter with the smooth, clear, quick news-writing style which makes the Herald Tribune the unique newspaper that it is . . .

●

No Default — No Defeat

WIMBLEDON, England, July 6.—Helen Wills Moody faced Helen Jacobs — and defeat. Her long dream of vindication was over. She had been beaten by this same Miss Jacobs two years ago and had defaulted before the final stroke, leaving the court in pain. And she had waited two years for this chance to regain her throne. Now her chance had come, but her throne was gone forever.

She was trailing, 2—5, in the final set, staring defeat in the face. One more game and it would be over, with no excuse for failure. But this time she would go down fighting anyway. No default!

The girls changed courts. The match was resumed. And suddenly the tide turned. Mrs. Moody drove deeply, desperately, to the base line. She moved forward to the net with gliding strokes and smashed from overhead. Her daring brought the crowd to its feet with excitement. And as she won game after game the match drew closer, defeat faded farther into the distance. Finally she was even! Five — all. She had won three games in a row, where the loss of only one would have ended the battle.

Nor did she stop there. With the light of triumph in her eyes she went forward, smothering her opponent's returns, turning defeat into sensational victory. Helen Wills Moody had regained her throne.

The Goose Hangs High

DETROIT, Oct. 7—The end of the ninth. Two out and the score tied. Old Goose Goslin stepped to the plate and grinned at his manager, Mickey Cochrane, on second.

"Come on, Goose," Cochrane yelled, clapping his hands. "Break it up. You can do it."

But Cochrane wasn't too sure the Goose could do it. He was facing a left-handed pitcher and the Goose had been futile against Larry French's left-handed slants all afternoon. Four times he had gone to bat and four times he had failed to hit the ball out of the infield. Cochrane remembered that. So did the Goose. But the Goose was grinning now.

French pitched and Goslin swung. The ball rifled into a right-field box . . . Foul!

French looked at the bench for instructions. Maybe he had better walk the Goose and take a chance on the next man. Grimm shook his head.

French pitched again. Again the Goose swung his bat. The ball went into right field. Cochrane went romping home with the winning run. And the crowd went into hysterics as the long celebration started. Detroit had won the World Series.

One Minute to Play

COLUMBUS, Nov. 2.—Trailing by two touchdowns and with only one quarter left to play, Notre Dame was going down to defeat, leaving Ohio State still supreme. A mighty throng of 81,000 had watched the Buckeyes roll up 13 points, accomplishing all that had been claimed for them.

But there still was Andy Pilney to reckon with; as far as he was concerned, Notre Dame still was in the fight. He caught a punt and came storming far back into Ohio State territory. Then he fired a pass into the arms of Gaul. Another play and Steve Miller had plunged over the goal line.

Notre Dame had scored in the final period, but it didn't mean much. It meant less when the goal was missed, leaving Ohio State still seven points in front.

But Pilney kept on passing. Three times he hurled the ball down the field and his fourth shot fell into the arms of Mike Layden across the goal line. Here was a chance for a tie; a startling tie in the fading minutes. But again the goal was missed. Ohio State still led, 13 to 12.

Only a minute left to play. Ohio State fumbled. Notre Dame lined up quickly and Pilney was off, the ball tucked under his arm. He fought his way down the field with churning knees, pivoting hips, squirming shoulders. And finally they brought him down after a 32-yard run; brought him down with the goal line still far away; brought him down, never to rise again that day.

They carried Pilney from the field on a stretcher and Bill Shakespeare came in to take his place. Only half a minute left; Notre Dame still behind.

Quick, now. Huddle, line-up, the ball is snapped. Shakespeare takes it and starts fading back; back to the 25-yard line, back to the 30. Then he lets it go and down there across the goal line Wayne Millner waits. The ball flies straight into his arms. He has it. He is down. But he is down across the goal line and Notre Dame has scored again.

Once more the goal is missed but this time doesn't matter. Notre Dame has won — with three touchdowns in the final quarter, one in the final seconds.

NEW YORK
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Continued from pages 100-167-168

the very validity of which Santayana denies. You see, therefore, that Santayana sets himself a most extraordinary task. He is like a magician who proposes to take a rabbit out of a hat while explaining that he hasn't any hat, lifts a rabbit out of a non-existent hat, then proves there is no hat, no rabbit and no magician. It's quite confusing.

Santayana, during his years as a professor of philosophy at Harvard, was obviously a close observor of the habits, customs, beliefs and behavior of Bostonians, particularly of Beacon Hill and Back Bay people; and he has a precise memory for topographical, architectural and costume detail. He is opposed to stuffiness, pretention and inhibition but he gives no indication of disliking persons who are victims or cultivators of these attributes. But he has never noticed how people talk and so his dialogue is a miracle of unreality. He puts essays into the mouths of his characters and in this novel, like Henry James, he is concerned with living as a perfected art, without observing that even Henry James was cognizant of the difference between literary prose and the language of conversation.

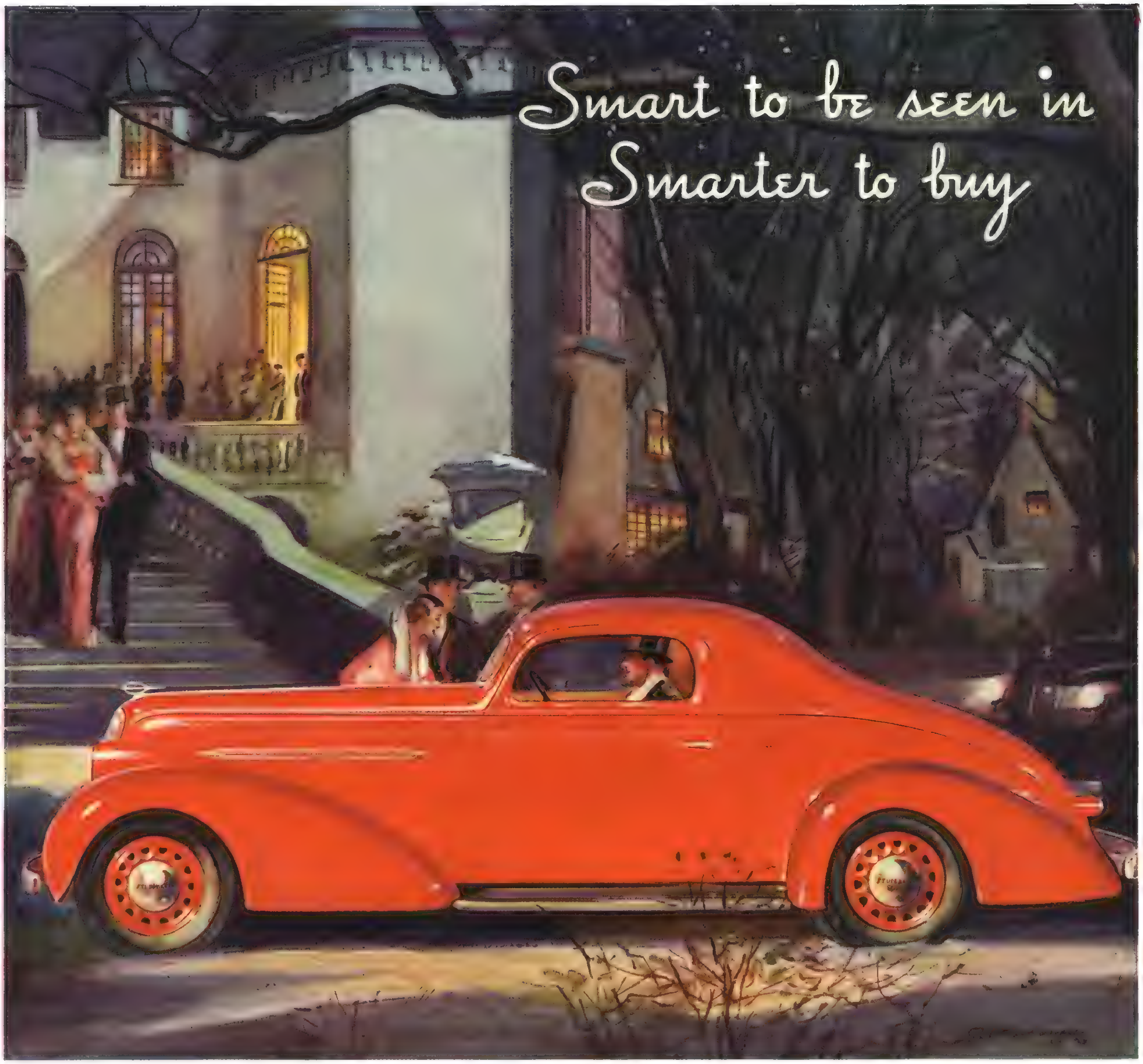
Nevertheless *The Last Puritan* is fascinating reading. Oliver Alden in the novel is depicted as a young New Englander, a former pupil in Santayana's classes at Harvard, who was killed in the World War. Santayana sets out to reconstruct the life of this imaginary young man in "a memoir in the form of a novel." Oliver is represented as the last flower of the Puritan tradition. He is still a Puritan when all the necessities and sanctions of the Puritan tradition have given way to new conditions, new social necessities and new sanctions. He is a Puritan after having argued away intellectually all of the reasons for being a Puritan and has realized that all the taboos which constrain him in life are dead necessities for the preservation of a vanished form of society, hence superstitions. Yet the essence of Puritanism remains in him, preventing him not only from being promiscuous in his tastes and in his emotional life but also from savoring life at all because he will be satisfied only with the best, the perfect, in everything concerning his relation to life—and this he does not find. His one compromise with harsh reality is that of going away to war; and he is killed in the war. It is Santayana's point to make you feel that this was inevitable; that if it wasn't war it would have been something else; that Oliver was doomed to die the moment he came to grips with life because he was too good to live.

Now it is interesting to point out that the sub-thesis of Mr. Fergusson's *Modern Man* is precisely the argument embodied in Santayana's accounting for Oliver's character, i.e., that there is such a serious dichotomy between modern man's experience with life and the beliefs he entertains, that he is often in a dither, given to nervous breakdowns and frequently driven to downright insanity. It is Fergusson's point that the external sanctions we seek for our conduct lag way behind our experience, belong to obsolete social necessities, and that they therefore prevent us from establishing the mental and emotional equilibrium necessary for sane, healthy, free, creative living. Fergusson would say that Oliver died before he began to live because "there can be no action without belief" and Oliver's beliefs were dead.

In all of these books I have mentioned there is much that ties one up with the other, much in which one is related to another in theory and observation and interrelated with all the rest. These things are also part of your experience and you will find in reading readable books of philosophy that you will experience the emotion of recognition quite as much in them as you do in other exercises of the imagination—in the novel for example.

Which brings me to this point and conclusion: Professor Cooper proposes that we substitute for the ambiguous word "faith," which is derived from the Greek word meaning "to persuade" and which has no exact equivalent in Hebrew or Aramaic, the more precise word "imagination," which in the Authorized Version of the Bible is "the faculty of the true vision" and translated by the word "faith." He asks us to read the great chapter in "faith" in Eleventh Hebrews, substituting the word "imagination" for "faith" wherever the latter word occurs—and see if the substitution does not convey a deeper and clearer meaning to us. Thus "Imagination is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." And says Lane Cooper, "A faculty of the spirit, a pure imaginative faculty, is recognized (in the New Testament) as something to be quite purposely nourished and trained." This pronouncement is in line with Fergusson's "What the growing individual needs is not the courage of his convictions, but the courage to live without them." For if one's convictions are hidebound, there can be no play of the imagination, either pure or impure.

Gee! I left Nancy Pope and Don Marquis pretty much out of this, didn't I? Well, they are philosophers, too, and they are great fun to read. Miss Pope is perhaps the deepest of them all; she and her parents know how to get an enormous amount of pleasure and fun out of life with practically no money or advantages whatever, simply by the exercise of affection, love and humor. ⋕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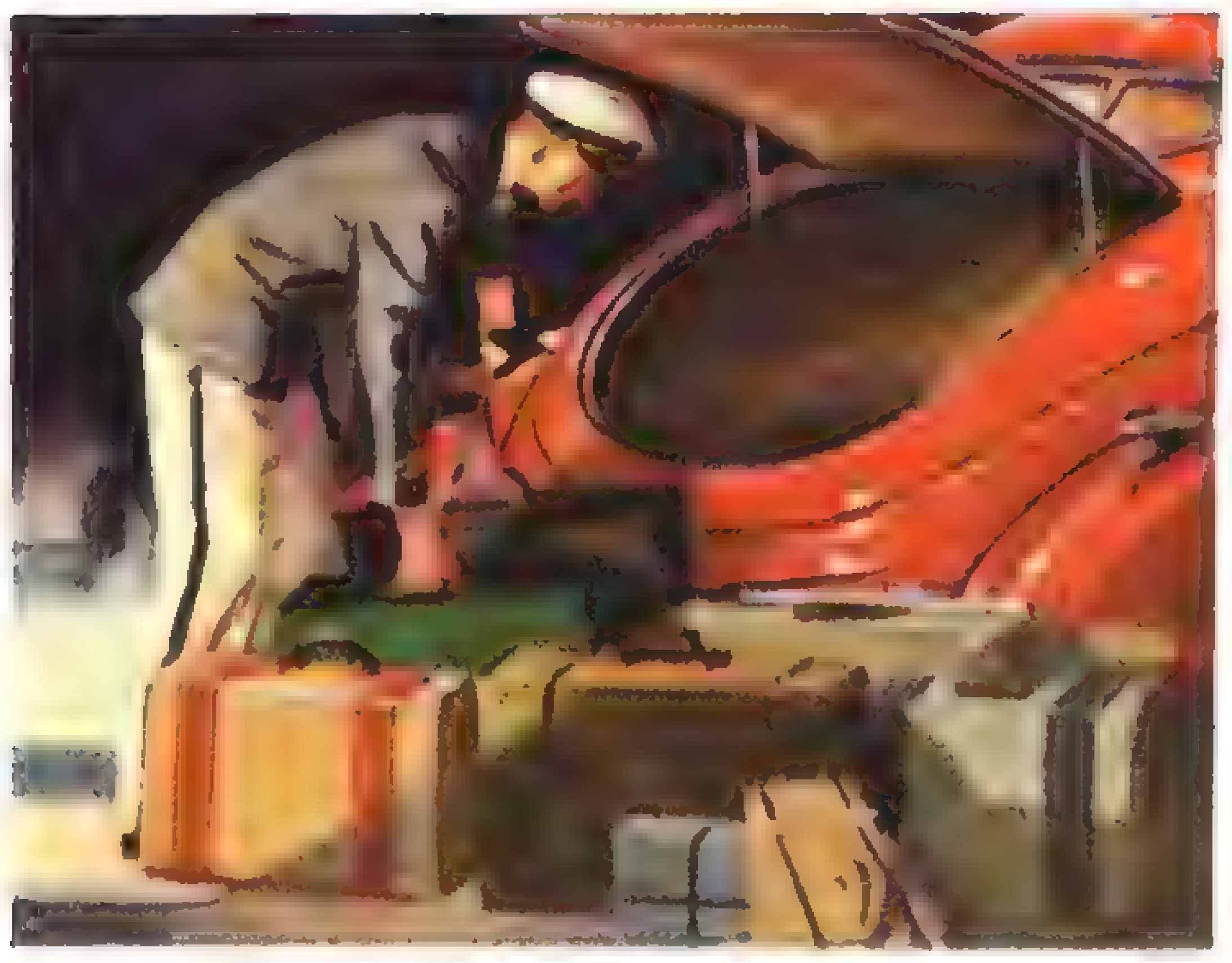

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 6-8

WHO'S BRAGGING?

The men are always quick to kick about women butting in to Esquire. I know a man who likes to read Esquire in bed and enjoys it very much, but when the little woman is ready for bed, Eskie gets shelved in her favor. I suppose that is matter over mind instead of mind over matter. Huh!

Give them their choice of women and no Eskie or Eskie and no women and see what takes tops.

After all, there are limitations to Esquire's abilities but women are something different again.

They can do what they please and the men will take it and like it even though they talk long and loud first. When one of those critical moments come they are just like a bowl full of jelly over a bunsen burner. Weak and so warm.

Hawthorne, N. J. Alyce

CF. SEMI-GOOD EGGS

Why do you label some of the articles in Esquire "Semi-Fiction?" What the hell kind of a literary hybrid is "Semi-Fiction?" An article is either fact or fiction—even if it is only ten per cent fiction then it should be labeled fiction because it is no longer fact. I simply cannot read an article that is labeled Semi-Fiction because it is disturbing—I don't know when I am reading the fiction and when I am reading the facts. If you are honest enough to call an article semi-fiction why not carry your honesty to a 100 per cent limit and divide the article into its component parts of fact and fiction and label each part accordingly? I could then read it in comfort.

And now I'll tell you why I'm so damned sore. I came home at four a.m. one day last week and as four a.m. is no time for holding a long conversation or entering into complicated explanations, I went to bed without saying anything to my wife beyond "Hrrmph." This is a useful word on occasion. The following night at dinner she said casually, as it were, "What kept you out so late last night?"

So I told her.

At the end of my discourse she smiled with a frozen sweetness and said, "You know, your story reminds me of those tales in Esquire called Semi-Fiction."

So I said "Why?" (Well, wouldn't you?)

She said, "Part of your story is undeniable fact—you admit that you stayed out until four o'clock. Now let me tell you what you can do with the rest of the story."

So she told me.

And that's what I'm telling you, as regards your "Semi-Fiction" stories.

Yours,

St. Louis, Mo. J. E. Molyneaux

AH, LIFE SO SHORT AND ART SO LONG

Whenever a friend came up to see my new etchings, in the good old days before Esquire, it required perhaps a mere five minutes for her to consider the works from all angles and to voice her reactions.

It is true, of course, that since I have been getting Esquire I have saved a great deal of money due to the fact that I no longer have had to buy any etchings. (It seems that in spite of the fact that Esquire is touted as the magazine for men it also appeals to the etching-loving sex.)

But what I am complaining about is this: Now, when a friend is persuaded to come up to see my new Esquire, she wants to sit down and spend the night reading the goddam thing.

Exasperatingly yours,

Springfield, Mass. Paul Knarr

ESCUTCHEON WIPING NEATLY DONE

To have the family name inscribed in Esquire, the Golden Book of Sophistication, is indeed an honor; but, when placed under the general title of *Crackpot Chronicles*, the honor becomes a doubtful one, indeed. One of the clan must needs make haste and defend the family honor. It seems that David Frederick McCord chronicled one of those "slips that pass in the night." In the *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin's* Editorial page of September 11th, 1935, my brother, Dr. W. W. Ankenbrand, was taken to task about his alleged utterance concerning pretty teachers.

However, Bill was the victim of a paraphrasing interviewer who substituted "pretty" for "attractive." And a few days later the same paper ran a piece explaining the "mistranslation" in which my brother said in part, "Men as well as women may be attractive. Attractiveness is not a matter of physical beauty. It is a matter of wholesomeness, of pleasing personality. We have all known individuals, both old and young, individuals of both sexes, who in the wildest stretch of imagination could never be called pretty, yet could well have applied to them the word attractive."

So please wipe the bar sinister from the family escutcheon.

Fraternally,

Frank Ankenbrand, Jr.

Philadelphia, Pa.

BUT NOW IT'S OVER FOUR

There is no need for this scribe to unloose a torrent of four syllable adjectives in praise of your publication. Your editorial, *Autobiography of a Two Year Old*, tells the story neatly. In my mind, though, there remains a theory in connection with Esquire that no *S. & F.* contributor ever mentions. I find that Esquire has made the reading public magazine-conscious conversationally. Hell, no one ever inquired whether I read *The Sat. Eve. Post, The American Magazine, Collier's, Popular Mechanics, Vanity Fair, Time,* etc. Nor was I interested in the other fellow's dime and quarter magazine spending. Now, it's "Do you read Esquire?" and it makes no difference what the answer is, conversation is wide open from that moment. Same with the gals, too. So, maybe that's your contribution to posterity.

We record astonishment that the magazine's circulation is only three hundred thousand.

San Jose, Cal. Allison S. Warner

HOT PANTS POCKET

I wonder if anyone has ever considered the placing of a pocket in men's clothing made of asbestos (woven) for the purpose of receiving cigarette ashes and stubs. When out in the woods or in an office or home where the host has been forgetful of trays, this would be a boon to men as well as prevent the unsightly conditions in corners, flower pots, and inside the piano. Is it worth while?

Sincerely,

Norfolk, Mass. Carl A. Terry

BEARDED BARBER?

Just received your February issue and must get a few things off my chest.

As for the problem on page 176, I figure that he requires two minutes to cover the first mile at 30 m.p.h., so a careful calculation (2—2=0) leaves nothing flat as the time left to negotiate the remaining mile.

Also please ask Mr. Furnas the name of that ship he was trying to learn in January. I give up.

Try this one. A barber lives in a certain town in which he shaves all those, and only those, who do not shave themselves. Does the barber shave himself? It's worse than it looks.

Respectfully yours,

Paulsboro, N. J. Carl E. Heilman

ON BEGINNER'S LUCK

It may be a fundamentally masculine magazine but even the most feminine of women find more than a little pleasure in reading Esquire. This may be motivated by a curious desire to find out just what kind of a magazine it is that fascinates men who hitherto were slightly contemptuous of similar forms of literature, or, more likely, the more flighty sex finds the brave realistic style of Esquire a healthy relief after the sickly sentimentalism in contemporary fiction magazines.

And that very style is what has inspired this letter. Someone reproached you at one time for your "amateurish" work. If being amateurish is the secret of the vigorous youthful point of view which you maintain with such zest in your pages, if it is the answer to the thoroughly wholesome and invigorating articles and stories which you print, then may you never lose this quality of youth as you mature. In my opinion it is the chief reason for your highly deserved success.

Very sincerely yours,

Wellesley, Mass. L. W. Hudgins

FRESH HOPE FOR THE HAIR-CONSCIOUS

As a charter subscriber to your esteemed publication, and a self-appointment expert on the subject of hair troubles, I was greatly interested both in the hirsute discussion indulged in in your November issue by Dr. Herman Goodman, and in the tragically realistic satire by Freeman Gosden which graced the pages of your February number. Before proceeding any further, let me allay your fears by stating that I am neither "scalp specialist," "hair technician," nor Hungarian melon-massager, but an attorney who is, in the words of your current contributor, "hair-conscious." From my own reaction to your two articles, I think that the matter of baldness is one of interest to many of the readers of any man's magazine.

However, to the statements and implications of your contributors that where the hair is falling, but still in some abundance, there is still no hope, I take most violent exception. I concede to them the futility of the so-called "hair-tonics" which grace barbers' shelves, and on which the tonsorialists gaze as their domes become dazzling, and I likewise grant them the uselessness of massages, "scientific" and otherwise. In the vain fallacies of the faddists who would have us hatless or hatted, brushless or brushed, pillowless or pillowed, I heartily agree with the Doc and with Gosden that they are so much superstition. But, and this is a but among buts, I do maintain that where the falling hair, and approaching baldness is due to a local infection of the scalp such as dandruff, scales, sores, and such (and fully 90% of the cases are such), that not only can the falling of the hair be checked, and even halted, but that if the treatment be followed persistently, a new hair will grow for each that falls, and never will complete baldness ensue. The treatment is nothing specific, calls for no stock preparation, but calls for faithfulness in the first stages of its application. The scalp must be kept clean with *daily* shampoo with a germicidal soap, and after rinsing and drying, any ointment of sulphur or resorcin should be rubbed in to remain for at least 12 hours when it is to be washed out and the application repeated. It sounds simple, it is simple, but it has to go on *every day.* The fact that the rubbing of the salve will bring out hair in abundance is of no consequence, it would have come out anyhow, but now it will be back. In prep school I had a mop that Carnera could be concealed in, during college it started to go, and I started on the treatment for six long months. Now an occasional application suffices and I have more hair than when I gawked up for my high-school diploma, quite a few years ago.

Any Esquire reader who wants to can write me in care of your mag, and I'll do what I can in telling them how chances are for their "recovery."

Sincerely,

New York City Old Curly Top

ESQ'S CONSOLATION

Among my Ecksmas gifts was this typewriter and a subscription to Esquire. Having nothing else to do, and feeling in a creative mood—it's my viking blood coming out—I decided to fuse my resources and peck out a letter. I figure that anyone who puts out a magazine like yours should feel pretty self-satisfied, so in the manner of a righteous citizen, which I am—damn it — I am ready to point out briefly and caustically what I believe is wrong with the little book that came to me all decked out in a cardboard box—obviously to make an impression.

In doing this, I take great glee in taking the words out of your own mouth, so to speak—this damn machine has no parentheses. I use the words of your erstwhile drama critic, Mr. Weaver. In describing the show *Jubilee*, he simply puts into language my feelings toward Esquire. I don't want to refer too much to a show I haven't seen—Lord knows I haven't been in New York since *Top Hat* opened at the Musicawl. But I do wish to boomerang Weaver's brilliant thoughts presumably to your disadvantage.

I could cut this whole thing short by saying that Princeton boys are not the only readers of your publication. Why do people swarm to pay four bits for Esquire just to flip through a ream of full-page cartoons, that are used for ordinary filler in a five-cent mag. After reading some really fine things by your teacher's pet, Ernest Hemingway—who by the way is a home town boy from my native Oak Park—why should we use up our time on a lot of drool that must be ripped off with nothing but a deadline and a check in mind? Should we be flattered by pictures of motor cars that are the pipe dreams of a demented idealist, or are we supposed to gaze with admiration on clothes that no self-respecting male would be seen in outside a masquerade?

Is Esky on a library table supposed to signify that you are one of the initiated? When will the public wake up to the fact that—to use your own words—Esquire is nothing but a colossal snobfest? What do you do about your stories? My guess is that you buy up the overflow from *Boys' Life* magazine, add a few cuss words, then clip them off to fit any desired length.

I'll read each issue all the way through anyway, if that's any consolation.

Sincerely,

Falfurrias, Texas Phil Butler

THANKS FOR NOTHING

Last year I let myself get irate enough a couple of times to heave a brick via *Sound & Fury*.

One of my New Year's resolutions was to abstain from such unladylike (?) doings—but what the hell!

By now we all know, that unfortunate though it may be, there *are* people on this earth who are too dumb to appreciate a great writer. Because we *do* know that you can stop printing all those letters panning Hemingway. They're becoming an awful bore. Thanks!

Very truly yours,

New York City Florence Roever

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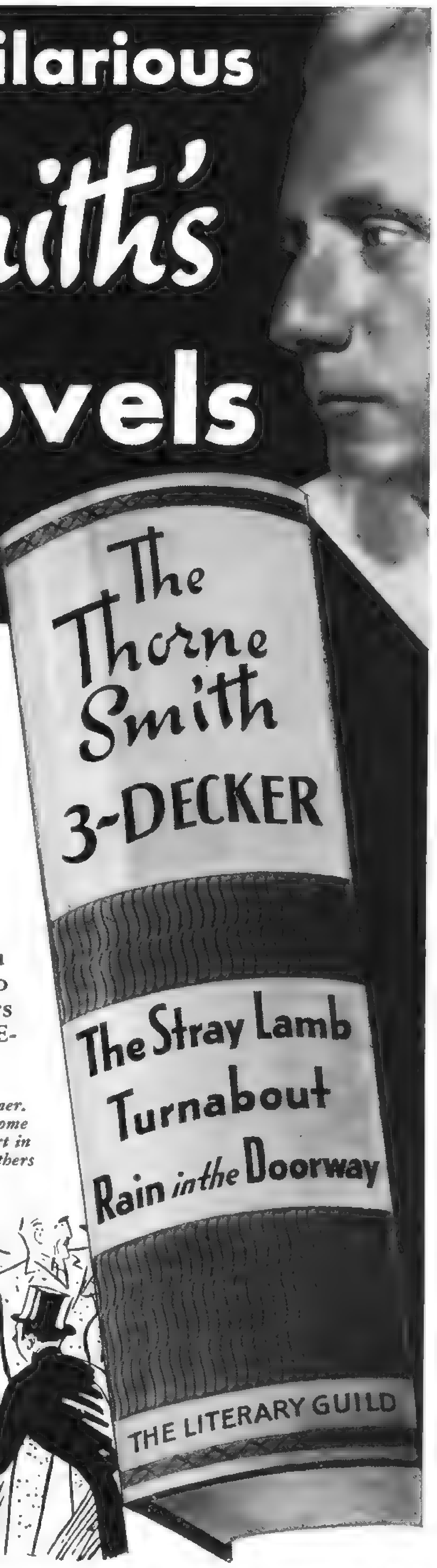

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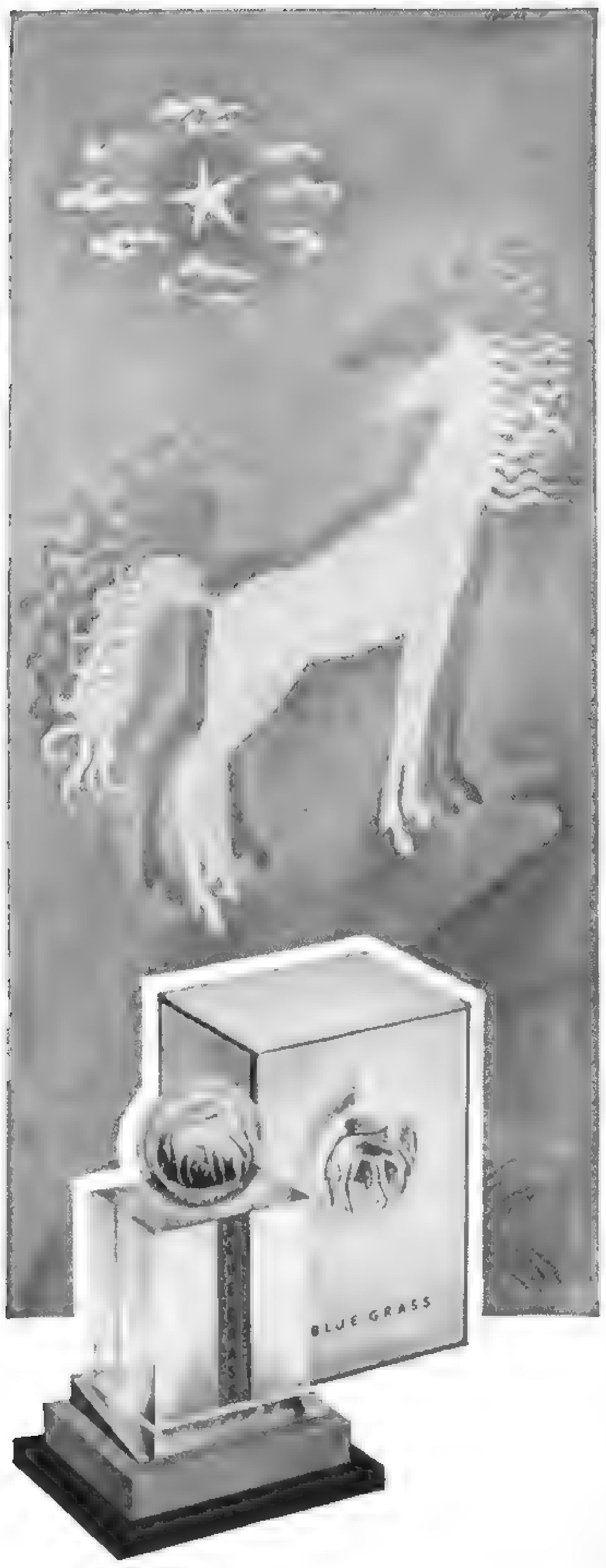

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Ordeal of a Sailor

Continued from page 37

sort of quiet way," said other apprentices.

On the voyage home Timmy endured the same sort of hell as on the voyage out. Only that it was a deal colder, for the *Oberon* passed the Horn in winter and sailed through ice. A score of times he came within an inch of letting go his hold when aloft. Somehow he managed to hang on. Somehow he contrived to hide his horror.

You'd have thought that one voyage would have been enough for Timmy Moran. But when the *Oberon* sailed again he sailed with her. He didn't try to analyze why.

For three voyages Timmy Moran stuck it out. When he joined for his fourth and last voyage as an apprentice his three comrades were gone. Two had finished their apprenticeships, one had been transferred to another ship.

When he entered the apprentices' half-deck for his last voyage as an apprentice, three first voyage lads looked at Timmy Moran with awe. The respect of the new chum for the tried and proven old stager. And Timmy Moran, aware of the tall mainmast just without the half-deck door, shuddered unseen.

The mate, a new mate since the last voyage, entered the half-deck.

"Moran, you're an old hand," said the mate, "You're a tough dog. You're going to break in these new chums. I'm going to leave it to you to make 'em into sailors. You're going to show 'em what a *sailor* is, Moran!"

"Yes, sir," said Timmy Moran, meeting the mate's eyes squarely; but with ice at his heart.

"All right, Moran," said the mate, and brought a bottle of three star from his pocket. "Here's to a damn young monkey swinging on a stick!" said he, and took a long swallow, and passed the bottle to Timmy. Timmy lifted it to his lips.

"Hold on there, Moran! What was that toast I gave you?" said the mate.

"Here's to a damn young monkey swinging on a stick, sir," said Timmy Moran, and drank.

"You kids don't drink three star till you're sailors like Moran!" said the mate, "The *Oberon's* got three little skysails a mile up in the air. God help you poor little devils of monkeys! Moran'll fix you!"

The mate went. The new chums looked at Timmy with awe.

The *Oberon* sailed in a stiff breeze; too much wind for anything but topsails and courses.

"Loose the topsails!" bawled the mate, and a new chum started into the rigging. The mate called him back. "Your time'll come soon enough. I want them topsails loosed in a hurry, not by a new chum. Moran, skip aloft and loose that mizzen topsail!" said he.

Timmy Moran climbed into the mizzen rigging. It was all right. He could go to the topsails without too much horror. It was going above the crosstrees that he could not accustom himself to. The new chums watched him go up the lower rigging. If he shook a little, no one saw it.

For a week there was too much wind for anything but topsails and courses. Day by day, safe on the solid deck, Timmy taught the new chums knots and splices, and the names of the gear.

It was night, dark and starry, when at last the wind fell and the mate bawled, "Loose the topgallant sails! Up you go, Moran. Take one o' them new chums!"

"Aye, aye, sir," said Timmy, and climbed into the rigging.

"A cool young cucumber," said the mate to himself. "Going aloft ain't any more to him than buttoning up his shirt."

Rolling with an easy motion, next morning the *Oberon* was in the sunny trade wind weather.

"Moran, take one of the new chums aloft to the skysail rigging. Teach him how to rattle down," ordered the mate.

Timmy Moran slung his marlinespike about his neck, put a ball of line in his pocket, "You go first," he said to the new chum, and having said it hated himself. Going first, the new chum would not see him tremble.

Somehow Timmy Moran forced himself to keep pace with the new chum, up the lower rigging, over the futtocks, over the crosstrees. Come to the skysail mast head, Timmy stood in the rigging to one side of the mast, the new chum on the opposite side.

"This way. Watch now," said Timmy Moran, and was aware of a hollowness in his voice. Somehow contriving to keep his hands from trembling, he showed the new chum how to seize new ratlins to the rigging; little finger-thick rope steps for a sailor to tread on in the gusty darkness. The paleness of his face he could not prevent. But the eager new chum saw nothing of that.

Day by day Timmy Moran took one or other of the new chums high aloft.

"Doesn't the deck look a long way down, Moran?" asked a new chum.

"Never mind looking at the deck," said Timmy, who nohow could have persuaded himself to look down at it.

"From up here a fellow can see that the world is round. You can see the curve of the world from up here, Moran," said a new chum.

"Never mind the curve of the world," said Timmy Moran, who, to save his soul, could not have made himself look at the horizon.

"Moran never sees anything but the job he's doing," said one new chum to another.

"He's a cracking fine sailor. Someday I'm going to be like him," said the other.

The *Oberon* ran from the trade winds into dirty weather. Moran was on the lookout on the forecastle head when one dark night they took all sail off her but the lower topsails. At dawn they stretched the lifelines from end to end of the deck; the deck waist deep in roaring white water. Then day by day the gale roared, the *Oberon* running before it; rolling her railings under one after the other. It was bitter cold. White about the gills, the new chums shivered. When, swamping into the half-deck, a great sea soaked all their mattresses and bedding, they shivered the more. Caring naught for the sea nor the cold, Timmy Moran hoped that it would blow forever. Then he'd never have to go aloft any more.

"Don't anything ever scare you, Moran?" shouted the mate one day, when Timmy, having been swept from his feet and washed across the deck, came up the poop ladder on his way to the wheel.

"He didn't hear me. Tough young dog," thought the mate; when Timmy, without an answer, was gone by.

Timmy's trick at the wheel was almost down when the mate descended from the poop and, holding fast to a lifeline, fought his way forward along the murderous deck. Opening the half-deck door a little, he looked in on three shivering new chums. "Well, how d'ye like the sea *now?*" he asked. They looked up at him, voiceless.

"You lads keep your eyes on Moran!" said the mate, and turned to go. Then, pausing, he looked back at them.

"You lads do just what Moran tells you to do! Anything Moran says goes! D'ye get me?" shouted the mate, above the wind's roar. Then he was gone.

"Goorooosalem!" said the mate to himself, holding fast to a lifeline, the sea to his waist, "This is the weather that makes *sailors!*"

Relieved by a foremast man, Timmy Moran, making his way forward along the murderous deck, met the mate on his way back to the poop.

"Hang on! Look out for yourself! Here's a hell of a squall, Moran!" shouted the mate.

A sea, raging inboard as the squall burst on the ship, tore at their thighs; foamed to their armpits.

"Hang on! Hang on!" shouted the mate.

"If only it'd blow like this forever," thought Timmy Moran, the solid deck beneath his feet, the rigid lifeline in his clutching hands.

"Damme if he ain't a cool one!" thought the mate, soaked to his neck as Moran also was.

And then a faint sound, a crackling sound just audible above the wind and sea's rage, caused the mate to look aloft.

"Aloft! Aloft and get that sail made fast, Moran!" shouted the mate, pointing to where, a hundred and sixty feet or so above

Continued on page 176

MEDALIST

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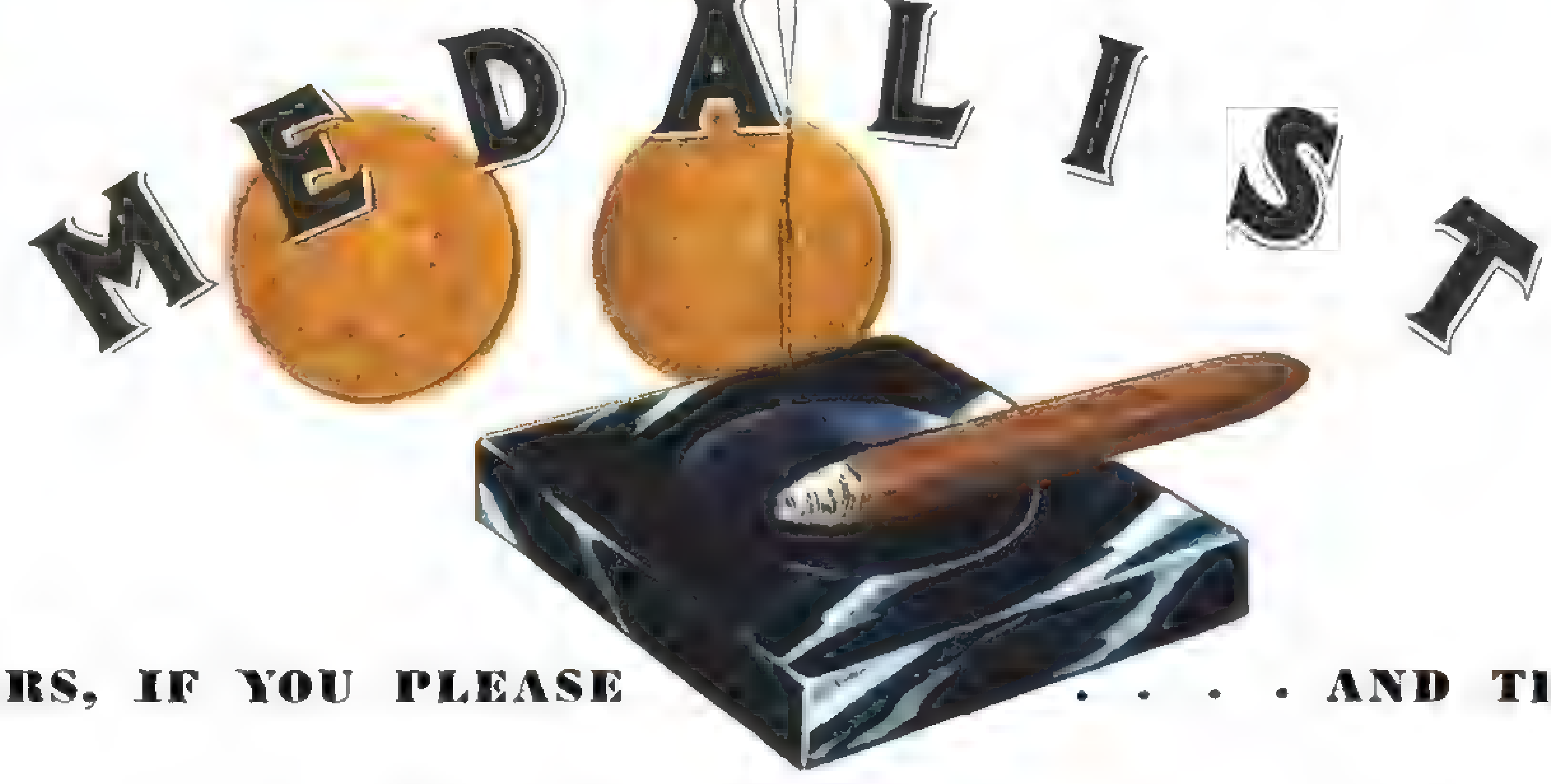

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Ordeal of a Sailor

Continued from pages 37-174

the boiling sea, the main royal had whipped free from its gaskets. And then the mate was at the halfdeck door, bawling to a new chum to go aloft with Timmy Moran.

Looking down as he climbed the lower rigging, the new chum could see no ship. Above a fog of driving spume, three masts, and their shivering web of rigging, were all that he could see. Deck, deck houses, fiferails, hatches, boats, winches, all were hidden in a fog of driving spume; the wind-lifted surface of the savage ocean hurtling through the screaming air.

"This is the end," thought Timmy Moran, dragging himself over the futtocks with the new chum at his heels. He didn't dare look down, saw nothing of the driving spume below, nor scudding clouds above. His eyes upon the mast, he climbed in short rushes when the ship rolled to lee. When she came to windward the wind held him flattened to the rigging. So also climbed the new chum. No one could hurry now.

His face ghost white, Timmy Moran stepped out upon the royal's slender jerking footrope. The new chum's face was just as white as his. Both knew that, strained by the ballooning sail, already bending like a buggy whip, the mast must snap and go overboard at any instant.

His heart in his throat, choking what little breath the mad wind left him, Timmy Moran beat barehanded at the drum-taut sail. The new chum beat at it. Together their four fists could make no dent in it. Blood came on the white canvas, from broken knuckles.

"*Loooo—looooooooooo—loooooo,*" screamed the wind.

Clack—clack—clack went the parral, the iron ring that held the racking yard to the whipping mast, as the ship rolled dizzily.

"The end—the end—the end," thought Timmy Moran; and then, for the first time, glanced at the new chum and saw his ghost-white face.

Never till now had Timmy Moran seen anyone scared aloft. Here was a new thing, an utterly new thing, upon the sea.

"Poor kid!" thought Timmy Moran, "*Poor kid!*" And somehow Timmy Moran didn't matter now.

"Down! Go down!" shouted Timmy Moran, his lips at the new chum's ear. The wind drowned his voice. The new chum didn't look up.

Timmy Moran grasped the new chum's arm, and nodded to the driving spume below. "Down! Go down!" he shouted.

For a moment the new chum stared, puzzled, into Timmy Moran's eyes; then, remembering the mate's words, started down.

Alone upon the racking yard, Timmy Moran fought the sail. Fear was gone from him utterly. A something new was surging through his veins.

"Blow, damn you! Blow," shouted Timmy Moran, his broken knuckles reddening the sail.

And then, the mate appeared beside Timmy Moran. And in a minute the sail was picked up and secured, and they were starting down; the mate first.

Looking up, the mate saw Timmy Moran holding with one hand in the swaying crosstrees; saw him, with careless eyes upon the boiling fury of the crazed horizon, shake a fist at the weather.

"By gad!—Oh, geeroosalem!" said the mate to himself.

Come to the solid deck, they stood for a space in the shelter of the deck house.

"What did you send that new chum down for, Moran?" asked the mate.

"I thought the mast was going over the side, sir," said Timmy Moran.

"What about yourself?" asked the mate.

Timmy Moran shrugged his shoulders.

From that day on, Timmy Moran was never again scared aloft.

"A monkey on a stick," said the mate to himself, watching Timmy Moran leading the new chums here and there about the rolling spars." A monkey, eh?—No.—Better than a monkey by a whole long chalk! A monkey don't forget himself.—That tough young dog's a *sailor!*"

A Dizzy Dame from Texas

Continued from page 107

to get a break. Once they laid out two thousand dollars for costumes and a car for a Florida adventure. But when they got there the new car was second hand and the night club had folded. They had only the uniforms left. They formed a little band and got an engagement of two weeks at the Onyx club. This place had been running along, in various spots along the speakeasy street, for over four years. It has been one of the few to keep its character. The Mills Brothers were there and others have broken in at this place. So it has always been a good show window for the trade. The two weeks engagement strung along until after the new year when the boys felt their fame should be capitalized and Hollywood moved in to discover them. Trust Hollywood to know a good thing after the whole world has fixed its stamp of commendation.

We always have been a self-conscious race filled with inferiorities. Especially are we inferior about our arts and talents, shying off from anything without a foreign label. So we tread lightly and do not rush in to admire unless we know that we are backed by the general opinion. With the broadcasting business developed to such an enveloping perfection, there are unlimited chances of forming and solidifying opinion overnight. Backed by the sanction of one or two of the major networks, half your population knows at once that the particular number is "the thing."

Another factor in the swift movement of a national reaction is a thing that is as definite as the radio mind although it is almost impossible to give it a name. Let's call it the mood or temper of a people. How it works or solidifies God only knows. It was in existence long before we had radio.

Theatrical men have known of its existence for years. In the days when the great producing companies had dozens of shows out on the road and received every morning wired reports of the previous night's box office takings, the moguls would know from the first wire what to expect. Without rhyme or reason, with no relation to the weather or politics, a night would be "off." As a matter of fact the manager would probably know the sad news before he opened the wire, if he had a show on Broadway, for usually these waves of concerted behavior are felt in New York as well. What makes people act the same way all at once? Let the savants tell you.

Eddie Farley came near to it when he was trying to answer the reasons for the sudden popularity of the song. "It was just a good time for it, that was all. I could tell it had clicked right New Year's night."

So there was great wisdom in the guy who preferred to write the songs of a nation in preference to its laws. More than speeches from the heads of the in or the out political party, more than the dopesters of straw votes, the little song points the way to a national mood. "The music goes 'round and around" is the way the country feels and what are you going to do about it.

Savants delving into this phenomenon would do well to spend most of their time on the lyrics. They are of the category known as "zazu" so popular these days among the Negroes. "Zazu" singing is another story but it has its origins certainly in the folk songs of the race which, before the white man tried to improve them, didn't make much narrative sense. They were merely words to rhythms that flowed out of their labors. The national anthem of the moment in a way is the folk song of a little band. The six boys sat at the Onyx club and pushed the valves down and the music came out here. Not being highly skilled lyric writers they could not improvise brilliant lyrics as they played their trumpets and trombones.

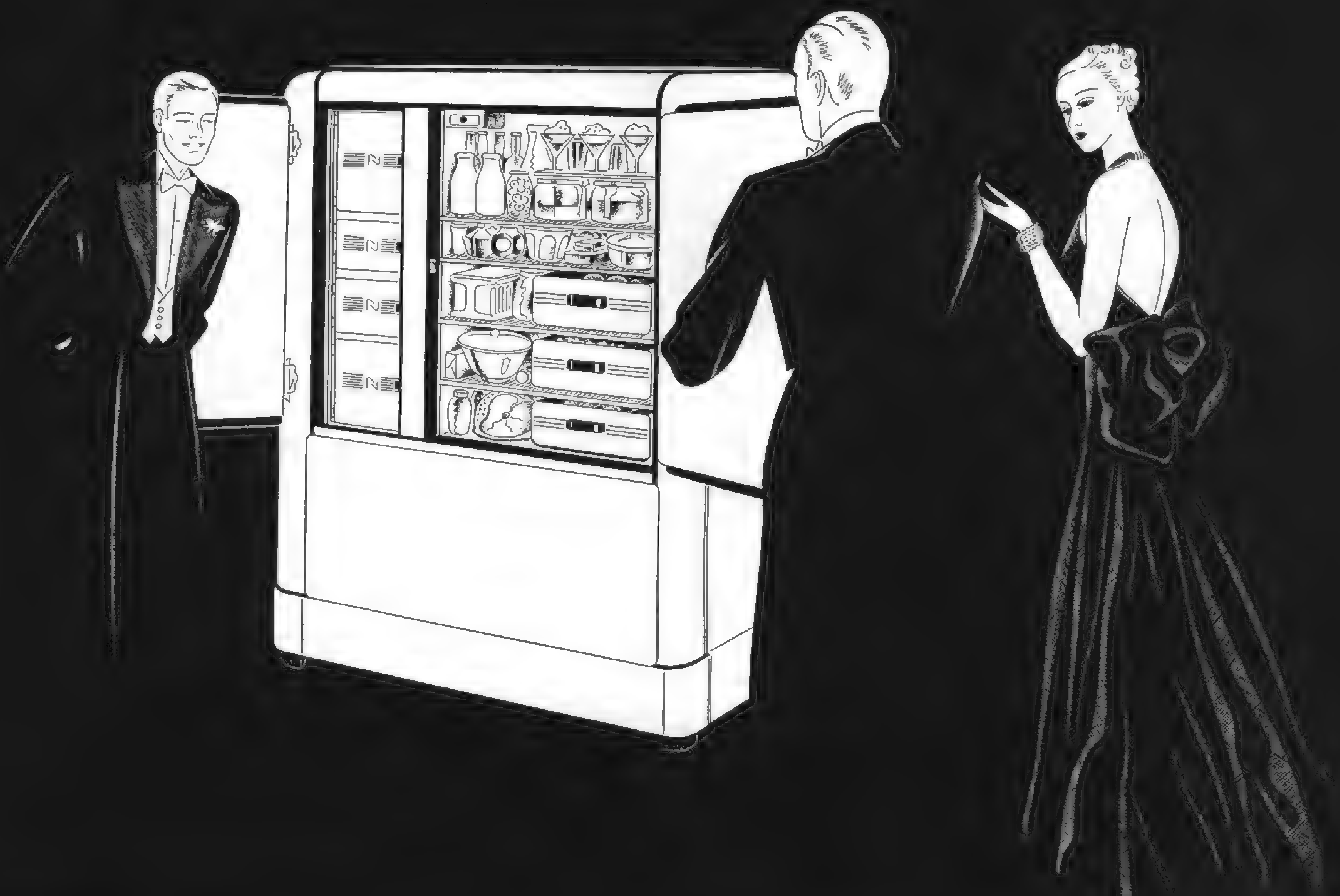
Whether the dizzy dame from Texas supplied the inspiration or not, your correspondent's guess is that it is too truly popular a song to have come out of just three fellows in a band. A country wrote it, a whole country lifting itself out of a mudhole and finding life pretty good again. In times of moral repression or other kind of servitude, look for the sentimental ballads and the romantic songs of release. In times of factual things, of living life as it comes instead of vicariously through the arts, give us a pragmatic simple song.

A visit to the Onyx club in New York or any of its counterparts in any other American city, helps you to understand these moods of a people. Something has come into American life that is noble indeed although not the nobleness that the great experimenter was thinking of when he mentioned the prohibition amendment. The speakeasy did something for us that far outweighs the harm it might have caused. It made us neighborly. If you are too young to remember, ask dad about the old saloon where a man or two went in for a drink and stood sedately at a bar and downed a couple. In the rougher edges, on Saturday nights there may have been some gregariousness but this was usually of a quarrelsome sort. Now look at us. Men and women, Fifth and Double Fifth Avenue all in one room, cheek to cheek, drinking the same stuff, breathing the same cigarette smoke, slapping each other on the back and above all singing the same songs. Shades of the Y.M.C.A! What would the sisterhood say if they saw their child Community Singing dressed in the trollop clothes of a bar and now known as "Customers' Chorus."

Your correspondent advises one such visit to the Onyx, Leon and Eddie's, The Gay Nineties or Jimmy Kelly's before you evolve your theories about songs that become famous overnight. At the Onyx you will doubtless see the same Round and Around boys, or their successors, playing Aladdin. In this there is a refrain about Rip Van Winkle. And to emphasize the Rip one of the boys tears a napkin. Then a stooge at a table tears a table cloth. It's great fun and infectious. The band keeps on playing until every table cloth and napkin in the place is torn to shreds. American folks are having a fine time and on big nights cops are called, not to stop the napkin tearing, but to keep order in the crowd waiting to get in the place. New York, where you never spoke to your next-door neighbor, has become a friendly place.

ONCE AGAIN...

there's a thrill in the kitchen!



Out in your kitchen—right now—there's an electric refrigerator. Time was when it was the marvel of all who viewed it. Today—well, it is no longer modern. Its one-time thrill is gone.

Science has moved forward. Refrigeration has turned a new corner. Very old—and very commonplace indeed—becomes your present refrigerator when compared to the Kelvinator DeLuxe.

Imagine, if you will, a refrigerator that removes all food odors, purifies the air, reduces it to ideal temperature, moistens it to ideal humidity—and then circulates it to every nook and cranny of the cabinet. Vegetables are revitalized—meats stay plump and juicy—cooked foods retain their flavors.

Imagine again, a refrigerator with controls so accurate and sensitive that while it's zero in the ice and frozen storage compartments—a scientifically accurate temperature of forty-five degrees is maintained at the food shelves. You're sure of this temperature because you can *see* it. For the first time in refrigeration history, controls have been made so dependably automatic that every Kelvinator will have a built-in thermometer.

Defrosting of coils? Again, an entirely automatic operation.

Then think of ice trays—stacks of them—all with flexible rubber grids so that cubes pop out—full-sized—at a temperature near zero—ready to do a super job of cooling.

Think further, of a manufacturer with so much confidence in his product that he gives you five full years of protection on its mechanism and — again for the first time—a certificate of low operating cost.

The cabinet—designed with the aid of Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky—represents still another stride forward in convenience and beauty.

These are a few of the high spots. Now—aren't you beginning to see why your old refrigerator has lost its thrill? Don't you begin to realize that after you have visited the display room of any Kelvinator dealer, you can re-enact that delightful old ceremony of taking the guests into the kitchen and proudly presenting your Kelvinator DeLuxe?

Oh, yes—once again there's a thrill in the kitchen.

• • •

Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Mich. Factories also in London, Ontario, and London, England.

Kelvinator De Luxe **BUILT FOR CONNOISSEURS OF REFRIGERATION**

The world has seen many changes since 1765 when a wounded Irish soldier, discovering a home demand for Cognac brandy, settled in France and founded the House of Hennessy. But, in the medieval town of Cognac, the work of Captain Richard Hennessy goes on in the endless stream of golden bottles that carry around the world the skill of the Hennessy vintners . . . this finest symbol of Nature's exclusive contribution to the Cognac region . . . Three-Star Hennessy, the preferred liqueur in every land. Sole Agents for the United States: Schieffelin & Co., New York City. Importers since 1794.

★★★

HENNESSY

COGNAC BRANDY

NOTE ITS "CLEAN" TASTE

HENNESSY
COGNAC

Michael Finn, Mixer

Continued from page 99

of the hands of a physician. Yet it has been indiscriminately instrumental along with its brother Finns to subdue belligerants and to shanghai seamen. Its action is sexual stimulation and is used medicinally to cause vesication. Don't reach for that encyclopaedia, vesication merely means the formation of blisters. Hardly sexy, am I right, doctor? Imagine the effect a strong dose of Cantharides has on a victim's kidneys.

Laudanum, a favorite in many quarters, is of two types—Laudanum and Dutchmen's Laudanum. The latter is extracted from shrubs growing in Southern Europe and the Near East. Dutchmen's Laudanum is derived from the passion flower, Bullhoof (Passiflora Murucuja) which grows in Jamaica and Honduras. Both are hypnotics, irritants and strong stomachics. Laudanum is at home and hardworking in beer or whiskey.

Sulphate of Morphine: Prepared in crystals of bitter prisms. It is colorless and odorless. Induces sleep and promotes perspiration. Sulphate of Morphine is said to be the peachiest Finn of them all for cocktails and mixed drinks. The hangover following this one is horrible. Iodine is used by the conscienceless in the holes-in-the-wall of American cities. It is an irritant poison, very sparingly soluble in water, but dissolves copiously in alcohol. The aftermath following iodine in a pony of whiskey, then deep slumber, is not what the tougher bartenders refer to as "keen fun."

Tobacco Juice and Snuff are outmoded, but none the less popular when there isn't anything else at hand. Strong irritants, they'll get their man both ways from the middle. Let not those who partake not of liquids or semi-liquids of the restaurant and bar lose heart. Waiters have been encountered who could Finn an apple without detection.

It is rather certain that no one is curious enough to want to taste a Mickey Finn. It is well to know how not to taste one.

Don't carry a large bankroll to a place where a five dollar bill would excite envy. Sometimes people get hungry or venture silently that you have plenty more to spare. A Finn is quick, effective and safer than a lead pipe. And believe when you read that it won't be the loss of the money that will bother you.

Don't be a barroom bully. Not in a strange barroom at any rate, for before you'll have a chance to pick on a second little guy a Mickey will have you by the slack of the belly. And what a barroom brawler that guy is.

Don't become loud or profane after the bartender has asked you to quiet down for the fifth time. He'll find it necessary to gag you with a Michael. Some soothing syrup, that Mickey Finn.

Don't annoy your girl or someone else's. Waiters are such chivalrous bastards and probably they don't like you anyhow.

A Mickey is deceptive. You're sure to have the feeling that you'll make the door marked "Men" but no matter how close it seems you'll always fall short by half the distance.

Don't forget too often about tipping the waiter. If you don't believe in tipping try not to get too fond of one restaurant. Tch, tch, those waiters are so impetuous.

Don't abuse restaurant employees, unless, of course, you are willing to pay them for the privilege. Abuse is translatable in the tongue of the region as, "Waiter, one Mickey Finn, if you please, with a cup of consomme as a chaser." You'll be surprised if not stunned at how promptly you'll be served.

At the captain's table of a cruise ship circling the globe last year sat a member of the French nobility. He was exasperatingly late for every meal and particularly exacting with regard to table service. He snarled his choice of food, demanded impossible special orders and generally had the waiter's fingernails imbedded in the palms of his hands. After three weeks of this he disembarked to take a faster ship across the Pacific to Japan. When he finished his last meal aboard he wiped his chin daintily with a serviette, dug into his pocket, then placed a large, shiny fifty cent piece under his plate at the captain's elbow.

There is retribution. The poor chump rejoined the ship in China and ate his first meal aboard as the vessel steamed out of Shanghai that evening. Every waiter was tense. They knew what was coming and not one of them could keep his eyes off the captain's table. The skipper took his place at the head of the table and turned to welcome the Count's return. The Count looked ill. Beads of sweat bedecked his aristocratic face. His mouth worked strangely. His hands were clenched and shaking. With a backward shove he arose from the table. He began to run . . . four steps forward and Mickey Finn dropped him with a quick right cross to the stomach.

You should have heard that skipper . . . oboyoboyoboy! #

Blasting the Waves

Continued from page 108

to messages addressed to passengers on liners well at sea is caused by the inability of the one man on duty at one time on any one vessel to do more than one thing at a time. And the reason there is only one man on duty at a time is because, except on exceptionally well equipped ships of the *Europa* and *Rex* type, not more than one operation of any piece of apparatus can be performed at one time. Therefore there is need for but one man on duty, and this will give you an idea of those duties. He copies long sheets of press; he copies weather reports from various and widely scattered sources; he takes compass bearings on shore compass stations and on other ships and on automatically controlled light-vessels. In the run of an eight-hour trick he may send or receive messages from ten or fifteen different coastal stations, working some of them three and four times in that period if traffic is not too heavy from some one station. He attends the counter where passengers write out the stuff he sends, he has inter-ship schedules with other ships of his line, he passes on position reports from other vessels to the mate on the bridge, and occasionally has a hot wrangle with the chief engineer who wants to know "why in the hell he can't keep his damned radio shut down a while so he (the engineer) can get Amos 'n' Andy."

But you sent a message to Mr. Doe on the *Berengaria*, didn't you? We left it, about 2:15 or so, in a traffic rack at Cape Island, while the *Berengaria* ploughs the seas 2,000 miles away. If, at this time, the *Berengaria's* operator should decide to "clear" the American side, your message would be delivered within a few minutes. But he may have cleaned up his traffic from the West half an hour or so before, and since we have shown you he has plenty to do, 2:15 may find him ripping it up with the European stations.

He's working England, getting his own traffic off for the British Isles and, when finished with that, receiving the English coastal station's business for his ship. The purser sends up telephone circuit requests for two people who wish calls made to London and one from a *passée* actress who wants to wrangle with a producer in New York. Thirty minutes later the operator has cleared the telegraph business with the English station and puts through the first wireless-telephone call to London. The clock moves around. There'll be no telegraph business handled while the telephone calls are being made because the radio-telegraph causes interference to wireless-telephone reception, and vice versa. Only one thing at a time.

The circuit to New York may be none too clear, due to the distance and the relatively low power of the ship's transmitter and the difficulty to put through any great signal strength during daylight hours, and the *Berengaria's* operator may have to experiment with two or three different wave lengths before finding one sufficiently clear and strong to allow intelligible conversation between the *passée* actress and the New York producer. Perhaps forty-five minutes elapse and the telephone calls are finished.

Now we go at the telegraphing again. The operator grabs a cigarette, turns on the juice and clears traffic from a French station with messages for passengers disembarking at Cherbourg. He gets off a few of his own to France. While he's in that "area" he calls up the big German station at Norddeiche and clears a few.

It's getting close to 4:30 now, and there are six or eight or ten other messages reposing behind yours in the traffic rack at Cape Island. You, the sender, don't know this, of course.

At this moment the *Berengaria's* brass-pounder goes up on the inter-ship wave and works two or three other liners with traffic between traveling friends, and takes a few ocean-letters from a ship of his own line which will be mailed later at Southampton. The purser calls up and wants to get a quotation on dollars to pounds; the bridge officers wants information on the weather ahead; a wallowing freighter opens up with a booming quench-gap spark set and pleads with the *Berengaria's* man to relay a steamship company message into Liverpool; "Hell, yes," the latter mutters into his cigarette smoke and wonders if the little barmaid he met there is married yet. The clock moves around.

Finally, about five o'clock, the "bleedin' Limey" decides he'd better take a shot at the American side before he gets tied up with Europe again. He starts up his short-wave outfit. If he's lucky he may get contact right off the bat. But if the three or four men assigned to short-wave work at Cape Island are busy with other vessels it may take the *Berengaria* ten or twenty minutes to get hooked up. It may take longer. It depends on the *Berengaria's* signals not being interfered with by ships between her and America whose transmitters happen to be tuned too close to the *Berengaria's* wave and whose loudness blots out the latter's calls. It depends on "conditions," those freaky variations in short-wave radio communications that one day will give you a booming signal from a ship 3,000 miles away and the next day makes it almost impossible to read a ship's signals half that distance. Maybe it's sun-spots, maybe it's "skip-distance," maybe it's this and maybe it's that. Anyway, it's there, all too often.

And since it is close to darkness where the *Berengaria* surges along towards England, the operator may decide to wait another half

Continued on page 180

"TO SETTLE A BET,"

said Chester Kerr, Yale '36, to the YALE NEWS Photographer,

"I turned out 100 pages longhand,

But I just *couldn't* make his Parker Vacumatic run dry!"

Visible ink supply
LESS THAN ACTUAL SIZE
102% More Ink
Two-way writing scratch-proof point
Holds 102% more ink

Yes, this Revolutionary Pearl Beauty Holds 102% More Ink and Shows You When to Refill

Chester Brooks Kerr, assignment editor of the YALE NEWS, bet that his friend's Parker Vacumatic wouldn't write twice as many words on a single filling as the old-style pen that Kerr himself used.

"But I lost," Yale-man Kerr told the YALE NEWS photographer, "and now I take back everything I said. For my friend filled his Parker, and I started writing with it.

"When I'd turned out twenty pages of manuscript, I held the pen to the light, expecting to see it about empty. But the ink level was still high up in the barrel. When I'd written forty pages more, I looked again. I looked once more when I'd finished page 100 —about 10,400 words. But every time there was still enough ink left for me to continue indefinitely.

"'I give up,' I exclaimed, and called it a day. For I just couldn't make his Parker Vacumatic run dry."

Due to its *Visible Ink Supply*, 102% GREATER ink capacity, rare and beautiful laminated Pearl style, and its SCRATCH-PROOF Platinum-and-Solid-Gold Point that writes two ways without adjustment:

—the Parker Pen has become a 2 to 1 favorite in leading colleges, universities.

—in America more people prefer it than the next four ranking pens combined!

Unlike ordinary sacless pens, Parker's sacless marvel contains no SQUIRT-GUN PUMP—nothing to render it useless later. That's why it's GUARANTEED mechanically perfect.

Keep your obsolete pen for sentiment, if you like—but to speed your learning or earning in these swift-moving times, see and try this top-flight invention at any nearby pen counter today. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis.

Parker

VACUMATIC REG. T.M.

GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT

Junior, $5; Over-Size, $10 $7.50 *Pencils, $2.50, $3.50 and $5*

Parker Quink—the New Discovery in Ink Does What No Other Ink Can Do because it cleans a pen as it writes—a Parker or any *other* pen. Get Quink today from any store selling ink, and your pen will never clog.

Keep this

UNDER YOUR TOPPER

•VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout" for Healthy, Handsome HAIR!

YOUR tails may be the pride of Bond Street—your carnation perfect—but you'll never be well-turned-out unless your hair is well-dressed, healthy and handsome. Only *healthy* hair can be handsome. Better bring your hair good health and good looks both, with Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout."

Vitalis, rubbed briskly into the scalp, brings new life to the scalp and new health to the hair. Replaces natural oils that have been dried up or washed away. Blackballs loose dandruff, that No. 1 Social Menace.

Besides giving your hair the good looks of good health, Vitalis grooms it to the Queen's taste. Vitalis gives a rich but subdued lustre to hair but it never tries to compete with the shining patent-leather of your shoes.

Get a bottle of Vitalis and start your own "60-Second Workouts."

VITALIS

KEEPS YOUR HAIR
HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

① 50 SECONDS to rub—natural oils are restored, circulation quickens, your hair takes on new life.

② 10 SECONDS to comb and brush—your hair looks rich, lustrous, but with no "patent-leather" look.

Blasting the Waves

Continued from pages 108-179

hour or so and hook up with the American side on the night frequency, which should give him much better signal strength at that time of day.

At last, and it may be six or seven o'clock, the ship contacts Cape Island and your message is delivered. Now, Mr. Sender, this is not an abnormal delay at all; it goes on day after day in all the radio stations of the world.

But your message to Mr. Doe was terribly important, we'll say, and you really expected an answer back before your office closed, if not sooner. If you register a complaint to the communications company which handled your message you will undoubtedly be told that, "the ship did not answer our calls," a stock phrase that doesn't mean a thing. They merely hope you will blame the ship, and forget about it.

If the communications company wanted to be honest about it they'd tell you that nobody in the world is to blame for the delay to your message. Your radiogram to Mr. Doe was in the same fix with the commuter who reached the railroad station a few moments after his train pulled out. "Thar she goes," and there's nothing to be done about it. The reason they can't be honest about it is because if one company tried a policy of telling the truth at all times the competing company would grab your business by dishing out to you a picture of unfailing speed, and it would be some time before you discovered the exaggerated tone of their promises.

Perhaps one-half of all radiograms to ships are handled rather promptly—within thirty minutes to two or three hours. This is the lucky half. If a ship is near, and can be "raised" on the short-range frequency, you get good service; if your message happens to land in a coastal station at a time when that station is working the ship to which your message is addressed, you get instantaneous service. If you had not filed your message to Mr. Doe until about five-thirty or six o'clock you wouldn't have had any kick coming, because the *Berengaria* got around to the American stations shortly thereafter.

Such situations cannot be controlled. If you were to file a message for a friend on a Dollar liner which, we'll say, was at the time near Naples on a world cruise, there is no way in the world to assure you that it may be delivered within any specified time. Your friend may have it in his hands within fifteen minutes, and he may not get it until eight or twelve hours later. In some instances delays reach twenty-four hours and more, depending on the ship's equipment and the alertness of the ship's operators. The only thing the coastal station's personnel can do is to bring all the tricks of the trade to bear on getting your message off as soon as possible. At times it requires the asking of a foreign station or stations to advise the ship in question to "clear" the coastal station concerned—assuming the ship has modern and efficient equipment on short-waves.

The fast service of up-to-date cable and radio companies with point-to-point traffic for different countries has built up a false assumption of speedy deliveries to ships at sea, and because of the competitive situation the companies do nothing to dispel this assumption. You hardly can blame them. They have hundreds of thousands of dollars wrapped up in buildings, property and apparatus, which must be constantly improved as new engineering successes occur, and a tacit assurance of speed certainly reacts favorably on the message-sending public. And if the twenty-one cents per word seemed high, you should visit some of the plants some day when you're motoring around and see the huge transformers and rectifiers humming, watch the big transmitting tubes glow white hot as the current surges through them (and rolling up a power bill every few moments that makes your light rate for a month look like a waiter's tip), then drop in on the operating rooms where the operators are pounding away into the seven seas, and you'd realize that the cost of giving this service to the public must add up to quite a figure; and you'd be right.

Today there are many good passenger liners ploughing the seas whose original radio equipment never has been improved since their launchings, five, ten and fifteen years back. These ships, when in mid-ocean and especially during daylight hours and during the summer months when atmospheric conditions are adverse, are constantly dependent on newer and better equipped vessels to relay their messages to and from shore stations. Naturally, delays cannot be avoided—nor occasional errors, though these are really quite rare. A radioman's error in copying or sending someone's message is much more apt to ricochet back and swat him in the pay-check, due to a probable delay in fixing up the error with the vessel concerned, than is one by an operator in another branch of the communications field. Hence, there is more stress on the old maxim of "Accuracy First."

One thing you can be assured of: The next time you step into a telegraph office and file a radiogram for someone at sea you can be absolutely certain that whichever company handles it will, through its personnel at its coastal stations, burst a couple of Gee-strings to deliver it as quickly as is humanly possible. But no company as yet has a man that can reach out over the ocean and, tapping the ship operator on the shoulder, say, "Listen, bozo, take my message first." ⌗

A Spell of Moonsickness

Continued from page 44

we goin' to stay till we ready to settle down an' work."

"An' where that is!"

"You know the ol' house, at the upper line, that warn't fitten to move when the levee came in?"

"That ol' house is full of hants sence they found the drowned white lady there."

"Gal, you won't think about hants when you with me."

For months Cynthy worked next to Dave. Beyond bidding her the time of day he never made advances. Whenever she looked at him his eyes were upon her. It was as if he worked without looking where his hoe hit. Something that she did not understand began to creep over her. She no longer thought of Dave as a big tomcat but as a great black panther.

The women could see what was going on. Often, when there were no men and boys around them, they discussed the affair in low tones.

"He ought to let her alone," said Aun' Susan. "They's enough loose women on Union an' he's got the best."

"That's the way, though. They never satisfied," said Riah.

"Who's the loose women on Union?" asked Lena.

"You one of 'em," snapped Aun' Susan.

"Suppose I put you to court and make you prove that?"

"Suppose I prove it?"

Lena laid down her hoe, the light of battle in her eyes.

"Git goin', women," said the driver. "Settle yo'll's quarrel after knocking-off time."

Fly time came along and there was no more work in the field. The Overseer let the men go to the settlements down the river to cut rice. Dave went with them. The Overseer did not look with favor on able-bodied men who stayed behind. He was not puritanical but he did not tolerate open rattiness.

Cynthy missed cane-cutting in the grinding season. She had another baby. With the approach of spring a restlessness came over her that reached its culmination when the first turn-out bell rang. Lias found her sitting on the floor rubbing the blade of her hoe with a whetstone.

"What's the matter, sugar?"

"Spring fever's got me, Lias. More'n that. I feels funny, like a bird in a cage what sees the others flying away an' wants to go wid 'em. I gotter go out in the field with the gang an' work it off."

"What'll the chillun do?"

"Aun' Charmless'll take care of 'em. I'll pay her good."

"Cynthy, ain't I been a good husband to you?"

"The bestest in the worl'. Tain't that."

"Why don' you jine the church an' let the Elder help you?"

"I don't want to see no church. I got to help myself. Don't cross me, Lias, or I will light out an' run tell I fall down."

Cynthy went out with the hoe gang. In the procession of plowmen Lias was last instead of being right behind Unc' Joshua.

Dave stopped opposite Cynthy.

"Look here, gal, you look badeyed, this mornin'. What's wrong? Lias beat you?"

"You mind your business," snapped Cynthy.

"Lordy, that's music to me. I been waitin' for it a long time. Work fast, gal. Let's git ahead of the rest. I got somethin' to tell you."

"You wastin' your bref, Dave Johnson. I'm a lawful wife, the mother of two chillun, an' no loose woman. You hear me, I ain't payin' no min' 't all to you."

"Shet up, gal. You an' me's goin' to the haunted house on the batture tonight. For two years I been waitin' for today. I saved my money from the rice cuttin' an' the grindin'. I fixed the place up, so we don't have to show our faces tell we gits ready. I fixed a bunk, with a mattress. I bought grub an' pots. Tain't nothin' missin' but you."

Cynthy looked into Dave's eyes. She couldn't look away from their smouldering depths.

"Dave, you got me charmed jess like a snake charms a bird. You drawin' me to you. Efn it warn' for shame I'd come to you right now."

"An' I could grab you an' make a bee line across the field to the house on the batture."

Lias was on the headland giving his team a blow. Unc' Joshua came over to him.

"What's wrong, son? You done beat up your mules. I never seed you do that before."

Lias nodded toward Cynthy and Dave.

"It's come, Unc' Joshua, jess like you said it would. What I'm goin' to do?"

"Nothin', son."

"But I could take my monkey wrench an' go over there and buss his brains out."

"Your skin is too black. The Law 'lows white folks to have tantrums bout their ladies, but niggers ain't sposed to have 'em. Listen, son, you got to take it like it comes. She is goin' away. You can't stop her. It's better for her to go with Dave. He's clean. When she comes back she'll be all right."

"I don't reckon I'll want her."

"She'll be cured an' humble. Tain't often a man kin git the ups on a woman like that. My wife did me that. She was a good woman to me. But she got the

Continued at top of page 182

WHEN ORDINARY COCKTAILS BORE...

Reach for COINTREAU

... smooth harmony of cognac and orange ... what seductive cocktails it makes. Order a Side-Car, a Silent Third, a White Lady. There's an endless trail of fresh, delightful sensations waiting for you as you sample each exotic cocktail on the Cointreau chart.

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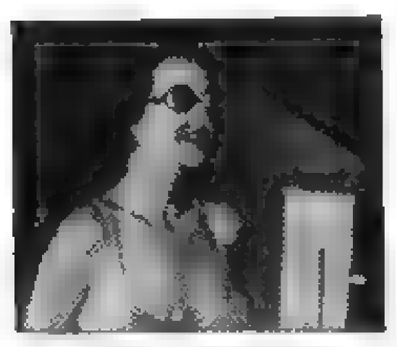

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A Spell of Moonsickness

Continued from pages 44-181

sickness jess like yours is got it. She left alone. She got tangled up with some no count nigger from town. She warn't all right no longer, son. When she come back to me I had to show her the door."

The next morning Dave and Cynthy were not in the hoe gang. Lias was with the plowmen. Not one dared to jeer at him. He would have torn him to pieces. He was man enough to do it, too. The men of family understood and were sincerely sorry for him.

In the hoe gang the talk got so ratty that the driver had to threaten to knock them all off.

In the ruined house on the batture Cynthy and Dave, two generations from savagery and slavery, were living the life of their forebears. Weeks passed. Loneliness settled upon them. Each longed for the old life. Cynthy was the first to speak.

"Dave, I want to go back to Lias an' my chillun. You ain't goin' to hinder me, is you?"

"No, gal. I'm gittin' tired, myself. Not that you ain't a number one woman, but a man has got to go out an' mix with people. Another thing, the grub is runnin' out. I'd hated to take you to Spencer. That is a ratty place. The white men has the best gals. One would have wanted you. He would have had the ups on me because I'm a nigger. Better go back to Lias. I hope he takes you in. Efn he don't, take out behin' me, an' we will do the best we kin."

"What you goin' to do?"

"I got loose foots, now, gal. An' I'm gittin' kind of on in age. Guess I'll have a fling or two more, then take me a solid woman an' settle down."

"I sure wishes you all the luck, Dave."

Cynthy crept to Lias' door at night and knocked.

"Go way from here, woman. My lawful wife done bandoned me, an' I don't want nothin' to do with women no more."

"It's me, Cynthy."

"What you want?"

"To see you an' the chillun. Efn you want me I'll go way an' not bother you."

Lias opened the door and looked at her.

"Woman, is you all right?"

"All right, Lias. Wored down, but all right."

"Come on in, then, honey. Me an' the chillun is pinin' for you."

Pasting It Together

Continued from page 35

to a mechanical and communal art that, whether in the hands of Hollywood merchants or Russian idealists, was capable of reflecting only the tritest thought, the most obvious emotion. It was an art in which words were subordinate to images, where personality was worn down to the inevitable low gear of collaboration. As long past as 1930, I had a hunch that the talkies would make even the best selling novelist as archaic as silent pictures. People still read, if only Professor Canby's book of the month—curious children nosed at the slime of Mr. Tiffany Thayer in the drug-store libraries—but there was a rankling indignity, that to me had become almost an obsession, in seeing the power of the written word subordinated to another power, a more glittering, a grosser power. . .

I set that down as an example of what haunted me during the long night—this was something I could neither accept nor struggle against, something which tended to make my efforts obsolescent, as the chain stores have crippled the small merchant, an exterior force, unbeatable—

(I have the sense of lecturing now, looking at a watch on the desk before me and seeing how many more minutes—).

Well, when I had reached this period of silence, I was forced into a measure that no one ever adopts voluntarily: I was impelled to think. God, was it difficult! The moving about of great secret trunks. In the first exhausted halt, I wondered whether I had ever thought. After a long time I came to these conclusions, just as I write them here:

(1) That I had done very little thinking, save within the problems of my craft. For twenty years a certain man had been my intellectual conscience. That was Edmund Wilson.

(2) That another man represented my sense of the "good life," though I saw him once in a decade, and since then he might have been hung. He is in the fur business in the Northwest and wouldn't like his name set down here. But in difficult situations I had tried to think what *he* would have thought, how *he* would have acted.

(3) That a third contemporary had been an artistic conscience to me—I had not imitated his infectious style, because my own style, such as it is, was formed before he published anything, but there was an awful pull toward him when I was on a spot.

(4) That a fourth man had come to dictate my relations with other people when these relations were successful: how to do, what to say. How to make people at least momentarily happy (in apposition to Mrs. Post's theories of how to make everyone thoroughly uncomfortable with a sort of systematized vulgarity.) This always confused me and made me want to go out and get drunk, but this man had seen the game, analyzed it and beaten it, and his word was good enough for me.

(5) That my political conscience

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How to TAKE CARE of your PIPE

had scarcely existed for ten years save as an element of irony in my stuff. When I became again concerned with the system I should function under, it was a man much younger than myself who brought it to me, with a mixture of passion and fresh air.

So there was not an "I" any more—not a basis on which I could organize my self-respect—save my limitless capacity for toil that it seemed I possessed no more. It was strange to have no self—to be like a little boy left alone in a big house, who knew that now he could do anything he wanted to do, but found that there was nothing that he wanted to do—

(The watch is past the hour and I have barely reached my thesis. I have some doubts as to whether this is of general interest but if anyone wants more, there is plenty left, and your editor will tell you. If you've had enough, say so—but not too loud, because I have the feeling that someone, I'm not sure who, is sound asleep —someone who could have helped me to keep my shop open. It wasn't Lenin, and it wasn't God.) ⧺

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 105

beloved and respected of all.

It remained for Paul Muni, who with every other picture brings something new and vital to the cinema, to show the way to dramatize the life of a research scientist. It is to be expected, and hoped that *The Story of Louis Pasteur* will start a cycle of films about great chemists, physicists, astronomers, inventors, for at least such pictures, when they fail to be entertaining, can be instructive. I could jump in here and explain how a clumsy scientific error mars the instruction of *The Story of Louis Pasteur*, but I want to soft-pedal my criticism because the intention of the film is so honest and good that it would be wrong to discredit and discourage such work.

What this photoplay achieves is dignity. As I have already pointed out, much of this is derived from the universal sympathy with which scientists are regarded; it is popularly accepted that they, and they alone, work tirelessly and unselfishly for the good of humanity, with the single ideal of completing human knowledge, and streaming from this, the ideal of curing human ills.

The producers have been astute in choosing Louis Pasteur as the prototype of the modern research worker. Pasteur's life was rich in those amazing laboratory accidents which have been the source of great scientific discoveries, and which can be the source of effective drama. More than that, his career is rich in examples of the scientist's faculty for recognizing and utilizing the truths revealed in such accidents. For, as our Dr. Eric Clarkson has pointed out, every discovery can be regarded as accidental, yet no discovery is truly accidental. The laws of nature are continuously in force, continuously at work; a man makes a "discovery" when he really sees something at which he may have been staring for a long time, when he links that vision to other human knowledge. An excellent example of such an accident is contained in this film. It occurs when Pasteur and his wife are puzzling over the fact that Dr. Charbonnet, who defiantly innoculated himself with some of the hydrophobia cultures which Pasteur had prepared, and who should have been dead the next day, is still alive. Pasteur's wife remarks that the stuff which Charbonnet used had been standing around for a long time, and perhaps had become stale. This chance remark is enough to give Pasteur his clue. From it, he develops the principle of immunizing dogs—and people—to rabies by giving them doses of age-weakened germs, against which their blood can build up a resistance. As the virulence of the germs is increased in successive doses, the natural blood-resistance is increased, until the dog—or human—is able to resist the full disease.

The simple dramatic thrill of such a moment of discovery is surely equal to the dramatic thrill of husband discovering wife in arms of best friend, or to the thrill of G-men kicking down doors of the kidnapper's retreat.

And again, in this type of film, there is the immense potency of sympathy. Pasteur, neglected and discredited, wrongly accused of being a charlatan by the stupid and reactionary fools who controlled the Academy of Medicine, is certainly a nobler figure, more worthy of commiseration, than the bank cashier who has been framed to appear guilty of embezzlement. And, by association, the wife who sticks by Pasteur through persecution and ridicule, is a nobler and warmer character than the wife who refuses the blandishments of the bank president to stick faithfully by the seemingly guilty cashier. And the daughter of Pasteur, even though she be pasty Anita Louise, is a sweeter character than any daughter of a bank cashier could ever be, for she too, by association, is battling for humanity.

And there is still another way in which the scientific hero is agreeable to the modern movie goer. It flatters us, in our comparatively educated generation, to find ourselves so much wiser than the bull-headed Dr. Charbonnet who laughed at Pasteur because he warned them to boil their instruments and scrub their

Continued on page 184

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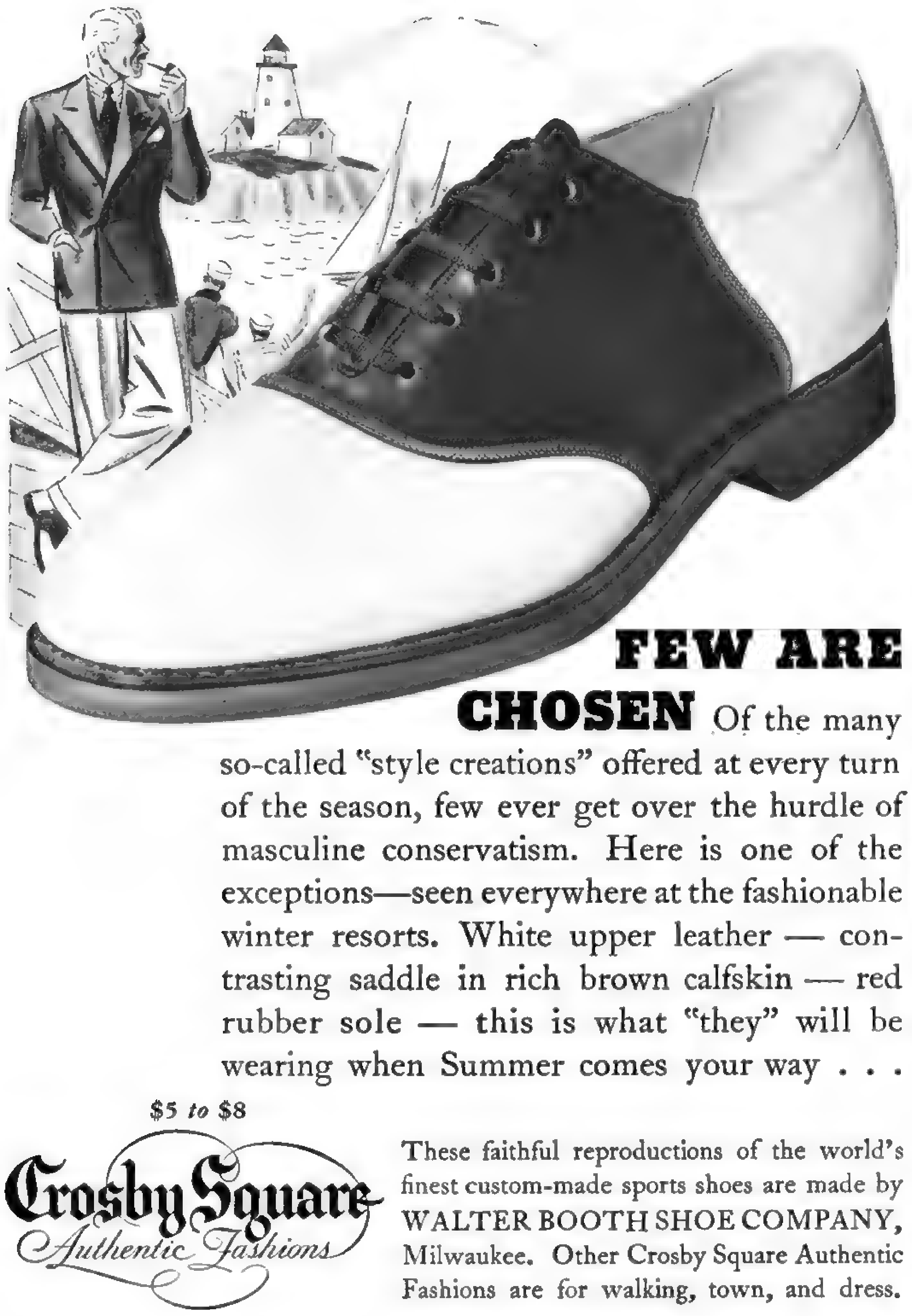
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Zip-Off **Shor-T**

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The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 105-183

hands before operating.

The producers of *The Story of Louis Pasteur* have taken expert advantage of these responses. The scene in which Pasteur's sheep vaccine is tested is a masterpiece of sympathetic guidance. In one pen are a group of sheep, and over the pen is a crudely lettered sign, "These sheep have been treated by Louis Pasteur;" an equal number of sheep are in the next pen, over them the sign, "These sheep have not been treated by Louis Pasteur." Both groups of sheep have been innoculated with anthrax, and are expected to die. By the morning of the test, the village has become the center of a country fair, the scientific experiment having attracted immense crowds. Pasteur's sleeplessness throughout that night is due solely to the worry that something may go wrong with the experiment, that his work may be discredited and that thus the world may lose the benefit of the immense discovery he has made. His wife's sleeplessness is due to her worry over his personal well-being. In a nearby inn, the jeering academicians make merry.

Morning comes, Pasteur, followed by a crowd, runs to look at his sheep. In the first pen, the sheep that he had not treated lie dead. So far so good. But in the next pen, his sheep also appear to be dead. The puzzled disappointment of Pasteur, at this moment, is a beautiful thing on the screen. A dog barks, his sleeping sheep rise, they are all alive and healthy! No heavyweight champion's tenth-count rise from the canvas could be more wildly exciting, could seem so much the result of the concentrated wish of the spectators!

There is an excellent touch here. The crowd, satisfied, instantly and with equal excitement, turns to watch the antics of a couple of aerial acrobats.

In simple, dramatic experiments, the producers of *The Story of Louis Pasteur* have demonstrated the principles of immunology. The film will be greeted by high school teachers and college professors everywhere; it is a warm, dignified, and gripping account of the beginning of the science of preventive medicine.

Other subjects immediately suggest themselves. The lives of the Curies, with the touching curve of repetition, in which both husband and wife of two generations are the recipients of the Nobel prize. The lives of Roger Bacon, of Galileo, of Steinmetz, of Edison. But it is to be hoped that in attempting further films about the lives of scientists, the producers will take the precaution of having an authority check their work before release. It is incredible that a film so accurate in detail as *The Story of Louis Pasteur* can contain a major error, obvious even to a layman like myself, and one that could have been corrected by a few re-takes.

OF SCIENTIFIC ERROR

The error occurs in the latter part of the picture. Pasteur has just given the treatment for hydrophobia to ten dogs, and has found his method of injecting weakened cultures to be successful in developing a natural immunity to the disease. A boy who had been bitten by a mad dog several days before is brought to Pasteur. (This was an historical case.) The mother of the boy, and his doctor, beg Pasteur to try his treatment on the boy, who is otherwise doomed to death. As the treatment has only been carried out on dogs, and not tried on humans, it is dangerous for Pasteur to attempt the cure, failure would expose him to prosecution for malpractice. In a highly dramatic sequence, he goes and gets his "fourteen-day old germs" and innoculates the boy who is already feverish with hydrophobia infection. From then on the inoculations proceed, twelve-day old germs, ten-day old germs, to fresh germs. And the boy recovers.

Now as even a layman should know, the treatment, which is simply a prophylactic, is of value only before a disease is established. When treatment is delayed until there are such actual evidences of infection as the symptoms played up in the movie, a fatality is invariable and inevitable.

Not content to make this blazing boner once, the producers repeat the error in detailing Pasteur's treatment of a group of Russians who had been bitten by rabid wolves, and were sent to Pasteur by the Czar, to offer themselves for his experiments. One of the Russians has already died of hydrophobia by the time Pasteur gets out of his own sickbed to go to the hospital and treat the Russians. With the disease so advanced, it is highly doubted whether any amount even of the proper serum would have cured the Russians. But what does the movie-Pasteur do? He holds up a test-tube, asks his assistant—"Fourteen days old? Give two c.c.'s to patient number one!" And so on down the line.

As I have said, the good points of the film far outweigh this clumsy error. Pasteur's touching humility before the "Great Dr. Lister" who comes from England to watch his experiments, Pasteur's final, noble speech to the students in the gallery, when he is being honored by the Academy of Medicine which blocked him almost all his life, are things which will be remembered. Only in another sense, there is no excuse for making so glaring a scientific error in a film about science.

However, there is a tradition of such errors in motion pictures. Another current release, *The Magnificent Obsession*, trifles with the subject of medicine. It contains the story of a millionaire wastrel who romantically reforms and decides to become a surgeon, to replace a great surgeon whose death he accidentally caused. We leave the hero in Paris, vowing to finish medical school. The timing of the film is vague, but as far as I could make out he still had a couple of years to go. Exactly six years later he steps off the boat into the laps of a flock of reporters who ask him how it feels to win the Nobel prize!

Maybe the speedy hero of *The Magnificent Obsession* won the prize with the same sort of operation as that which was performed in *Private Worlds*. There, if you remember, a psychiatrist's wife went insane because of an inferiority complex. On a lonely stormy night, she ran up a flight of stairs, hearing voices. She then toppled down the stairs, and passed out. Slam-bang into the operating room, with flashes of gleaming instruments, and a general suggestion of surgeons doing things around the lady's navel. She gets up sane and sound. Ever since, I've been trying to find out what operation is performed to remove an inferiority complex.

The rare operation in *Private Worlds* was only a mild improvement on the climactic operation in *Society Doctor*, one of the hospital films that followed *Men in White*. The atmosphere of a dangerous and difficult operation was built up throughout a whole sequence of *Society Doctor*. After the young medico had made a thrilling speech about how it felt at last to wrench a soul from the brink of the Chasm, after he had shrieked, "Now I'm a doctor! a DOCTOR!" it developed that he had just performed a routine tonsillectomy!

AT LAST, PUPPETS

The Russian puppet film, *The New Gulliver*, has had its New York run and is now being distributed throughout the country. I feel especially qualified for a dissertation upon this new medium, as I produced marionette shows for several years, and for at least four years was obsessed with the idea of making movies with marionettes. In fact, I approached all the standard companies, begging them to risk only say five thousand bucks out of the many thousands they squandered weekly, to try out a short satiric film with marionettes. The responses were all exactly alike, proving at least that movie men know their minds. First, I was always rapturously greeted with the statement that they were looking for new ideas, new techniques, something new, new, new! After I had explained my idea, shown stills of my marionettes, which, I may say in all modesty, invariably provoked clucks of marvel, the movie men would knit their brows and say, "This is a new idea. We can't tell how this would go. It's an experiment. We got nothing to go by. If you make us a sample picture, and if it's good, we'll give you a contract for a series." So I never got the dough to make the sample.

The moral of that little tale is that the Russians didn't ask Comrade Ptushko for a sample but gave him a lot of assistants, and said "Shoot!"

It took him three years, but he produced *The New Gulliver*. His technique is not yet perfect. But the basic appeal is there, and immense effect is shown in the modelling of the puppets. Especially effective is the demonstration of the flexibility of the medium, when the film swings from the satiric to the sympathetic. Caricatured royalty gives place to simply styled workers.

Ptushko's films are made by a process similar to that of animated cartoons. The puppets are budged for each successive shot, so that eight frames are required to show a puppet movement, just as eight pictures are made for each cartoon movement. To my mind, the jerky and unvaried rhythm that is imparted to the movements by this eight-frame pattern is not as well suited to puppets as it is to cartoons. The puppet-figure, being three dimensional, is a step nearer reality. Not human reality, but the reality of a three dimensional world, and the movement of such a figure should have a voluntary quality rather than the abstract quality of animated cartoons. In cartoons, it is not so much figure that moves, not Mickey Mouse, or the Spider, or the Pooch: it is the pattern that moves. When Mickey's tail sprouts an umbrella, we don't feel that the tail is itself changing form so much as we sense the change of graphic pattern. Now, a puppet-figure is a representation rather than a pattern. Muscle-power is connoted. The human idea of a moving figure is that it can move its arm slow or fast, that it can begin to turn its head indolently, and perhaps end in a jerk. Such variety of tempo cannot be accomplished by the budge-frame method. I think that a combination of marionettes and puppets would make the best medium for pictures of this type. The distinction is that the marionette is on strings, while the puppet is moved by other means. The string-motion is excellent for flexibility, change in tempo, general movement, while the budge-method is superior for close-ups, for mechanically difficult maneuvers. Duplicate sets of puppets and marionettes could be used.

Another thing — the Russians achieved changing facial expressions by making a series of six masks for each expression. This is a terrific job, though successful. I think that some flexible material could be developed, permitting gradual change of expression between takes. But all this is technical. The basic fact remains that *The New Gulliver* opens the field for puppet movies. #

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Revue of Reviews

Continued from page 31

critics immediately accuse you of being in the pay of J. P. Morgan and Co. at a weekly wage of $32,000. Not only is Odets the berries but everyone and everything connected with his plays is just about tops-tops plus.

"With few exceptions the acting by the Group Theatre is magnificent," shouts Crichton-Forsythe. "America has not seen in our time a better performance than is given by Morris Carnovsky as Leo Gordon." Crichton-Forsythe by his own confession goes to the theatre perhaps not much more than half a dozen times a year, and then mainly in Fourteenth street. What's more, he has been covering the theatre for only a very short time, and then only intermittently. Yet "America has not seen in our time (Crichton-Forsythe is fifty years old!) a better performance than is given by Morris Carnovsky." Morris, in other words, is as great an actor as Salvini, Tree, Irving, Gémier, Hawtrey, Kendal, Mansfield, Sothern, Bellew, Warde, James, Boucicault, the elder Hackett, Hare, Jefferson, Kelcey, Forbes-Robertson, Wyndham, Greet, Barrett, Loraine, Guitry or any other player whom America has seen in the last fifty years. Some keed, Morris!

John Mason Brown, who does the critical job for the *Post*, pulled this dandy in his review of the Nazimova production of *Ghosts:* "Madame Nazimova . . . is a touching and at all times arresting Mrs. Alving. [But] she lacks that breezy modernity, that positive sunlit quality that Mrs. Fiske brought to her otherwise inadequate interpretation of the part, and by means of which she explained its resolution and its enlightment." The Pulitzer prize for ace bughousery goes to Brown on the spot. If he or anyone else can tell us just how breezy modernity and sunlit quality fit an interpretation of the agonized Mrs. Alving rôle or just how they become an histrionic virtue in the performance of that rôle, he deserves not only *two* Pulitzer prizes but a lock of Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler's hair and one of Prof. William Lyon Phelps' baby shoes in addition. I have read a lot of critical guff in my day, but this takes the cake. What's more, if Little Boy Brown can make it clear exactly how that breezy modernity of Mrs. Fiske's, that positive sunlit quality, explained the tragic rôle's resolution and enlightment, and can also make it clear just what he means by those last two words, I'll give him out of my own pocket a new silver dime and an old cigarette picture of Ibsen himself.

Then there is George Jean Nathan, who has lately dyed his black hair gray at the sides to make himself look important. This Nathan has a lot of good, hard, cold critical sense, but he occasionally goes haywire in a way to alarm his disciples. We discover him, in one of his most recent performances, actually calling *Dead End* an "intrinsically realistic script." Bosh, Georgie my lad, and—in *Dead End's* own language—bushwah! If *Dead End* is an intrinsically realistic script, I am the Royal Past Master of the Amalgamated Order of Imperial Pretzel Makers. Some of the language in Kingsley's script may be realistic, but as for the majority of dramatic incidents they're just about as true and realistic as a chorus girl talking about her love for her husband. They're the bunk, Georgie my boy, and I'm telling you. The tart who has loved the gangster, sentimentally asks him for one goodbye kiss and then touches him for some extra money after he has given her a wad—I suppose that's an honest, realistic character, heh? That prostitute or any prostitute like her would no more do that than she'd take home a fellow in the breadline. Kingsley, being a comparative chicken in the ways of the world, may not know it, but any writer of experience would surely appreciate that a prostitute's sentimentality (and are they sentimental when it comes to first love!) would prevent her from doing any such thing. She'd almost starve first.

Then there's the fashionable kept woman who keeps a date with a cripple of the slums in his water-dripping, cracked-plaster dump of a flat, has a romantic affair with him and even, at least for a moment, considers leaving her rich protector for him. And then there's the gangster-gunman's old mother who hasn't seen her son for years and who, when at last he comes contritely back to her bosom, will have nothing to do with him, pokes him one in the face, and tells him she curses the day he was born. And there are a number of other such characters and incidents. True? Realistic? Go tell that to your grandmother! They're fake, theatrical hokum, greasepaint, baloney, pure and simple. And no one should know it better than Nathan, who has punctured more theatrical hoke in his time than a whole carload of other critics. *Dead End*, aside from its realistic brats, is intrinsically nothing more than the old Belasco romantic claptrap tricked out deceptively with some loud realistic cuss-words and with some super-realistic Belasco scenery. Nathan saw much of it truly, particularly the Belasco angle, but the noodlehead fumbled the really important Kingsley fakery.

The gold cup of recent months, however, goes to William Lyon Phelps for his critical performance in Percy Hammond's *Herald-Tribune* Sunday column not long ago. Phelps is the *summa cum* in unconscious critical burlesque. He is the one critic in America who can make even an old sailor sea-

Continued at top of page 187

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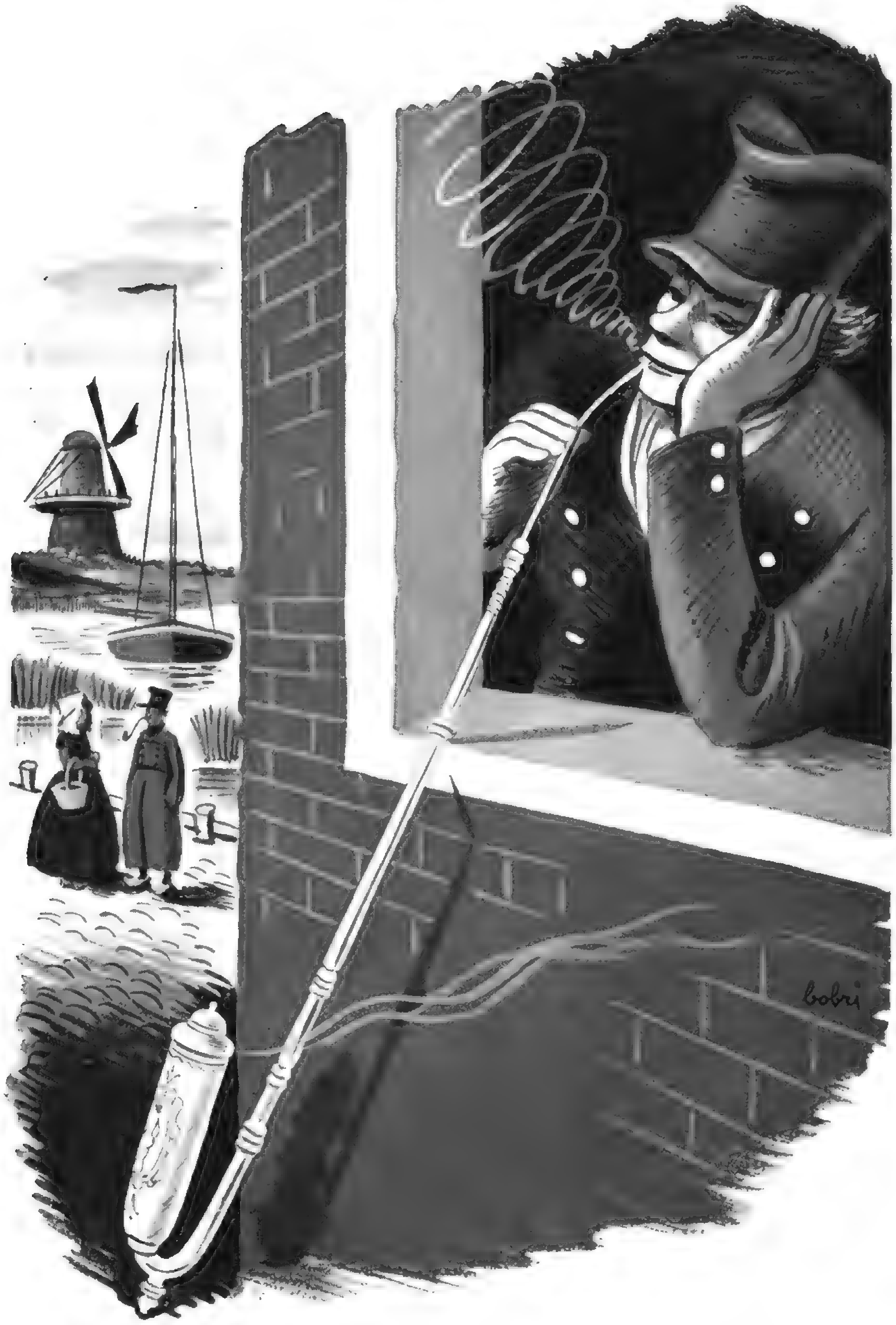

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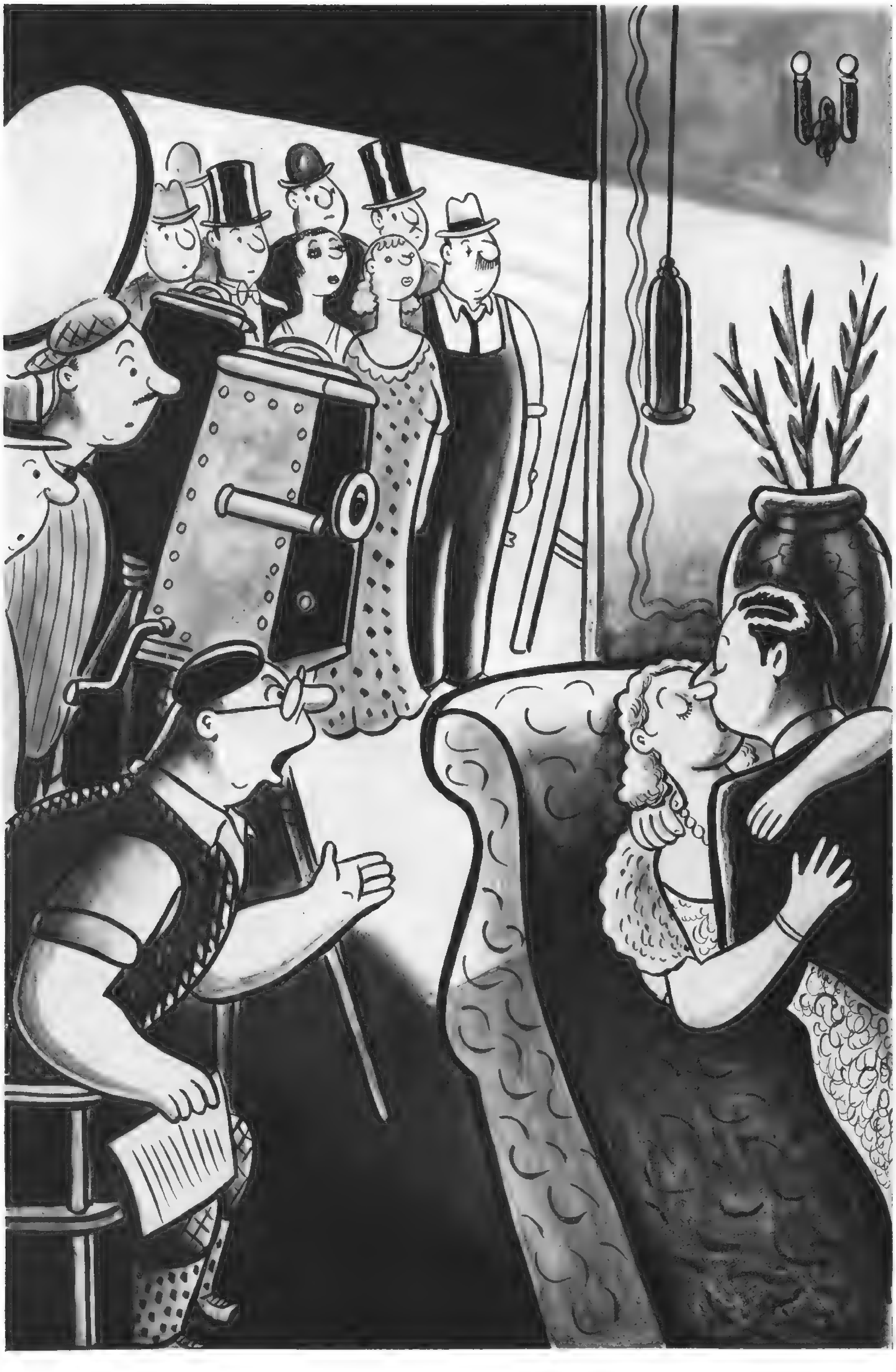

"Please! I've yelled 'cut' seven times already!"

Revue of Reviews

Continued from pages 31-186

sick with his rolling waves of bosh. I quote a few examples of his imbecility:

1. "For my part, I think the Pulitzer prize has usually been well awarded . . . Zoe Akins deserved it in 1935 with *The Old Maid*." (Both *The Children's Hour* and *Rain From Heaven*, you will recall, were produced in 1935.)

2. "That mighty work of genius (*Rosmersholm*) is about fifty years old and is more contemporary than most of the plays written in 1935. I used to think that John Gabriel Borkman was a minor play of Ibsen's until I saw Eva Le Gallienne's production." (*There* are a couple of high and fancy ones for you, particularly the second! So it took Eva Le Gallienne to instruct Phelps in the relative status of the Ibsen plays!)

3. "I wish I could like *Winterset* . . . but, although I tried earnestly to like it, I couldn't. Perhaps, like most of the plays by Hauptmann, its failure is more inspiring than many successes." (So most of the plays by Hauptmann have been failures? With whom, Professor?)

As a matter of fact, the Professor deserves two gold cups. Both full of prune-juice. #

The Sporting Chance

Continued from page 38

air was full of the savage purr of the rattle and we could smell the heavy musk peculiar to cantalopes and rattlesnakes.

But this warrior stood his ground. He was in perfect "fighting coil" and as I have always regarded this as one of the most beautiful poses among animals, I paused a moment to watch him.

A rattler in "resting coil" is gathered into a circular heap with his head resting on the top lair of his body and the tail sticking up from the center of the coil. A snake ready to strike is in a very different position. A third or more of his body is reared up and curved into a graceful "S" shape. The rattle is held up an inch or so clear of the ground and sounds almost continually. In this position the snake is poised like a javelin in the hand of a thrower. The reared "S" can lunge out like a flash, the spear shaped head at the end do its work, and the snake recover himself without shifting the lower coils.

As it is the erect "S" that does the lunging, a snake cannot strike accurately more than about one-third of its own length. However, an angry snake may fling out half his length and by chance inflict a wound.

As the ground was not suitable for a forked stick, I slipped a noose over this fellow's head, tightening the strap, and raised him up. Fortunately for snake hunters, a rattlesnake's head is wider than his body and this makes it difficult for him to slip through a noose when fairly caught back of the neck.

In spite of the purchase the pole gave me, the desperate struggles of the big rattler nearly tore it out of my hands. Fortunately, one of the more expert hunters was ready with an open burlap bag, and the raging captive was lowered in, the rattle making a really blood curdling sound. When the bottom of the bag began to lump out, I stripped the noose free, pulled out the stick and at the same moment the holder of the bag swung it about so as to twist up the mouth and prevent the snake joining us again. Then pulling the twisted mouth through his belt with an indifference I envied, he waved to go on. Theoretically, a snake will not strike through a sack, but I have always had my doubts.

"What sort of snake is that coiled up by your foot?" asked Foster curiously. I looked down at a huge banded rattlesnake. He was lying in a pile of dead leaves at the foot of an old stump and was practically invisible, the dark brown pattern of his skin matching the brown leaves to perfection.

Fortunately for me, this gentleman was not in a striking position, but lay in his resting coils. He began to flow away towards a hole in the base of the stump and his head had vanished before I could use my noose. Armed with a forked stick, another hunter hurried up and pinned the snake down amidships. The rattle went off like a hive of angry bees, but by grabbing his tail I managed slowly to ease his snakeship out of the hole.

"Be sure you pin his head down as soon as it comes out," I warned.

"I will," he promised, but the snake here took matters into his own hands. Suddenly giving up his attempt to escape, he pulled himself out of the hole and whirled about like a released spring. The forked stick dabbed helplessly at the flashing head and I fell over backwards. He lashed out towards my flying heels and I could hear the thud as his head struck a stone. Then my friend pinned him down.

"I hope he didn't hurt himself," said Lavensford, one of the more rabid enthusiasts. "That crack sounded as though he had broken a fang. He didn't get you, did he?"

"He, he just missed," I said, apparently to Lavensford's great disappointment. "Open his mouth and see if there's any damage done."

Lavensford held down the angry triangular head with the end of his "L" shaped wire and instantly the forked stick was snatched away. Of course it would only

Continued on page 188

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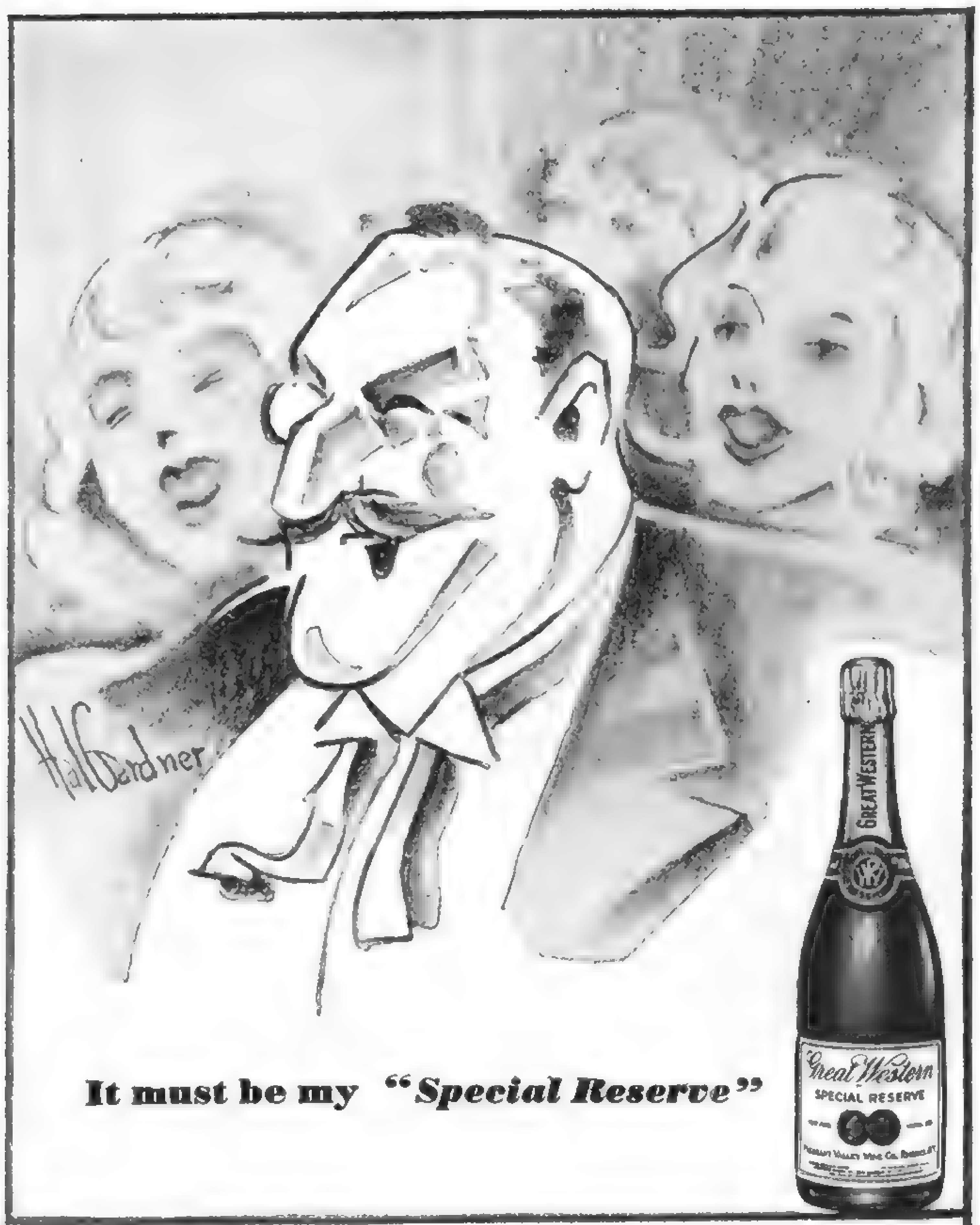

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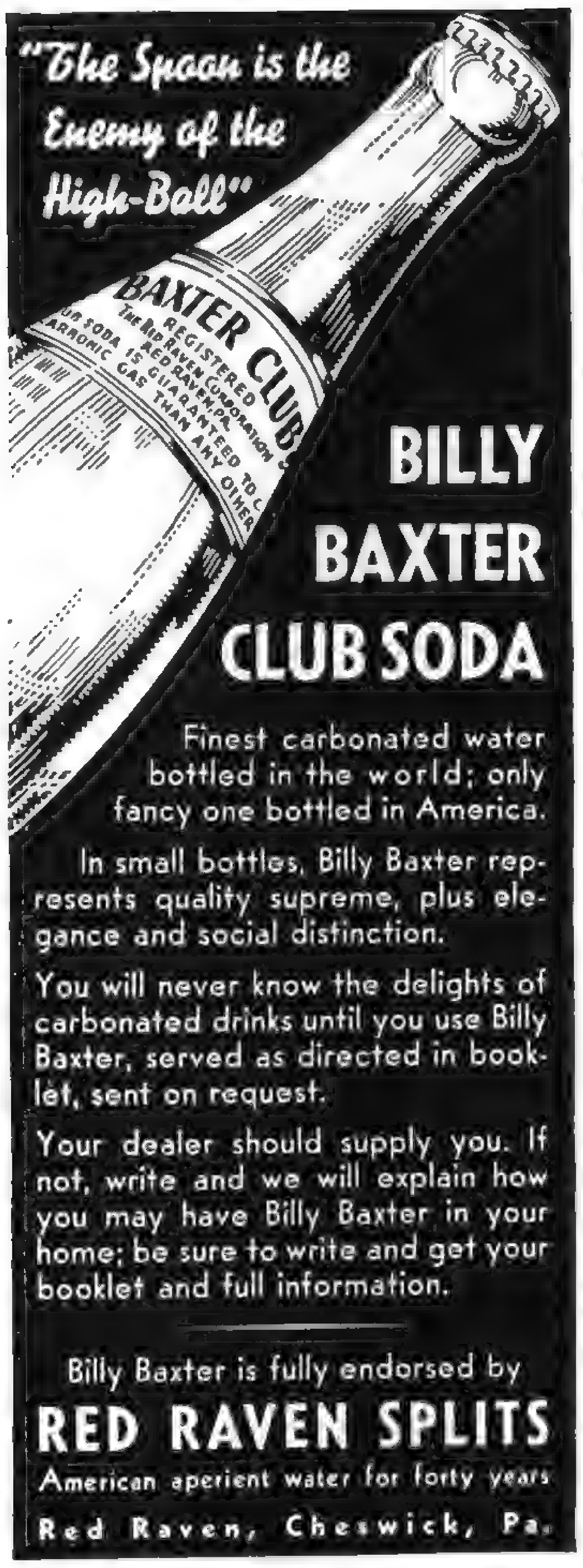

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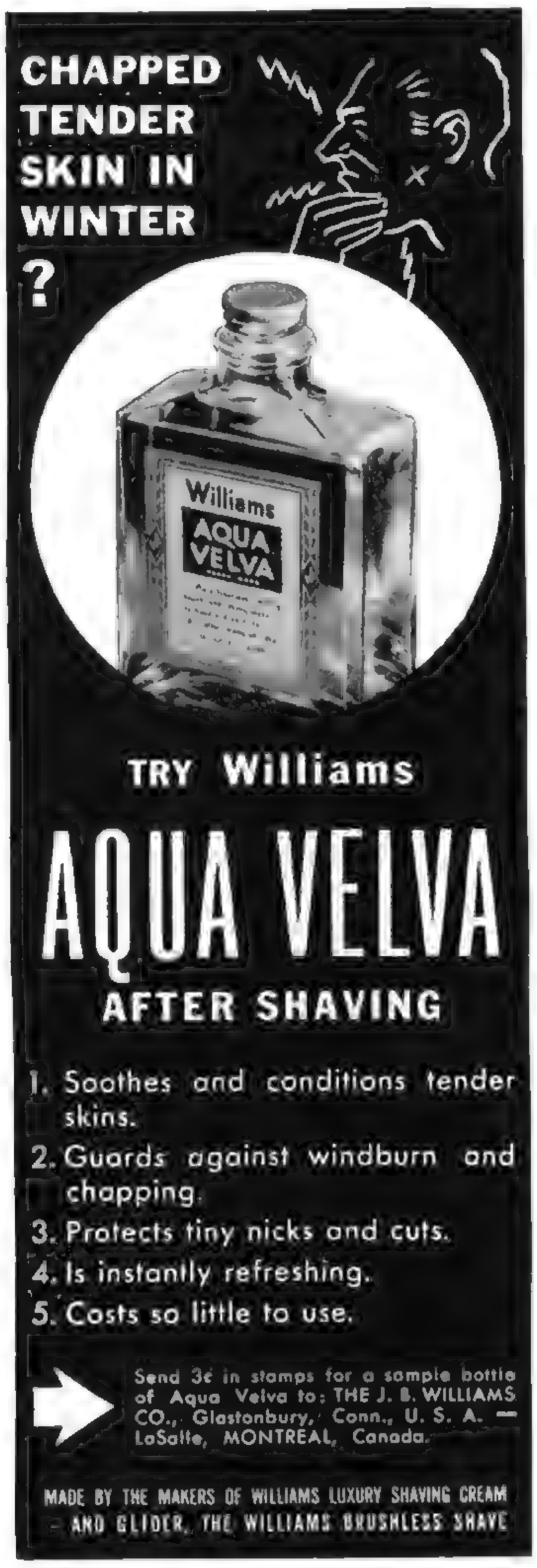

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The Sporting Chance

Continued from pages 38-187

take a second or two for the rattler to jerk himself clear of the light wire but in that second Lavensford had gripped him just behind the head.

The four foot yellow body lashed about among the leaves with unbelievable strength. Lavensford hung on literally for dear life, doing his best to prevent the snake breaking loose and also to keep from choking him. Dropping the wire, with his left hand he seized the powerful body and tried to hold it still. At once a coil was thrown about his arm and with this purchase the snake again tried to break loose from the grip about its neck. The nine segments of the rattle buzzed at his ear, once striking against his cheek in the snake's desperate struggles, but Lavensford ignored them. It was the other end of the snake he was interested in.

It is interesting to hold a snake in your hands and feel his steely muscles under the smooth, hard scales. The sensation is impossible to describe; it can only be likened to feeling the throb of a heavy electric current through a thick wire swathed in velvet. There is both fear and fascination in gripping the living embodiment of death and sensing the soft powerful coils of the serpent gliding through your naked hands.

Pressing gently on the side of the rattler's head, Lavensford managed to open the infuriated animal's jaws. We could see the two fangs slowly slip out of their sheaths of soft white skin set into the roof of the mouth. The fangs were simply curved hypodermic needles in miniature, leading to the poison sacks in either side of the broad flat head. Most North American poisonous snakes can be told by their club shaped heads, thoughtfully provided by nature, so as to permit as much space as possible for the poison glands.

Lavensford pressed the head gently and managed to cause a discharge of amber venom.

"That's all right," he said in relief. "I was afraid he might have broken off a fang on that stone."

Someone asked whether the venom is discharged automatically upon the fangs entering the flesh or whether the snake releases the poison at will. This started a long discussion.

Peter Martin inclined to the latter theory. He and a friend had once been hired to catch rattlers on a golf course a few miles away. Rattlesnakes being a hazard not called for by the rules, the golf club was offering five dollars for every snake caught. While picking up an enraged rattler from the fifth tee, the friend's hand slipped and the snake had sunk one fang into his thumb. Although that fang injected enough venom to kill the man within 12 hours, the other fang had not discharged.

That golf course had been a boon to the entire countryside. Naturally, every farmer for miles around hired Martin to let loose several dozen snakes there at night to be caught by them the next day. Martin spoiled his own chances by going about with a couple of tame snakes loaned to him by Foster, and letting them wander around the fairway. When he saw anyone coming, he would hastily catch them and claim the reward. Finally a watch was put on him and he was found behind a hedge playing with the snakes. The almost bankrupt club discharged him in disgrace.

I was surprised to know that snakes can be tamed. Foster told me it was not unusual but always rather uncertain as the snakes may strike nervously at a quick motion without meaning harm. In short, it was not a good idea to step on their tails.

Peter asked if any of us knew the record time for death to follow from a snake bite. I recalled a young girl who had died within thirty-five minutes. Peter admitted that broke the local record of four hours established some years before by a neighboring farmer's wife who had picked up what she thought was her little daughter's skipping rope.

By this time we had reached the dens and there was great excitement. A slab of rock was pried over disclosing a perfect slew of snakes. Every noose had a writhing rattler and the bags were growing heavier and heavier. The angry snakes occasionally struck each other, but there were no cases of a cornered rattler committing suicide by biting himself, in spite of the old legend.

Some of the more daring hunters made the annual attempt to go up the "flea hole." This attractive spot is a small cavern in the rocks just wide enough for a man to crawl along on his stomach. It was full of snakes.

By an almost unanimous vote, in which there was only one dissenting opinion, my own, it was decided I try it first this year. I wriggled up the black tunnel with a flashlight I had thoughtfully brought, wondering at the foolhardy bravery of boys who in former years had done it holding lighted matches in their teeth as the only light. As I advanced, the air grew so heavy with rattlesnake musk I realized that a human had only a few minutes in this weird place before losing consciousness.

Suddenly I came to a vaulted chamber where I could stand. The walls were arched and hung with stalactites until they resembled the inside of a pipe organ. A tiny pool flashed back the rays of my flashlight. It was fed by dozens of little trickles down the faces of the scarred rocks. Every foot of the walls was carved and twisted by the action of the water, forming small ledges on to which opened countless tunnels through

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the rock to the ledges above.

The place roared with the savage death rattles of scores of snakes, but it was some time before I could make them out lying on the ledges. I made a feeble attempt to use my noose, but the space was too small and the snakes easily glided away among the ghostly stalactites. The throttling scent of the musk began to overcome me, and I crawled out, not, however, without a tingling sensation on the soles of my feet.

Outside, all the snakes had either been captured or escaped and several were being "milked" of their venom. The apparatus was simple, a glass covered with rubberized cloth. A snake was grasped behind the neck and induced to strike down through the cloth. The amber colored drops of discharged venom trickled down the glass and the snake was "milked." The process was quite painless and the snake in an hour or so would have a fresh supply of poison.

Some of the extracted venom would be sold for the making of antivenin, the serum used in treatment of snake bite. In a diluted form the venom would be injected into horses until the animals had built up an immunity to it. Then a little of the horses' blood would be drawn off, prepared in the laboratories, sealed in small tubes and sent off to hospitals in the rattlesnake regions.

We had lunch while waiting for the venom to dry. It was poured out into a dozen or more shallow saucers and after an hour in the hot sun had shrunk to less than half its volume, leaving a mass of what appeared to be yellow crystals. These were carefully scraped off by the naturalists with elaborate precautions to keep off dirt.

It was a strange sensation to shake out a handful of the deadly stuff, first making sure there were no cuts in your fingers, and think what effect it would have coursing through your veins. Snake venom is possibly the only poison that affects the whole system. Other poisons specialize on the stomach or the nerves or the heart, but rattlesnake venom attacks the red corpuscles, turning the blood into a watery-like substance, and is carried throughout the body. Result: fainting, vomiting, cramps, convulsions and then death. The poison is not, however, invariably fatal, especially if the wound is treated at once.

While waiting for the yellow flakes of venom to be bottled up and prepared for shipment, the conversation naturally turned towards snake stories. One of the club told a story of buying over twenty poisonous snakes and reptiles at about a quarter of their value. He had gone to see a snake charming act at a dime museum and the performer, who was working with his wife, took up an enormous eight foot diamondback rattlesnake and was promptly bitten. The charmer then beat on a tomtom, muttered a chant and pulled out a smaller five foot one that also bit him. The performer took his bow, retired from the platform, and was rushed to the hospital. The club member bought the snakes from his sorrowing widow next day. She explained her husband had extracted the fangs from both the rattlers that morning and so thought they were helpless. The snakes fooled him.

Rattlesnakes shed their fangs four or five times a year and grow new ones. In fact, the new ones develop by the side of the old and are ready for use as soon as the old fangs drop away. Apparently both of these snakes had been on the point of shedding their fangs and the charmer had simply helped them along.

Their present owner claimed rattlers have a sense of humor, for these two seemed to have had self-satisfied smirks on their faces when he got them.

I could only tell one story of narrow escapes with rattlers. I have a small greenhouse and one summer while I was photographing snakes, I had every aquarium and glass fronted box in the place filled with rattlesnakes.

During supper one evening, I suddenly recalled my pet raccoon was loose in the greenhouse and might get some of the boxes open. I left the table and taking a flashlight went down to the greenhouse.

Although usually quite tame, this evening he insisted on hiding behind every tank he could find, but at last I got him cornered behind a radiator coil and pulled him out by the tail. As I straightened up, I knocked off a big box full of snakes.

Dropping the raccoon, I caught the box and tried to replace it on the shelf. It was too heavy, my foot slipped and I fell flat on my back with the box on top of me. The glass front dropped out and there was a cascade of snakes.

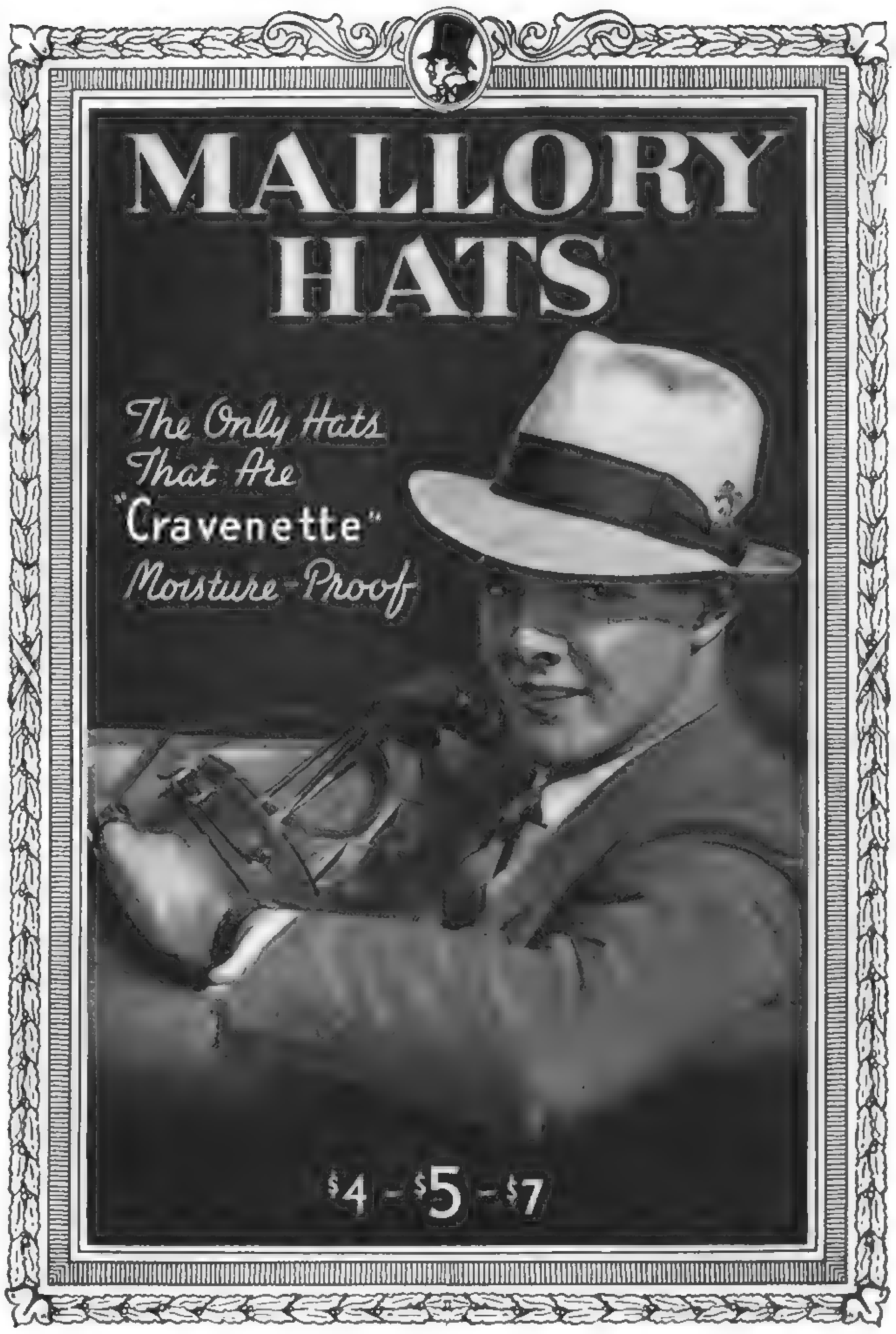
The flashlight went out. I tried to lie still but the strain was too great. I jumped for the wall radiator coils and got out a window.

My legs were so gashed by the broken glass it was impossible to tell whether or not I had been bitten. The family tried to put permanganate of potassium on the cuts but the pain was too great and I could not stand it. No antivenin was available, but after an hour or so, I was still alive and so we decided I had not been bitten after all.

Foster here interrupted to say the real thrill of that disaster came the next day when he had to catch the snakes in the greenhouse. Every time he got one in a noose, half a dozen more would start rattling around him. The climax came when he had to crawl under a wooden tank on his stomach to get the last three.

Several pre-medical students bitterly protested that no one had ever been bitten on any of our trips, thus depriving them of a chance to watch the symptoms of rattlesnake poisoning. However, hope was still springing eternal in

Continued on page 190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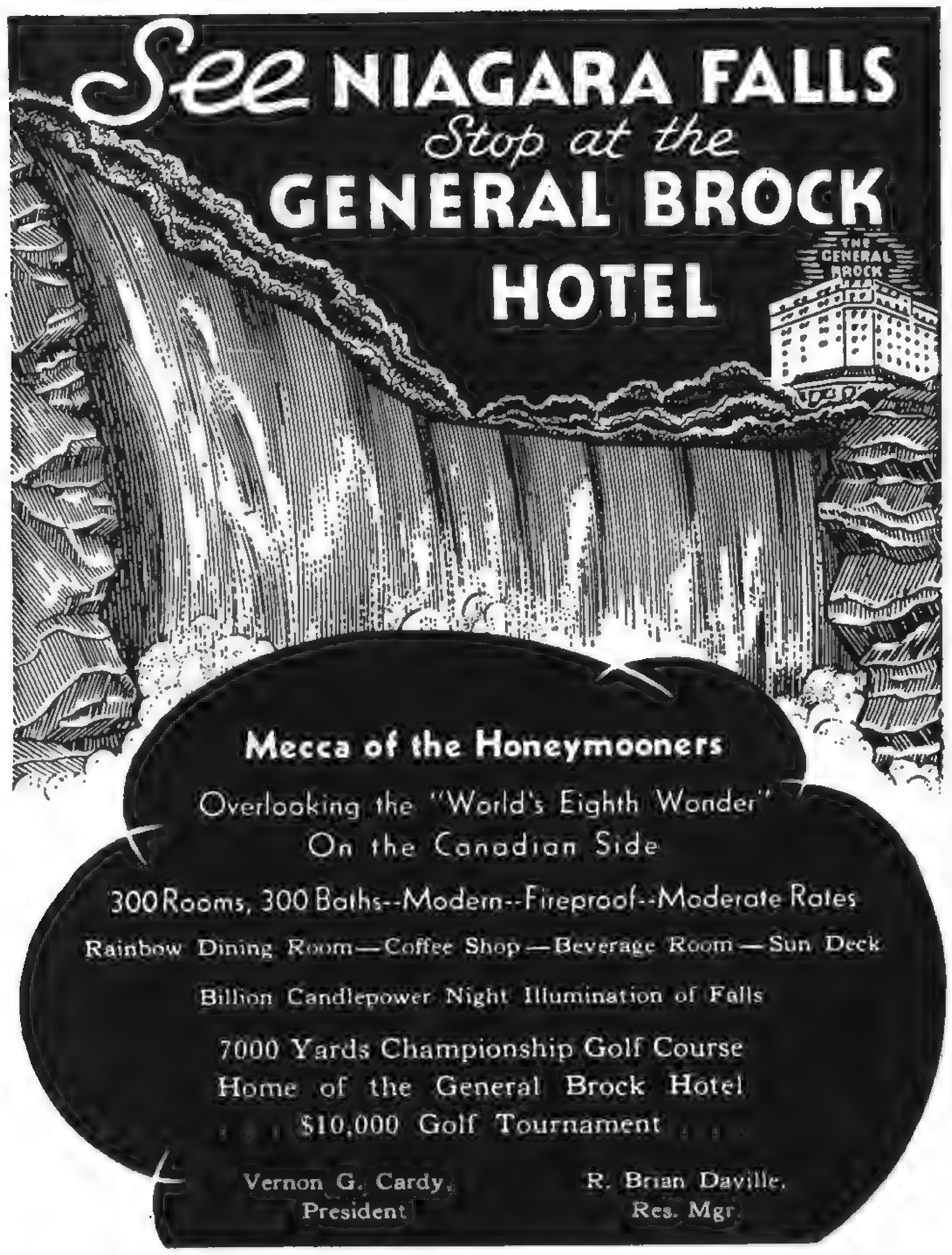

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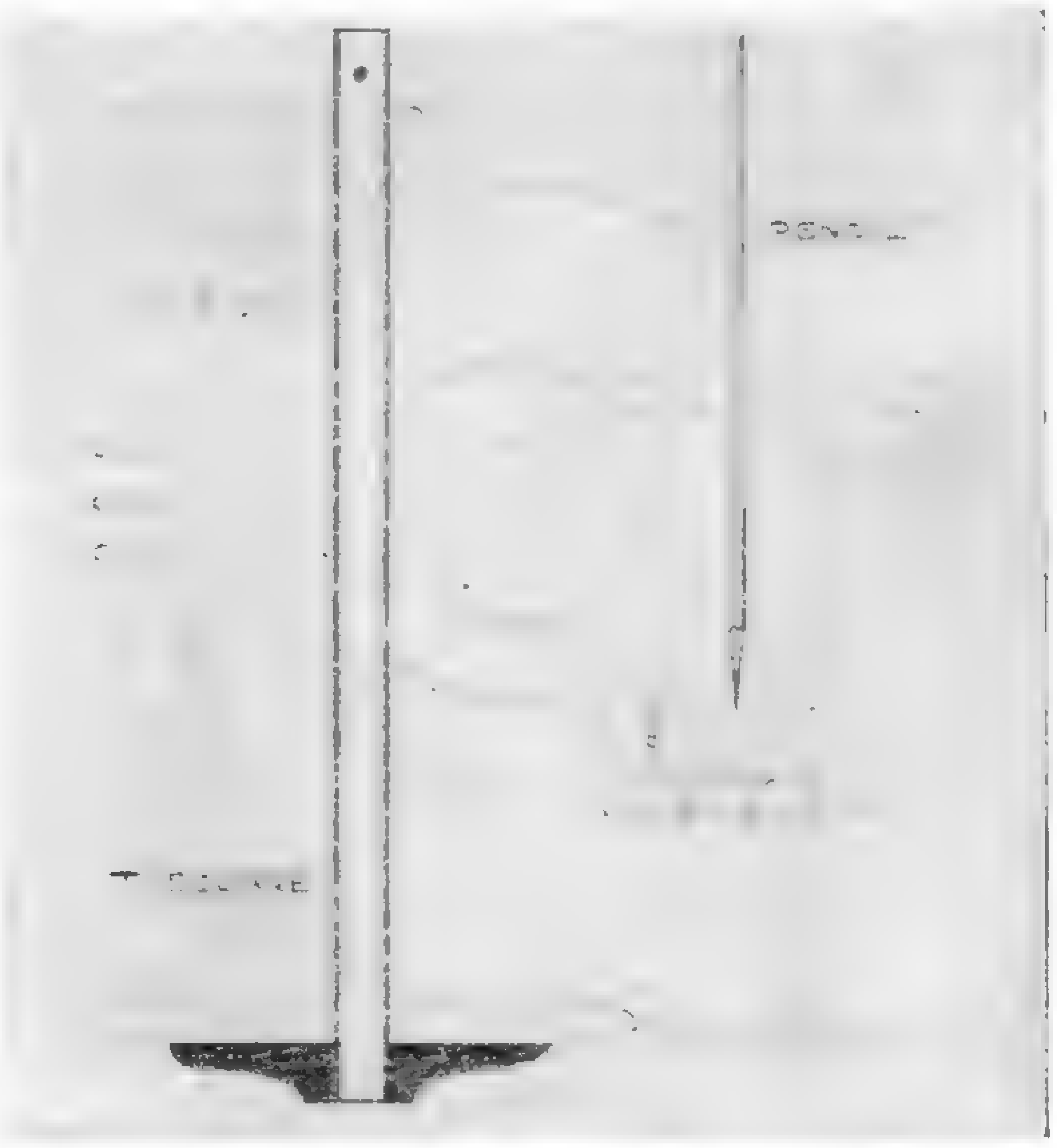

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The Sporting Chance

Continued from pages 38-187-189

their breasts and they intended going out every year with us until somebody's hand slipped.

Lavensford assured them it would do no good. Whenever anything like that happened, they were sure to miss it. For years he had carried around a complete snake bite outfit consisting of a one-sided safety razor blade, a small cupping glass with a bulb for sucking the venom out of a wound, a rubber tourniquet, antivenin serum with a hypodermic, permanganate crystals and bandages. After some practice he felt he was expert and eagerly waited a chance to use it, always carrying it when he went on a trip to the country.

Last summer he had attended a house party on the shores of Oneida Lake in western New York state. One of the girls was thoughtful enough to go blackberrying and get bitten by the little massasauga swamp rattler. With a song in his heart, Lavensford had rushed up to his room for the snake bite outfit only to find for the first time in ten years it had been forgotten.

"What did you do?" We asked him.

"I got them to telephone for serum and then tried to reproduce the rest of the kit from things around the house. It was rather a Robinson Crusoe affair, but a lot better than nothing. I wrapped a big handkerchief about the leg (she was bitten on the ankle) and twisted it to stop the circulation and prevent the venom's passing up the leg.

"Of course, the whole point in treating snake bite is to keep the poison from spreading to other parts of the body. I cut open the fang marks to get rid of the venom, and then sucked out the wound as well as possible."

"Yes, Mrs. Dugan did that to one of her kids when he got bitten," said Peter. "'Course you can swallow the poison and it doesn't hurt you unless it gets in a cut, but she had a bad tooth and darn near died herself."

"I had better luck," went on Lavensford. "Until the serum arrived, there was nothing much more to do, except loosen the handkerchief every now and then to let the wound bleed and prevent blood poisoning. The serum didn't get there until the next day. She was delirious most of the night and I had to make a couple or more incisions farther up the leg as the swelling increased."

"Couldn't you cauterize the wound?" I asked.

"No, that would have prevented its bleeding, the very thing we wanted it to do. Whiskey would have done no good either as that just speeds up the circulation and helps to distribute the poison throughout the system."

"Yea, I've heard that about the whiskey but it's a mighty pleasant cure," said Peter with feeling. "Lots better than gettin' your soul burned out with that other stuff."

"You mean the permanganate," said Foster. "Well, that isn't used full strength any more. There's so much tissue destruction unless it's very dilute; the stuff is too dangerous to use."

"I'm glad of that," said Peter with relief. He had once rubbed pure crystals of permanganate into a bite and claimed afterwards it was worse than the venom. "Did this girl ever get well of you and the rattlesnake, Mr. Lavensford?"

"Oh yes. Fortunately for her he was only about a foot long and she got better."

"Well, if somebody around here doesn't get bitten pretty soon I'm going to stick my hand into one of those bags and write up my own symptoms," said a medical student bitterly.

But a moment later, when an angry rattle sounded from under the rock where he was sitting, there was no evidence of wanting to be a martyr to science.

It was time to start home, but when the roll call came, one girl was missing.

"She's off sketching somewhere," was the verdict and a general halloo went up.

Knowing that the artist was apt to grow deaf and dumb before a good subject, I strolled off and found the truant a score of yards from the den. In front of her, on a flat rock, lay a great orange rattlesnake, comfortably coiled on the hot stone. He was getting his picture painted. As I came up, the rattle sounded and the snake slowly rose to striking position.

"Go 'way," said the artist without looking up.

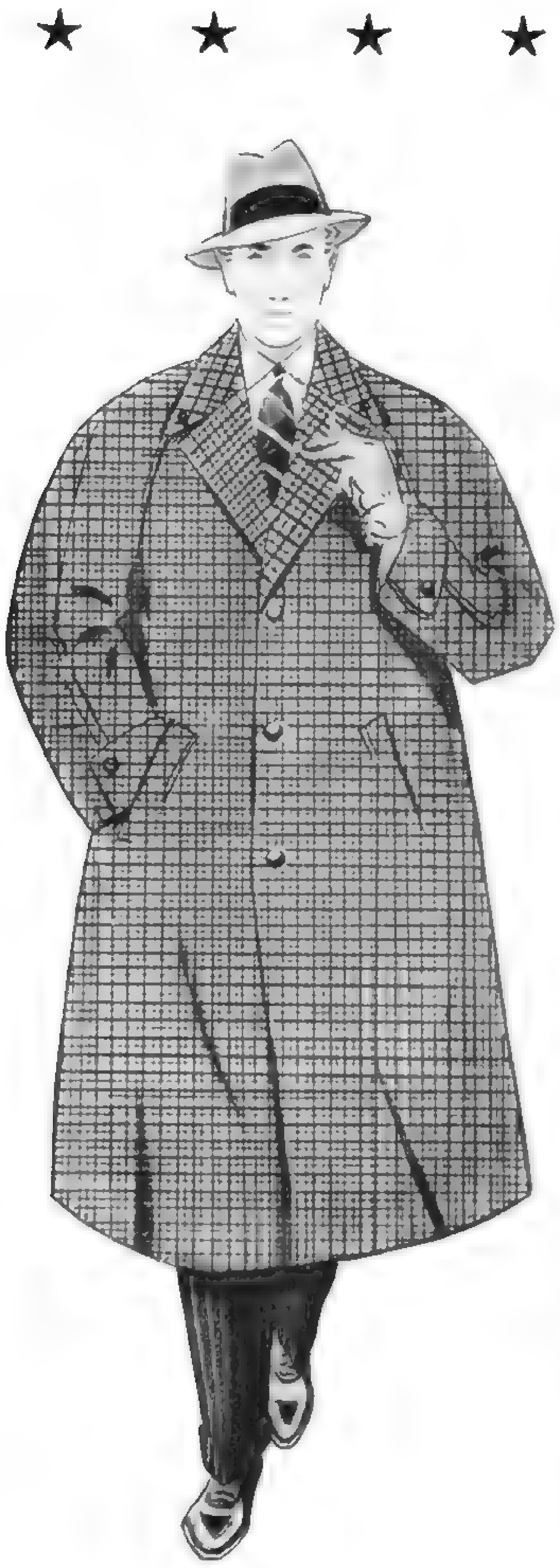
"Sorry." I said. "It's time to go."

The rattler turned and began to pour himself out of coil and down the side of the rock. The artist sighed and worked desperately over her painting. As the great snake ran his head along the rough stone, the black flame of his tongue flickered again and again until at last he found a crevice and slipped in. Last to go was the delicately carved tail, hung with rattles like a Chinese gong folded up.

"Poor Crotalus," sighed the girl putting away her paints. "All the other animals have been killed and driven away by man. He alone remains; sullen, savage, fighting the battle of the wild against cruel humanity. He alone avenges the helpless squirrels and quail and deer the hunters slaughter each year.

"Good-bye, Crotalus! Poor fellow, man will succeed in killing you too, but you'll fight to the death and there'll be a long line of dead humans to open the gates of hell for the last of the rattlesnakes."

From under the rock rang out the unyielding castanet of *Crotalus horridus.* #



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Prince Starhemberg

Continued from page 50

servants, who fell all over themselves at the sight of their august masters. Some of them descended of families that have lived on the estates longer than man remembers. The one thing in which the young Prince was disappointed was the lack of opportunity to display his military mettle. Where was romance in a world devoid of armed knights roaming the countryside in search of adventure?

His heart leapt with joy at the outbreak of the World War. He would have liked nothing better than to follow the Starhemberg tradition of beating Russian and Italian, and being hailed as the Savior of the Fatherland. The great difficulty was his age, which prevented him from realizing his dream-life of blood and mud. But the war lasted so long that he graduated into the age where it was possible for him to put on the colorful uniform of a Cavalry Lieutenant. He arrived in the hinterland just in time to see the collapse of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy and hear the bugles of the armistice.

What was he to do in an Emperorless Austria, and in a Vienna ruled by the Socialists? The romantic traditions of his family and his environment had done their work and now he surveyed the field for openings for a young hero of leisure. His eyes fell on the German Reich.

Prince Starhemberg, who had just turned twenty, set out to continue the romantic life of errant knights in the Europe of the Twentieth Century and he succeeded in his designs. One day he was at grips with the Poles in German Upper Silesia and the following day he joined the illegal Black Reichswehr in its underground war against Teutonic Bolshevists. We catch a glimpse of him some twelve years ago, an adolescent hero-worshipper at the feet of his countryman, Adolf Hitler. The Fuehrer of those days was only a demi-God in Bavaria, trying to live down his past as an ex-Austrian housepainter and to find shelter in fame from the inclemencies of obscurity. Prince Starhemberg drank the endless flow of words falling from the fleshy lips of Hitler, half-convinced that he had found the great experience of his life and half-doubtful whether it was not a social faux pas to be found in the company of a man of the lower classes.

Hitler announced his plan to march from Munich to Berlin and wrest power from unclean republican hands. The young Prince was to march with him but changed his mind just in time to escape the fate of being mowed down by the Reichswehr, which stopped the march a few hundred steps from its starting point.

This shock impelled young Starhemberg to seek glory in less exposed parts of the world and he returned to his ancestral hunting grounds, still convinced that fate had cast him for a leading rôle. He stood his servants in line (there were some eight hundred of them at that time) put uniforms on them and drilled them in the best manner of medieval feudal lords. To his neighbors he may have appeared a hero or a fool and he was probably both. He drilled his men with furious energy, telling them that he was to lead them against the enemy—the Reds. He sacrificed most of his money for the good cause and then went bankrupt.

A young Prince with a miniature army appealed to the Austrians, who have always favored comic opera. Since, however, the ludicrous is only a hair's breadth from the majestic in political matters, it was only a question of time when young Starhemberg would receive an invitation to join the government. Meanwhile he bolstered his position by joining forces with several other reactionary groups, such as the Verband Deutsche Wehr, Bund Oberland and Jaegercorps Wien. They all had a penchant for marching to the tune of lively Austrian music.

Some five years ago the Austrian Chancellor Karl Vaugoin did invite Starhemberg to join his government, which the young man did with great alacrity, but he regretted his decision just as quickly and performed one of the most remarkable feats of political acrobatics. By that time he had become the most important leader of the Heimwehr, and in that capacity he began to plot against himself as Minister of Interior in the Confederated Republic of Austria.

Ten carloads of the Prince's soldiers awaited his signal at Graz to march upon Vienna and wrest power from himself as Minister of the country. One of his subordinates, however, Vienna's Acting Police Commissioner Anton Pamer, frustrated the plot. Parliament was informed of the events and Starhemberg was invited out of office. He showed his contempt for the legislature by appearing before it in knickers and sweater, reading a Right-wing newspaper during the solemn proceedings. He merely said that Austria faced the alternative of bolshevism or fascism, and that he was in favor of the latter.

As a matter of fact, Starhemberg's fascist career was carved out for him by no less a person than Italy's dictator, Signor Mussolini, who had discovered the Prince's aptitude for political extravaganza. He appointed himself the sugar-daddy at large of the Austrian fascist irregulars and sunk millions of the hard-earned money of his countrymen into the Heimwehr. The story of this heavy financing was authoritatively told by former Vice Chancellor Franz Winkler.

Meanwhile the Reich had gone

Continued on page 192

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Prince Starhemberg

Continued from pages 50-191

into some serious commitments. The republic was no more, the Third Reich was established with Adolf Hitler at the top and he appealed to his former disciple to renew their cordial relations. His idea was to have the Prince beat the drum while Austria marched bodily into Germany. But Starhemberg had grown somewhat older and much colder. He saw what had happened in Germany to the erstwhile leaders and realized that under Hitler he would be reduced to the status of a glorified messenger boy with a telephone and a good-looking stenographer. His eyes were now glued on the highest office in the land, and he decided that the wisest course for him would be to become Hitler's implacable enemy, and so he did.

He joined forces with Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss, Austria's midget dictator. If the Chancellor had not been assassinated by the Nazis in the Summer of 1934, the Prince would have needed some more maneuvering to find his way into history textbooks. The little man was too much of a character to give a chance to others to make their mark. After the death of Dollfuss, our Prince Starhemberg became the Active Chancellor and the doors of fame were now open to him. But he remained at the head only for a few days, as his colleagues suddenly realized that with him around the place there would be no plums for them. The Prince, however, also had his say and his advice prevailed in the selection of such a pleasantly colorless person as Kurt Schuschnigg. All this goes to show that Prince Starhemberg is not quite as "dumm" as Vienna's café politicians paint him.

Real power has gradually passed into Starhemberg's hands with the active help of Il Duce, who has taken an aggressive liking to him, and sees him often as his favored guest in the Palazzo Venezia. The Prince's power was further increased last autumn when he performed the daring coup of merging all Austrian fascist armed groups into one, of which he is the uncrowned King. At that time he also gave a powerful kick to Minister Emil Fey, a strong second as a potential power.

Today Prince Starhemberg is on the way to become for Austria what Hitler is for the German Reich—and even more. Whether he succeeds in reaching his ultimate goal will depend largely on the Foreign Offices of the world and on the outcome of Signor Mussolini's drive in East Africa. The international diplomats may want to put him up as a ruler in order to prevent the return of the Hapsburgs, which many of them fear, and the grabbing of Austria by the Germans, which all of them want to avoid. Meanwhile the Prince is having the family escutcheon polished, ready to hang it on the walls of the Vienna Hofburg as the first member of the Starhemberg dynasty.

The Furiousest Man

Continued from page 56

blowing hypocritical smokescreens to hide private peccadillos, or seeking popular acclaim by maligning unpopular men or corporations. But La Guardia's eruptions are too diversified to fit any of these patterns. He gets up to speak and pulls a little beef-steak from his pocket. "That," he yells, "is what the meat dealers charge you a dollar and a half for!" He digs up some stilted, adolescent nonsense written by McKee, his rival for the New York mayoralty, and containing some vaguely uncomplimentary references to Hebrews who abandon their religion. "This man has betrayed the Jews!" howls La Guardia, and means it. He sees an army recruiting sign which says, "Join the Army and go to West Point!" Instantly our unaccountable reformer flies into a fearful temper and launches a virulent attack upon the War Department. Only one enlisted man in twenty-five thousand goes to West Point, screams La Guardia in print, and the War Department changes its propaganda placards.

For no good reason he complains bitterly about the presentation of a sword and an honorary coloneley to the visiting Queen Marie of Roumania—issues violent statements to the immigration authorities demanding in turn the exclusion of Countess Cathcart, Grand Duke Boris and Count Salm. In Congress La Guardia explains that he is trying to make American social climbers safe from foreign exploitation. All this might seem understandable enough if La Guardia were an ordinary muckraker, the garden variety of political crook who throws mud at shining targets to divert public attention from his own private pilfering. But La Guardia isn't that way. He's honest, amazingly honest. And believe it or not he *feels* every denunciatory work he speaks more vividly than he says it. He is an avenging fury sincerely incarnate. But what is he avenging?

Physically, "Little Flower" La Guardia has something to avenge. Nature played him a mean trick when she cut him off at five feet four inches. And psychologically, of course, small men are bound to compensate emotionally for their insignificant stature. Not that they do so intentionally, or even consciously—but they compensate just the same with exaggerated aggressiveness. This trait, within limits, is all to the good. It supplies an indefatigable drive

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Suppose, for the sake of argument, that Fiorello La Guardia derives his fighting fury from the mental reservoir reserved for compensation. That would account for his constant touchiness and his unreserved fierceness when aroused, self-defense being the fiercest of primitive responses. It remains to discover *how* La Guardia is trying to compensate—is he subconsciously striving to attain financial power or social superiority? There is no evidence of either.

The Mayor is quite frugal and thrifty, he has sufficient means, quite apart from politics, to live in comfort, and he is entirely satisfied with that. As for social climbing, La Guardia scorns it bitterly—a touch of social inferiority feeling, perhaps, masquerading as scorn, but no social aspirations, certainly.

To discover how a person is trying to compensate, you have to find out what he wants to excel at. A blind man may seek superiority in music, a cripple may turn to scholarly attainments. Those are ordinary compensations. La Guardia's compensation, like his personality, is extraordinary. He is trying to become a moral giant. He is the one reformer I know of who has no motive but reform. Righting the world's wrongs is what he wants to excel at. Sin to him is the essence of red-raggishness.

Unlike the statue of Civic Virtue which La Guardia removed from City Hall Park and relegated to a remote, tree-screened spot in Brooklyn, this man does not select vices clothed in beautiful and alluring female flesh to gloat over sadistically as he tramples them lingeringly under foot. If you list the wrongs Fiorello La Guardia has attempted to right—a task which would tax the patience of the most verbose historian—you will find but a single common element in them all—exploitation of weak people by strong. Superiority of one man over another is in itself offensive to a person of La Guardia's type, and when an ostentatiously superior individual profits by another's weakness the little man's resentment flares into blue-edged reformer flame. His life ambition—though he may not know it—is to lay the mightiest low with a moral sword.

It is good that men like Mayor La Guardia happen once in an otherwise murky century. Some evils may in time be eliminated by moral growth of the community, some become so odoriferous that they eliminate themselves. But every so often a sheer sin-purgative is necessary—a fearless, fighting zealot whose chief joy in life is attacking human deviltry as Billy Sunday used to attack the devil under his lecture platform with a baseball bat. Such a man may, like the Greek hero Theseus, have his price—but his price is the snaky head of Medusa neatly basketed. Some politicians want power, and will pay for it; some want a place in the social sun; some, alas, desire gold—or its Rooseveltian equivalent. But your Simon-pure, dyed-in-the-swaddling-clothes dragon beheader, like La Guardia, asks no reward save new demons to annihilate. He may become somewhat embarrassing to our diplomatists, to be sure, if the domestic supply of devils runs short and our local hero is thus compelled by his unrelenting nature to take a couple of wild swings at European monsters, Teutonic terrorists and such. But surely the Tammany Tiger has life enough in it yet to give New York's Fusion mayor some good home sport and keep his attention, for the most part, on domestic sin chasing.

Fiorello La Guardia has lived a life that is curiously consistent and true to its own, distinctive pattern. From boyhood rebellions to Mayor's chair he has always been an oppositionist, always a crusader. Born of Austro-Italian-Jewish forbears on New York's lower East Side, Fiorello spent his boyhood marching from Army post to fort through middle western states, to the blare of his father's band music. La Guardia senior loved his job as army bandmaster and tried to make Fiorello follow in his footsteps. He did make the boy take cornet lessons but New Yorkers who have heard the Mayor's doleful tooting will testify that the paternal tutoring didn't take. Fiorello decided to become a jockey—perhaps because his father ridiculed the idea—and did in fact learn to ride extremely well. This enterprise, no doubt, was an abortive impulse toward physical compensation, the career of a jockey being one of the few callings where tiny men excel those of normal size. He later longed to become a cop, a prize-fighter or a newspaper man—vain hopes built upon compensating pugnacity and the beginnings of his subsequently developed reform motive.

After graduating from high school Fiorello fled from the sound of American band music to relatives in Budapest. It was there that the opportunity for public service at fifteen dollars a week knocked, and the young Lochinvar responded eagerly. A friend of mine who was on the diplomatic receiving end in Washington at that time assures me that Fiorello La Guardia, as U. S. Consul at Fiume, was the greatest pain in the neck the State Department ever had the misfortune to hire. That, really, is saying quite a lot. But just the same the La Guardia

Continued on page 194

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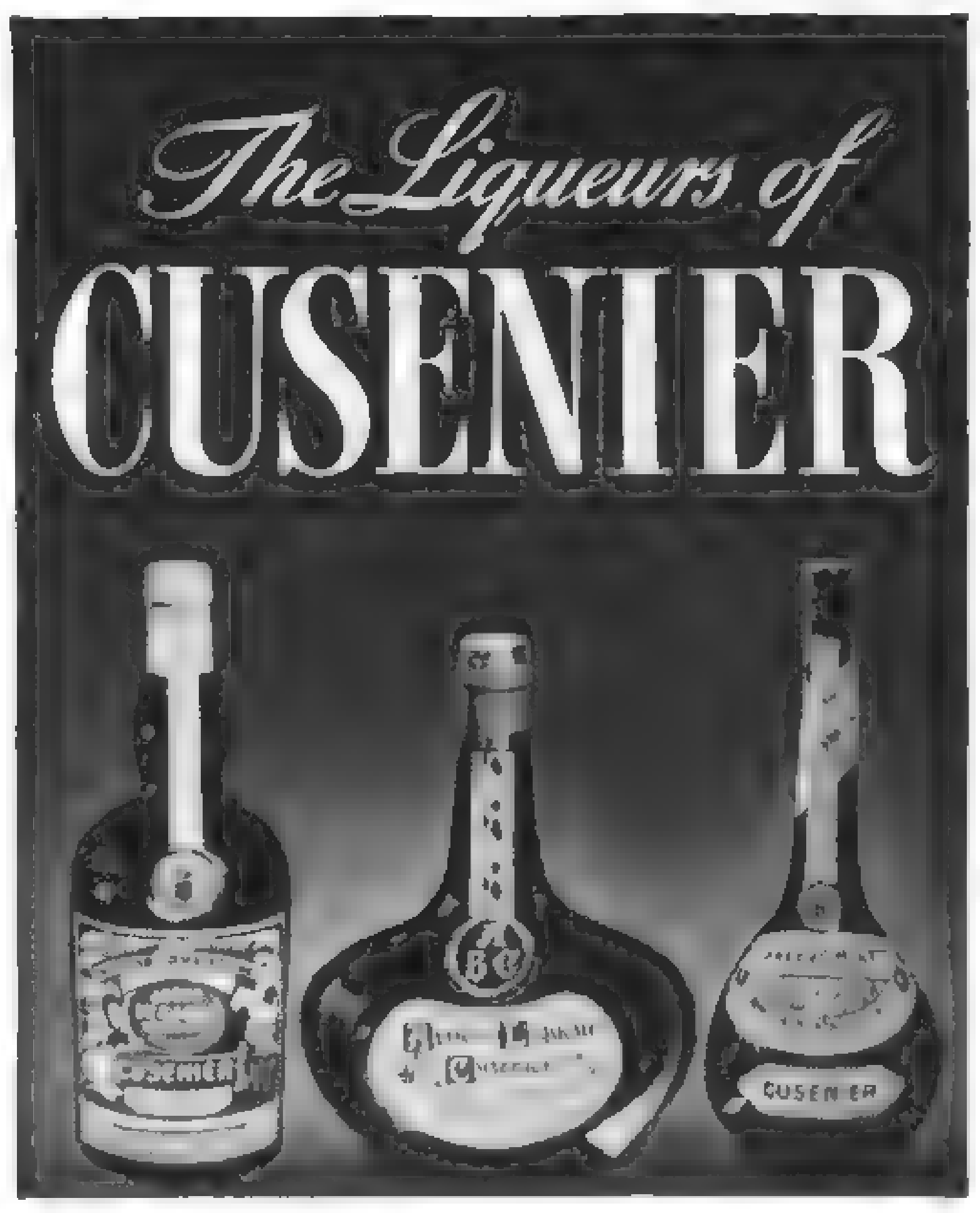

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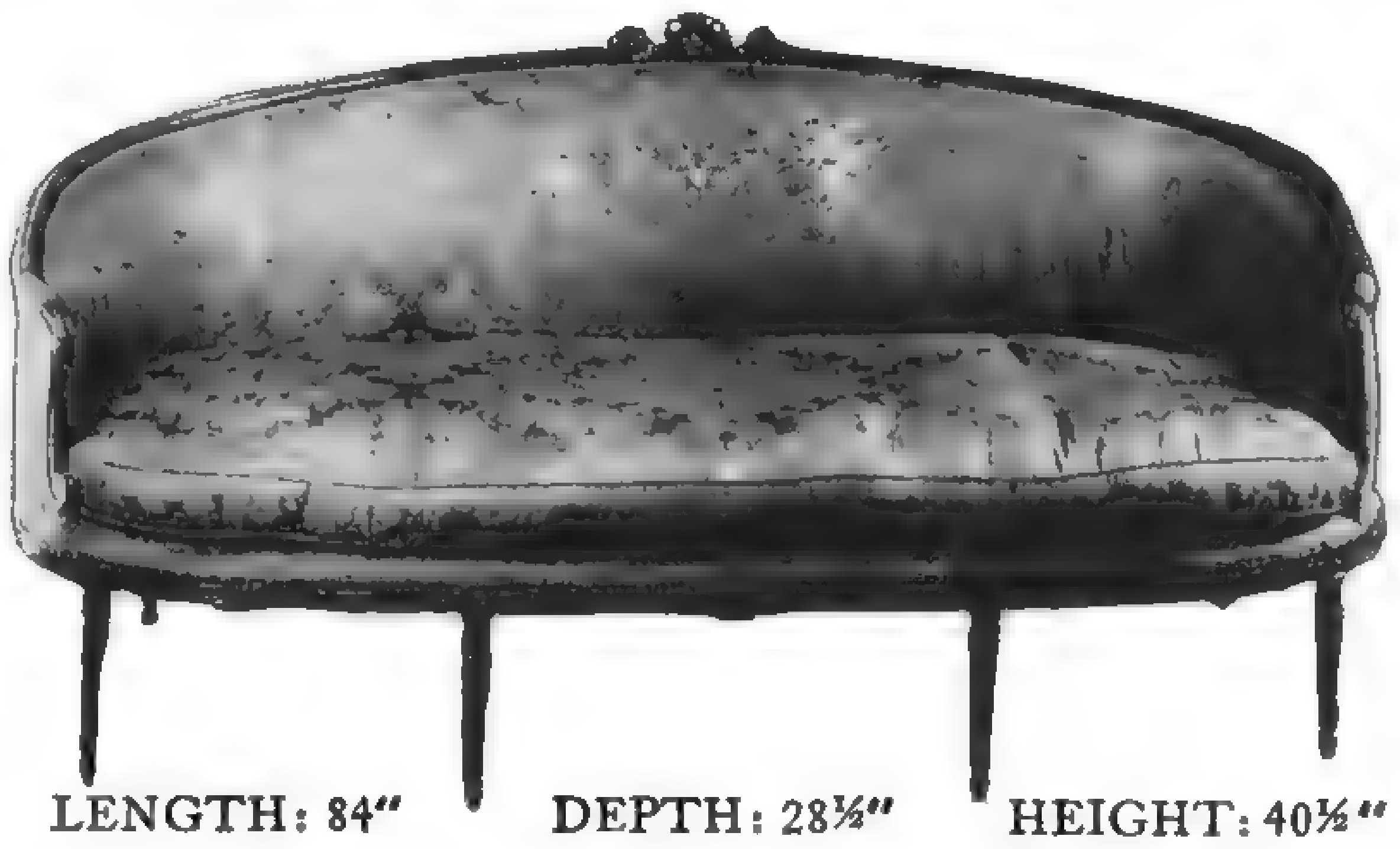

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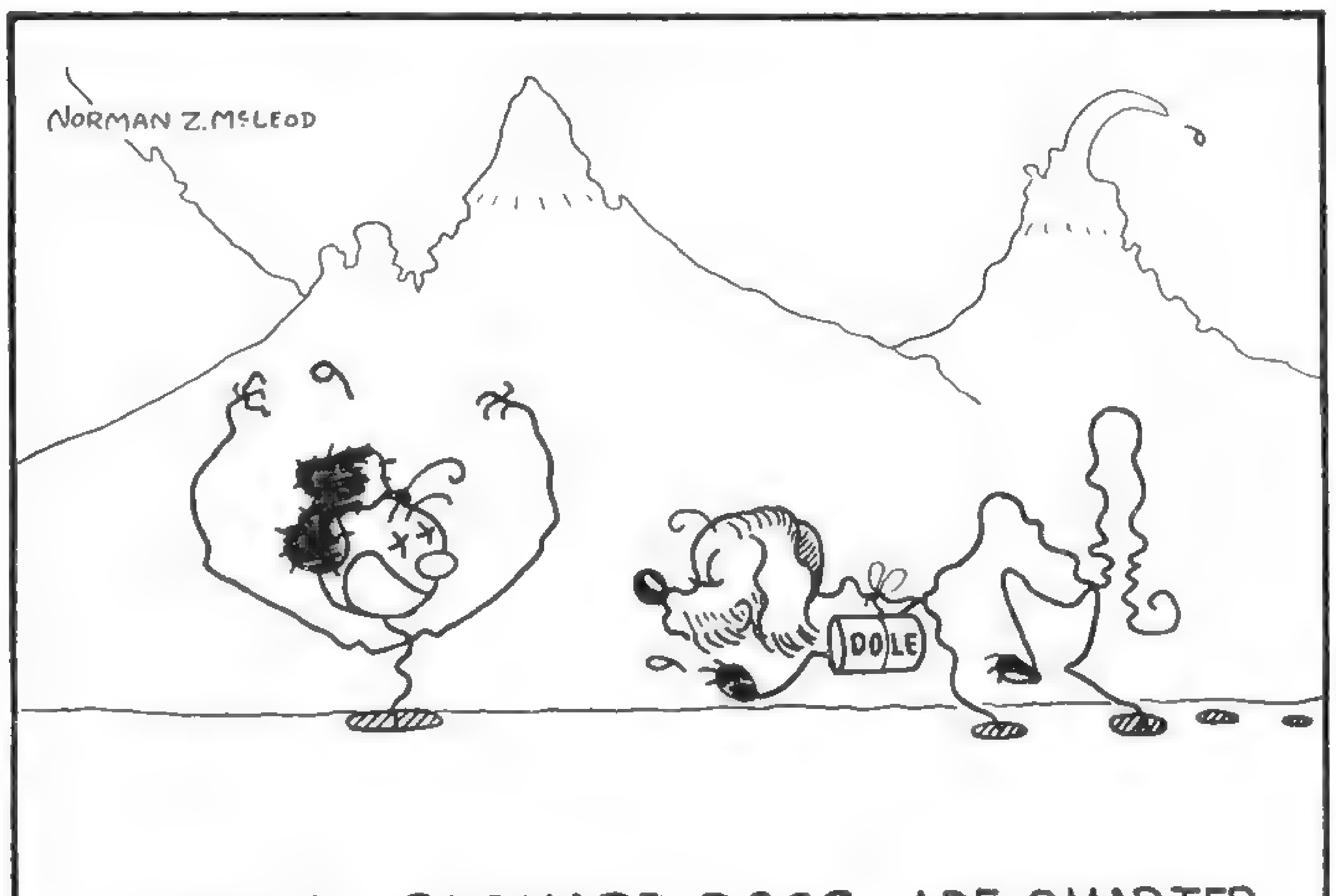

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The Furiousest Man

Continued from pages 56-193

practices which set steamship companies by the ears were enacted into immigrant-protecting laws twenty years later. The youthful La Guardia unerringly spotted the high-ups who were exploiting the weak and pursued his private, moral war against them to a victorious finish.

I need hardly relate that Fiorello worked his own way back to the States—it would be difficult to imagine a steamship company giving him free passage, even to get rid of him abroad. By this time La Guardia spoke six or seven languages and a little English and he had no difficulty in securing an interpreter's job at Ellis Island, one of those depressing rendezvous of the unfortunate which seem to have exercised such a compelling fascination for the young reformer. At night he studied law but the formality of courtroom procedure disgusted him and he used his legal learning, as he did his other talents, to attack evil-doers without profit to himself. He ran a unique, one-man legal aid for down-trodden residents of his home ward and the bigger their oppressors the better pleased was La Guardia and the more virulently he went after them.

La Guardia lived at that time in an overwhelmingly Democratic congressional district. What so natural, then, as La Guardia turning Republican? He got his name on the ballot because no regular party man would volunteer for the sacrifice. But the eloquent young La Guardia made it seem so immoral to vote the Democratic ticket that he reduced the Tammany majority by half. The next election he won. As the years went on La Guardia found it necessary to change his party from time to time in order always to remain with the underdogs. He became in turn a Democrat, Independent Republican, Socialist, Farmer-Laborite and Fusionist, according to which opposition party most needed attacking at the moment. A critic in Congress once accused La Guardia of voting against his party. "Which party do you mean?" asked the Congressman from Harlem.

La Guardia's career of furious reform produced many political oddities. New York City had never had a Republican President of the Board of Aldermen. This situation intrigued La Guardia, so he ran for the office as a Republican in 1919 and was elected. But he promptly quarreled with the Republican Governor of New York State and formed a political alliance with the Democratic Mayor whose party he had just defeated at the polls. The Governor was trying to take advantage of the Mayor and La Guardia lambastes high heads always without reference to the labels on their hats. He is a high explosive shell which is more likely than not to go off in his own dug-out. Elected to Congress by a pacifist constituency, this cantankerous Representative spoke and voted vigorously for war and was one of the three Congressmen who put on a real uniform and fought bravely if not too obediently overseas. A flying officer on the Italian front, he was court-martialed for refusing to send his men up in the old crates officially known as airplanes.

But he talked himself out of it, was exonerated and returned a great war hero to Congress, where he promptly voted against all the Administration's most important war bills and engineered a political coup that defeated the appropriation for a big army and navy. La Guardia, any time you look at him, may always be discovered in some act of frantically moral self-assertion.

Not the least ironical event in La Guardia's career was his defeat at the polls when Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected. The Harlem harlequin ran on precisely the same platform as the New Dealer but his label was wrong—he called himself a Republican that time, and was buried under the Democratic landslide. Sadly La Guardia packed up his battle mementos and cooked a last batch of spaghetti for his pals in Washington, an accomplishment at which Chef Fiorello attired in white hat and apron can give tips to professional cooks. Somebody suggested that the extinguished firebrand could easily get himself a lame duck job, sweetly sugared. La Guardia flew instantly into a fit.

"No, no, no!" he protested, a note of pathos in his rage. "I won't do it. And I won't go back to practicing law, trading on my political contacts. I want to do something creative—I want to teach or write."

None of La Guardia's pet enemies, apparently, was able to find for him a teaching job. And before he could write more than a paragraph or two, in the form of letters protesting against this and that, an unexpected by-product of an old crusade landed squarely in his lap. During his last term in Congress this untiring reformer had taken time off from major tussles with national vices to launch a little side-swipe at Tammany in the old home town. It seems that one of the late Arnold Rothstein's minor proteges had suffered a slight misunderstanding with the police. They had caught the gambling magnate's indiscreet henchman in the act of robbing a till.

Man and money were brought before a certain city magistrate who made a most peculiar finding. The red-handed criminal, he said, was innocent as a new-born lamb; but the money which had been found in the defendant's hands nevertheless belonged to the complainant and should be returned to its rightful owner. This odd

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quirk of Tammany legal logic stirred the ire of millions of newspaper readers but Fiorello La Guardia was the only one who did anything about it. He put private investigators on the trail of the magistrate who had ruled that robbing a till was no crime, if performed by a friend of Rothstein's. La Guardia discovered that the magistrate, just before his appointment on the Tammany slate, had borrowed twenty thousand dollars from Arnold via a dummy real estate corporation—for what purpose can easily be imagined by those familiar with Tammany's efficient business methods. This exposé started the famous Samuel Seabury investigation.

Jimmy Walker was chased to Europe. Tammany judges were impeached, removed, or made to vanish mysteriously. Vice cops were sent to worse prisons than those into which they had thrown innocent girls who refused to pay tribute.

Last and most surprising the Tammany Chief Curry was thrown out of the Wigwam, neck and crop. Seabury, eminently successful but personally unpopular, undertook to organize a Fusion Party to elect an honest mayor and amputate Tammany altogether from the city payrolls. Quite naturally he turned to the little man with the big punch who had started the whole thing going without the slightest idea of participating in it himself, to head the ticket. The thing looked utterly hopeless and incredibly disagreeable. So LaGuardia went into it without hesitation. He asked nothing better of life than a vicious, three-way fight against enormous odds, a moralistic martyr's crown his only probable reward.

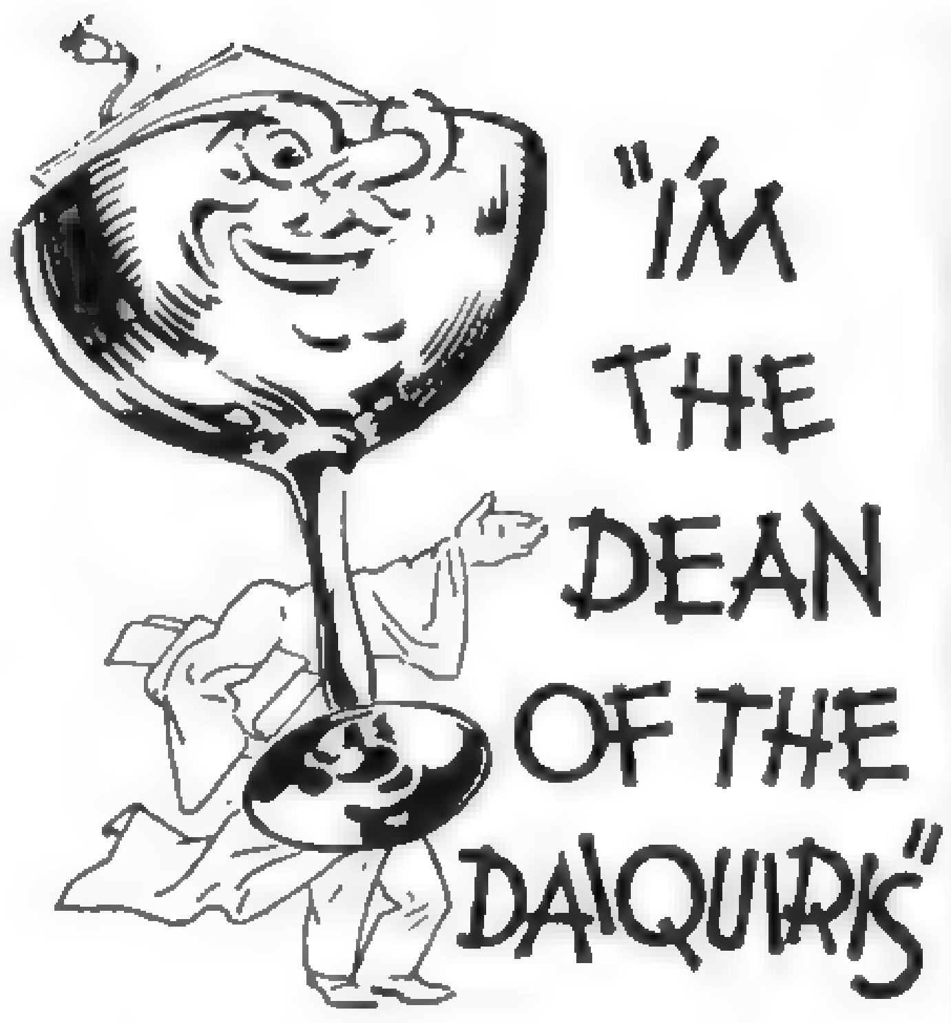
The story of that extraordinary campaign is no longer, perhaps, important. Except that it illustrates vividly La Guardia's peculiarly bitter fighting quality when opposed to conformists whom he believes are personal representatives of the devil. La Guardia waded in with both hands and feet flailing. He swept *ad interim* Mayor O'Brien, a Tammany judge picked for his personal respectability, completely off the boards with two or three magnificently malignant epithets. But ex-Tammanyite McKee, himself a reformer of quiet, intellectual type whose name had been written in by hundreds of thousands of voters at the preceding city election, ran first on all the straw ballots right up to election eve. I think it was Fiorello's flaming indignation about poor McKee's feeble and long-forgotten criticism of renegade Jews that turned the scales in a curious manner. It was the Irish and Italian wards that gave La Guardia his biggest pluralities. McKee had been their hero but after La Guardia flayed him alive it became perfectly evident what a pale, anemic battler he was compared to Harlem's pepper-pot, and New York's hard guys do not care for sissies.

At the beginning of Fusionism La Guardia had seemed to me rather pathetic. He had opened a little back-street headquarters with the wife who had once been his secretary as his chief lieutenant and supporter. Nobody had paid much attention to La Guardia except to remark how awful it would be if he were elected and New York suffered a government by fury.

But no one thought the danger was imminent. And later, in the moment of victory, La Guardia became pathetic again. He himself didn't expect to be elected—the evening before he went about remarking to his friends that it had been a great fight but what would he do now? And when final returns convinced even the successful candidate that he had won, La Guardia muttered unhappily that it seemed funny to be on the majority side. Which goes to show, from a glimpse behind the curtain, that peace and moral serenity would be the worst kind of punishment which vengeful gods might bestow upon this moral pugilist.

But LaGuardia has enjoyed his fights. He walked into a relief office, found a reception clerk with a cigar in his mouth and his feet on the desk, and proceeded to fire everybody in the department up to and including the Commissioner. He ordered General O'Ryan, his Police Commissioner, to deprive patrolmen of all weapons and authority while taxi strikers rioted through the city. When the General objected to this and other peculiar orders from City Hall, La Guardia fired the distinguished O'Ryan. The Mayor then appointed a dyed-in-the-service cop as police head, who satisfied his boys by ordering them to muss up their prisoners before bringing them in. This official police order has provided a lot of safe, clean fun for the force, but some day the Mayor will see an Italian boy after the cops have worked on him and New York will have to break in a new set of policemen.

He is the furiousest man. But quietly, in the unpublicized dusk of the evening, Fiorello La Guardia leaves the battle-field behind him and slips into his own, homelike parlor. His two adopted children—charming, lovingly cared-for youngsters—rush at him with whoops of delight, push him onto his knees and ride him ruthlessly until Mrs. La Guardia signals bed-time. The Mayor, completely stripped of his fighting-cock attitude, loves it—and them. He sees in children no seething sin, no devils to cast out, nothing to reform. So he becomes simple, childlike, shy. This is Fiorello La Guardia when his loud-exploding, truculent compensation drive is switched off. If you ever catch him in that mood, hold your breath. It isn't so much La Guardia's ferocity that is remarkable as the slight degree of immoral superiority which will evoke its fury. ⌗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Art and Isadora

Continued from page 41

ness was thrown.

Isadora was the vogue all over Europe.

She arrived in St. Petersburg in time to see the night funeral of the marchers shot down in front of the Winter Palace in 1905. It hurt her. She was an American like Walt Whitman; the murdering rulers of the world were not her people; the marchers were her people; the artists were not on the side of the machineguns; in St. Petersburg, still under the spell of the eighteenth century ballet of the court of the Sunking, where the Okhrana ruled

her dancing was considered dangerous by the authorities.

Back in Germany, she founded a school with the help of her sister Elizabeth who did the organizing, and had a baby by Gordon Craig.

She went back to America in triumph as she'd always planned and harried the home philistines with a tour; her followers were all the time getting pinched for wearing Greek tunics; there was no freedom for Art in America.

She talked back to the newspaper men; her followers cheered her; it was the top of the world; Art meant Isadora. At the funeral of the Prince de Polignac in Paris she met the mythical millionaire (sewingmachine king) who was to be her backer and to finance her school.

She went off with him in his yacht (whatever Isadora did was Art)

to dance in the Temple at Paestum

only for him

but it rained and the musicians all got drenched and so they got drunk instead.

Art was the millionaire life. Art was whatever Isadora did. She was carrying his child to the great scandal of the old lady clubwomen and spinster art lovers when she danced on her second American tour; it was the top on the world;

she took to drinking too much and stepping to the footlights and bawling out the boxholders.

Isadora was at the height of glory and scandal and power and wealth, her school going, her millionaire was about to build her a theatre in Paris, the Duncans were filleted priests, Art was whatever they did,

when the limousine that was taking her children across Paris

stalled on a bridge across the Seine. Forgetting that he'd left the car in gear the chauffeur got out to crank the motor. The car started, knocked down the chauffeur, plunged off the bridge into the river swollen with the late winter flood.

The children and their nurse were drowned.

The rest of her life moved desperately on

in the clatter of scandalized tongues, among the kidding faces of reporters, the threatening of bailiffs, the expostulations of hotelmanagers bringing overdue bills.

Isadora drank too much, she couldn't keep her hands off goodlooking young men, she dyed her hair various shades of bright red, she never took the trouble to make up her face properly, was careless about her dress, couldn't bother to keep her figure in shape, never could keep track of her money

but for all the cheesecloth and the lush music and the dancecranks and the headlines

a great sense of health

filled the hall

when the pearshaped figure with the beautiful great arms tramped forward slowly from the back of the dim stage.

She was afraid of nothing.

In her own city of San Francisco the politicians wouldn't let her dance in the Greek Theatre they'd built under her influence.

Wherever she went she gave offense.

When the war broke out she danced the *Marseillaise*, but it didn't seem quite respectable and she gave offense by refusing to give up Wagner or to show the proper feelings

of satisfaction at the butchery.

On her South American tour

she picked up men everywhere,

A Spanish painter, a couple of prizefighters, a stoker on the boat, a Brazilian poet,

brawled in tangohalls, bawled out the Argentines for a lot of niggers, from the footlights, lushly triumphed in Montevideo and Brazil, but if she had money she couldn't help spending it, handouts after the theatre suppers, the generous gesture: No all on my bill. The managers gypped her.

When October split the husk off the old world she remembered the coffins lurching through the silent streets, the white faces, the clenched fists that night in St. Petersburg and danced the *Marche Slave* and the *Marseillaise* with new meaning

and waved red cheesecloth under the noses of the Boston old ladies in Symphony Hall;

but when she went to Russia full of hope of a school and work and a new life in freedom, it was too enormous, it was too difficult; cold, vodka, lice, no service in the hotels, new and old still piled pellmell together, seed bed and scrapheap, she hadn't the patience, her life had been too easy.

She picked up a yellowhaired poet

and brought him back

to Europe and the grand hotels.

Yessenin smashed up a whole floor of the Adlon in Berlin in one drunken party, ruined the upholstery at the Continental in Paris. When he went back to Russia he killed himself. It was too enormous, it was too difficult.

When she couldn't raise any more money to pay for the champagne and oysters the crowds eating and drinking in her hotel

"Channel Buoy," by Gordon Grant

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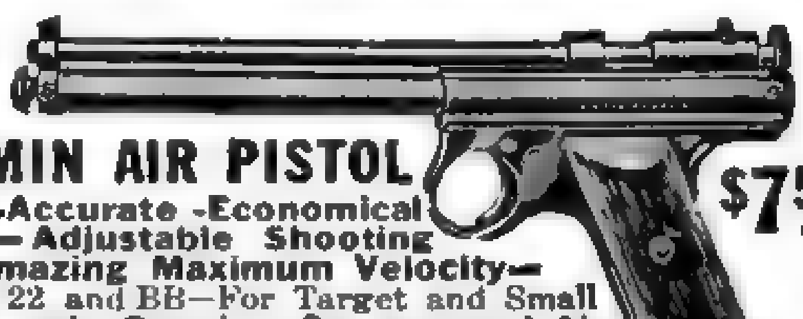

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suites, the board of her pupils and disciples

Isadora went down to the Riviera to write her memoirs to make some money out of the American public that had awakened after the war to a taste for scandal and art. In America they had money to spend.

She had a studio in Nice, but she could never pay the rent. She'd quarrelled with her millionaire. Her jewels, the famous emerald, the ermine cloak, the works of art presented by the artists had all gone into the pawnshops or been seized by hotelkeepers. All she had was the old blue drapes that had seen her great triumphs, a redleather handbag and an old fur coat that was split down the back.

She couldn't stop drinking or putting her arms round the neck of the nearest young man, if she got any money she threw a party or gave it away.

She tried to drown herself but an English naval officer pulled her out of the moonlit Mediterranean.

One day at a little restaurant at Golfe Juan she picked up a goodlooking young Italian in blue overalls; he kept a garage and drove a little Buggatti racer.

Saying that she might want to buy the car she made him go to her studio to take her out for a ride.

Her friends didn't want her to go, said he was nothing but a wop mechanic; she insisted, she'd had a few drinks; there was nothing left she cared for in the world but a few drinks and a goodlooking young man.

She got into the Buggatti racer beside him and

she threw her heavily fringed scarf round her neck with a big sweep she had and

turned back and said

with the strong California accent her French never lost:

Adieu mes amis je vais à la glorie.

The mechanic put his car in gear and started.

The heavy trailing scarf caught in a wheel, wound tight. Her head was wrenched against the side of the car. The car stopped instantly, her neck was broken, her nose crushed, Isadora was dead. #

Good Wine Needs No Bushwah

Continued from page 97

composed of chickens and things taking six days to prepare and costing sixty dollars for a bite. The wine was something I'd never seen before, nor have I since. It certainly was made for the gods, or kings. But, the short-story writer had discovered that the girl next him was born on the same day and they were quietly weeping about that. The Countess had developed a sudden malady—arthritis, I believe she called it. Anyway it kept her from using her legs, she kept falling down. For all the guests knew, or cared, the food might have been ham and eggs and the wines, beer. When the proprietor brought in his three-hundred-pound wife to take a bow, the Frenchman was in tears. He turned to me tragically saying:

"How can this be when your friend knows so much about mere eggs."

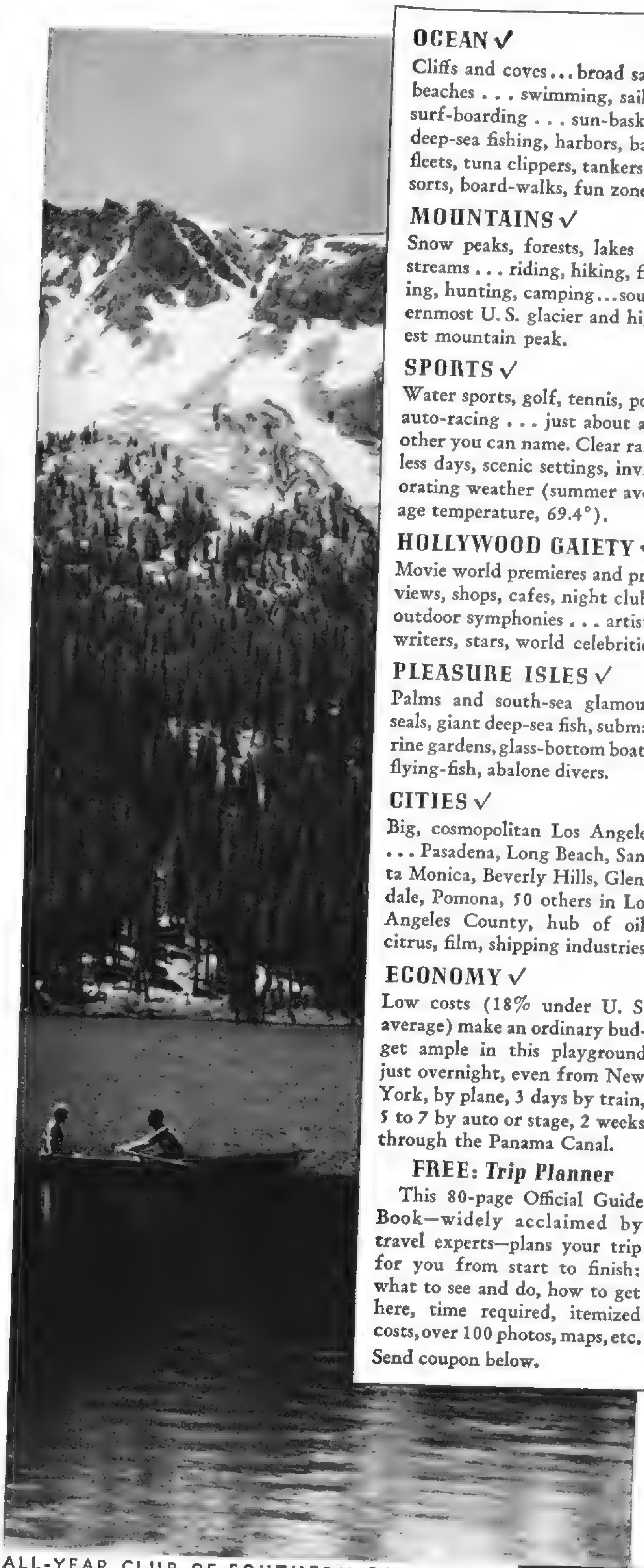
I couldn't explain it and didn't try, not knowing the French laws on homicide. Subsequently I enjoyed every bottle of wine any Frenchman picked for me. I also enjoyed without shame, a great quantity of Cote du Rhone, at sixteen cents the quart at the Cafe Washington and some fine Anjou at the Cafe Francis, at about the same tariff. With my income, I was glad that my enjoyment depended upon no ritual.

Conducting my private survey recently I garnered these loose statistics: there are probably between thirty and one hundred men in this country who could drink from an unlabeled bottle and tell correctly what kind of wine they were drinking; there are probably three to ten who could determine the vintage by taste, and probably not one (unless a visiting expert) who could tell the other little tricks, such as the number of sunny days, the side of the hill and which direction the wine was headed. In Paris at the wine mart, there are hundreds of clerks at a dollar a day, who can tell almost anything, even to the color of the vinter's daughter's hair, by tasting the wine. (While we were there we saw many a barrel go down the Seine as being not up to standard — wine that would have been considered prime stuff in speak-easy America. Oh well, perhaps it gets here now.)

There ought to be a lesson in all this and I'll try to find it before the offertory. I suppose it is the same lesson I learned in art: teach a people to *like* a thing first before you try to teach them the rationalization of why, when or how they like it. I'll bet Falstaff didn't even look at the labels.

Perhaps two years is too short a span to overcome the bad habits of fifteen years. Assuming that your potential drinker starts at his majority, around 18, you can see a whole generation has lost out on wine drinking. And another thing lost has been the mechanics, and ethics of a whole trade. Since repeal was always in doubt, there was no time for preparing the scene. To staff this industry you had a handful of men who knew something about it. The others were either left over from the bootleg profession or were amateurs brought in from the ribbon counter or shoe department. The resulting confusion has not been helped by business rivalries. Last month in Washington there was a battle-royal among wine growers as to whether the American product should still sail un-

Continued on page 198



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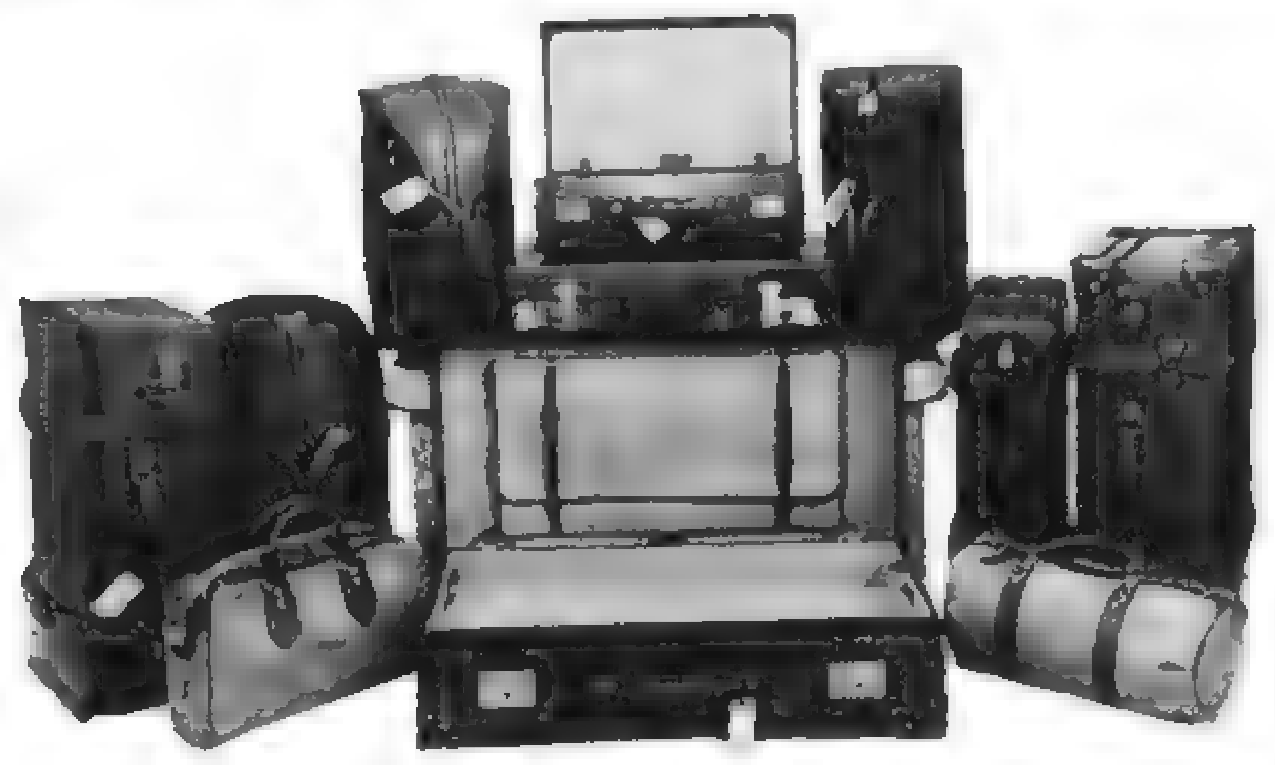

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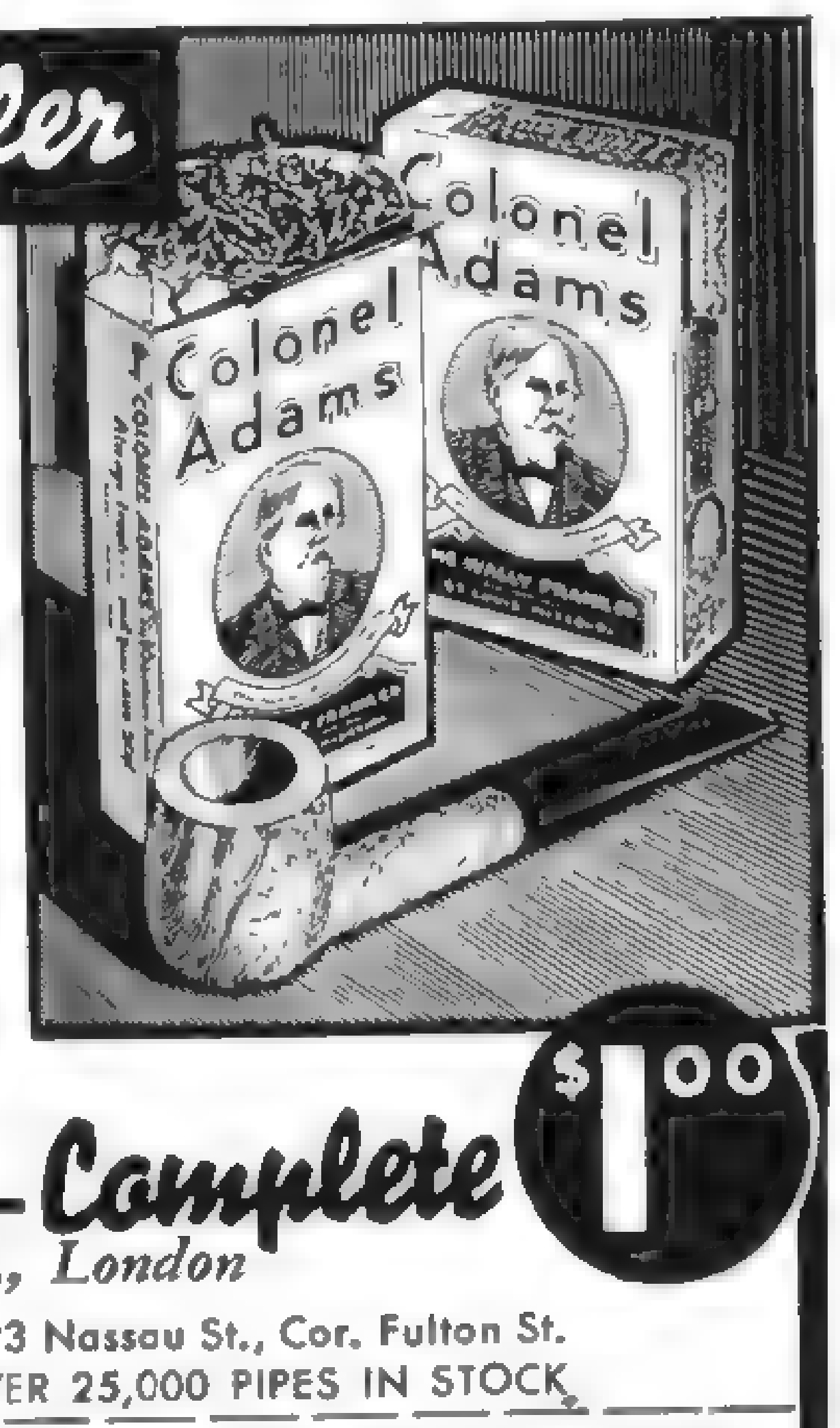

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Good Wine Needs No Bushwah

Continued from pages 97-197

der the false names borrowed from sources foreign both as to locale and content, or come out boldly as a native beverage under honest titles. There is plenty of good American wine that could find good American throats if the business could only reach some sort of honest standardization.

In my own research I've tried nearly everything the local market offers. I am sorry to report that most of it was bad, some very bad. Aside from Zinfandel and claret, none of it was properly labeled. Three types of white wine came under the same label from the same dealer. Laws evidently are not enough to bring a dependability into the business. I finally found two dealers (one of them, French, had been in the business since 1898) where the stuff was not only excellent but graded and as represented. Perhaps there are others. They should be on every block.

When this name and label business is straightened out, it is hoped that something simple will be devised for the timid American so that he will not have to attend the Brides' School or consult an expert. One importer of repute submits the suggestion that all bottles bear an additional label saying in effect: "This wine is appropriate with fish," "This wine is appropriate with meats," "This wine is best for desserts or at the end of a meal."

Well perhaps the quick-profit boys are washed up and we can get back to the good old days where everyone can have a good bottle of wine with his meal. Come on now, wine growers, European shippers and responsible importers, take your back hair down and let's make the consumption of good wine a little less difficult. If you do that for us, your profit will be great and our gratitude everlasting.

Some simple rules for simple Americans:

A dry wine, such as sherry, tastes better at the beginning of a meal.

The sweet wines, ports, madeiras, malagas, etc., taste better at the end. (If you come from Boston and like pie for breakfast this rule will not prove much good.)

The white wines taste better if iced or are at a cool temperature. The red wines taste best at the temperature of the room. (A favorite among tipplers is champagne punch, the champagne suddenly heated to sizzling point. A swank English wine catalogue at hand recommends Vin Rose served "quite cold.")

The Bronx-to-Battery guide for aspiring epicures: dry sherry with the soup, white wine with the fish, red wine with the roasts, port or madeira with the dessert and nuts. Champagne for special occasions. (Of the 28 million Americans who drank one bottle of red ink, made in the Italian speakeasy proprietor's bathtub, from the years 1918 to 1933, twenty-seven million, four hundred and fifty-eight thousand, approximately, are still living.)

When ordering in a swank restaurant, look carefully at the wine list (the right hand column that contains the figures) then ask the headwaiter to give you a good wine of a category that fits your purse. Your luck will be better than if you bluff it through. If you have visiting firemen as guests, look at the bottle when it comes, nod knowingly to the waiter, and have it served from a basket. (The bottle has probably done more tinzikas than an adagio dancer since it left its vine and has probably been standing on its bottom in a warehouse for months. But the basket looks fine and you can explain that it is to keep the sediment in the bottom.)

Don't try to be an expert on vintage unless you have leisure and plenty of money. It is too complicated. Certain types have good years, and improve with age. Other types are only good if drunk at once or within a few years. Some types can't make up their mind, starting off swell they suddenly decide on the other road. The theory is that the wine repeats the history of the vine, that is, in the spring when the grape flowers, the wine in the bottle begins to stir and go through, in a modified form, the fermentation processes by which it became wine. (A bottle of St. Emilion purchased the first day of a sale of bankrupt goods was excellent. A bottle purchased from the same lot three weeks later wasn't worth a nickle. It had been sitting on a top shelf meanwhile getting all the heat and intense light from the store.)

Drink the wine of the country; the soundest rule known. A connoisseur vouches for it. (The best wines do not carry well, even for short distances.)

Good wine may need no bush but an amateur buyer needs an honest dealer. More precious than rubies, find one and cling to him. (Ten salesmen in one store told me ten differing stories about one product, brandy. The salesmanager had forgotten to give his daily pep talk on what to clean out. If your wine or spirits are bad, take them back, call for the manager and make him replace the article or refund the money. If he is recalcitrant, threaten to write the Liquor Commission. In time, all dealers will be forced to stand back of what they sell—a Utopian's dream.)

Don't expect the wine in the bottle (if American wine) to have any resemblance to the French names that have been foolishly adopted. In the red category there are Claret, zinfandel, and Burgundy types. In the white there are Riesling, Moselle, Sauternes and Chablis (types). But don't expect these to taste anything like the wines from which the names were stolen. You can put shoe blacking and a label on Shad roe but that will not make it caviar. Why American wines are not called after the grapes, or communities that produce them, no one seems to know. The writer purchased three bottles marked "Sauterne" and got three different grades of white wine.

Never serve liquor with meals such as rye, scotch or high-balls. (Mrs. Tillie Moak, giving an interview on her 104th birthday at Still Top, Tennessee, last week stated: "I owe my long life to drinking a pint of moonshine at every meal.")

If you prefer one cocktail for a steady diet, we recommend one that has proven most satisfactory. It is called the "Ah Wilderness" and is made as follows:

1 jug of wine
1 loaf of bread
1 thou, beside me (blonde or brunette) ⧻

So Pink the Professor

Continued from page 42

lah-de-dah from Hahvahd who turns Freshman English into a daily shocker; and the grizzled old vet who spent the ten best years of his life on the past participial forms of weak verbs in minor pre-Restoration drama.

They will all be there when the red roll is called up yonder, their Phi Beta Kappa keys *couchant* on their stomachs, these taskmasters of our adolescence, flanked by their deans and marching absent-mindedly out of step to the *Maine Stein Song* behind Prexy, who on the more colorful and snappy campuses will consent to array himself as Uncle Sam.

The board of trustees will be there, and the benefactors who gave the Gym, the Chem Lab, the Domestic Science Building, and the new wing of the old library, seated in boxes behind gay bunting in which the colors of school and country will be mingled lovingly, and, let us hope, with not too great a clash.

The college band, helped out by the local legion's drum and bugle corps, will break out into a rash of brassy sound. The dean of liberal arts will fire two pistol shots. When the smoke clears away the mass of loyal students and townspeople in the stands will break into a vast cheer to see the local scholars formed into an enormous "U.S." on the field. (At Columbia and the University of Southern California there are enough profs to make "U.S.A.")

Then upon the field, through the north goal posts, will appear a chariot drawn by six milk-white stallions, bearing the campus beauty queen disguised as Miss Liberty. Standing by her side Prexy, taking the oath from the board of trustees, will turn and administer it to the massed pedagogues, while from one ten yard line to the other, representatives of super-patriotic societies will focus suspicious field-glasses on those professors suspected of pink toothbrush to see that their fingers aren't crossed. As the thundering academic "Amen" brings this part of the program to a finish, the chimes of Hokum Hall will ring out, the band will strike up *Looky, Looky, Looky, Here Comes Cooky*, and the coeds will release red, white, and blue balloons. The professors will troop off the field and seat themselves on the players' bench while a red flag is burned on the fifty-yard line, and prominent local politicoes make speeches in which they identify themselves with the chaste and popular cause, Love of Country.

This will do everybody good. The mortgage on the stadium will come a notch nearer cancellation. A fund will be set aside for subsidizing the athletes. The peepul will have a good show. The patriots will get a thrill that ordinarily costs us a war to give them. Even the reds on the faculty (like that young sociology instructor who belongs to the Civil Liberties Union) are so far gone in iniquity that they will take the oath as heartily as anyone there and then go right out and commit mayhem or barratry. The English department will get some good theme subjects out of it:

(a) Exposition. The Whys and Wherefores of the Oath-Taking.

(b) Description. A Colorful Stadium Scene.

(c) Narration. How They Took the Oath at Good Old Siwash.

(d) Argumentation. Resolved, That the Oath-Taking Was a Damn Good Thing.

There would be a business renaissance (the fifteenth since the depression began) as the hoi polloi would insure profitable wear and tear on the street cars, gas stations, hot dog and soft drink stands, balloons, and programs (You can't tell your prof without a number!).

And the professors themselves will end by loving it. For here is recognition that they have a place in the community. They will feel frightfully important, and almost convince themselves that they are devilish fellows with dangerous possibilities. Whoever, in the past, thought a professor was anyone anyone needed to heed?

"Ill fares the land, of radical ills a sink, Where Moscow gold accumulates and profs go pink." As a professor I hereby shed my vermillion, and declare that I will be loyal not only to the Flag, sir, but to the Team. I would not die for dear old Rutgers, but I would live for her, and so would my dear, true comrades of the University Club. One and all we stand pledged—if by doing so we can help our school to championships in football, baseball, tennis, track, wrestling, fencing, golf, cross-country, rowing, and chess, we will repeat the stadium oath at any time, in any manner, including matinees, in any manner, including the Scandinavian, and with any kind of cheer, including the Bronx. ⧻

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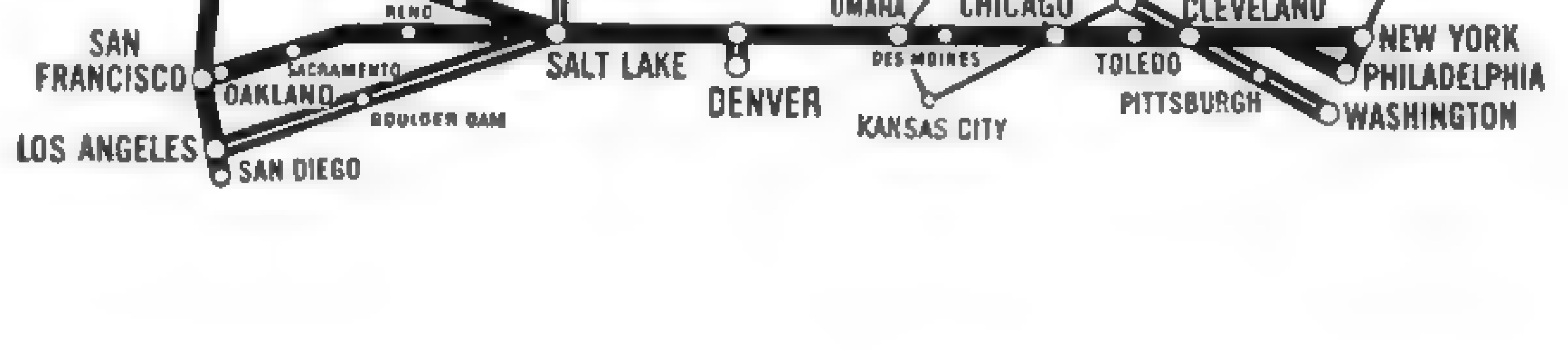

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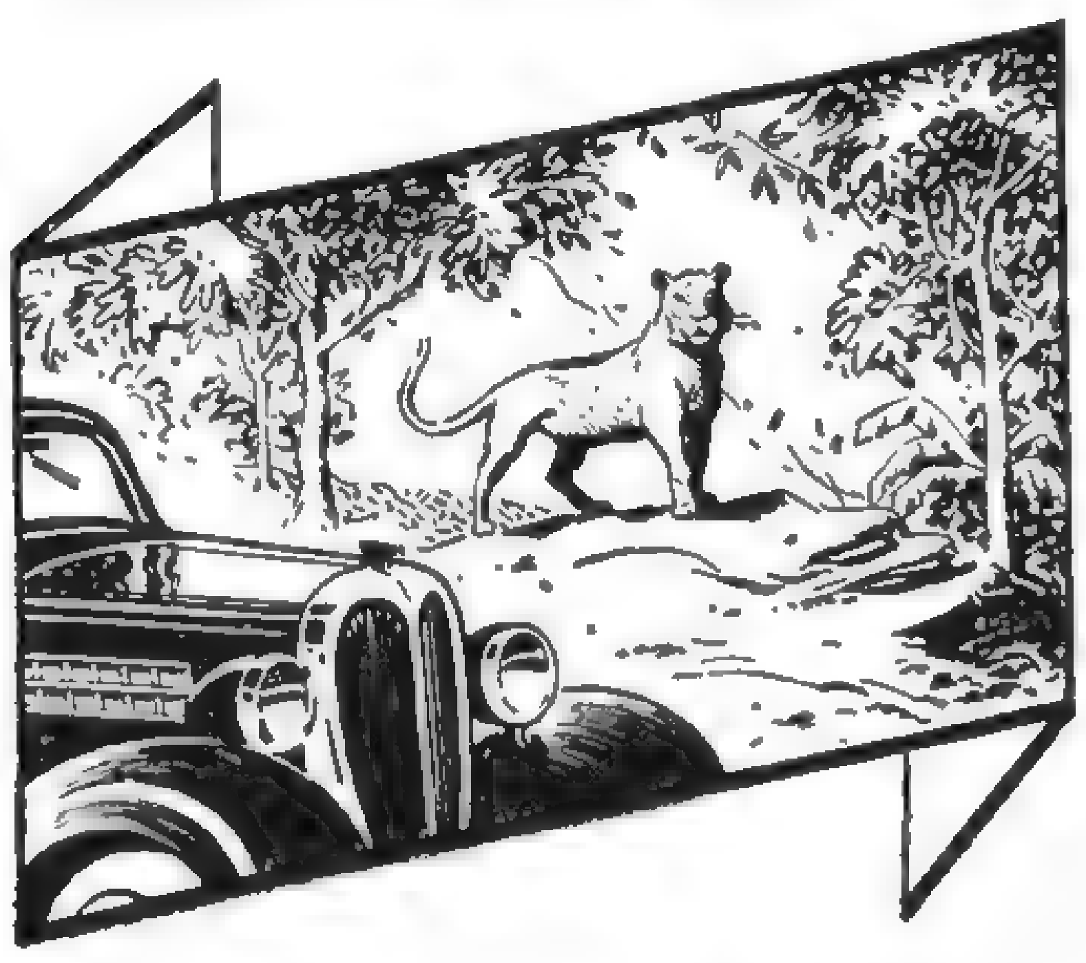

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Wanted: A Few Small Rackets

Continued from page 53

standing in traffic and that the meter has a nervous affliction which runs to high figures.

When you get gas or electric service you have to sign a contract and in many places put up a deposit of five dollars before you get service. Moreover, your electric contract may carry a note in small type to the effect that if the cost of fuel from which the electricity is made goes up, they may raise your rates. Does your lease say that if your salary is reduced you can pay less rent? Before you open a bank account your business and social standing are carefully sounded out. But how about the bank? Thousands of banks have failed in the past few years.

Aside from a glittering expanse of marble work and some hammy photographs of two actors with white wigs gloating over a pass book and looking toward a mirage picture of a trip up the Nile (which they can now afford after depriving themselves of small necessities for forty years) . . . what do banks do for *you* in the way of references?

There are other kinds of petty rackets which nick value and comfort out of you instead of actual cash. For instance, in many theaters in New York you buy a ticket in row "C" of the balcony thinking you will be in the third row.

When you go to the performance you find yourself back against the top wall of the building, *fourteen* rows from the front. The first eleven rows of what you supposed was the balcony are called the "mezzanine." Doubtless this is more efficient "merchandising" than calling a balcony a balcony all the way down.

Possibly and probably all this is justified. Every institution and individual has to safeguard itself and himself in a competitive world, no matter how unpleasant he may prove in the process. And everybody, or almost everybody in active life, manages to chisel a little here and there . . . everybody but the poor victim on a salary.

Part of his trouble is that among the traditions of being a "white collar worker" is the quaint illusion that you leave chiseling and bargaining and screaming over pennies to the vulgar business people. You don't point and you don't grab . . . that is really grab. A little refined grumbling goes with the salary, but no chisel. And let me tell you that the child born with a good sharp chisel in his left hand and a solid mallet in his right has a much better chance these days than the child born with a silver spoon in his mouth.

Maybe you *can* find some way to chisel a little here and there. You may have a brother in the shoe business, and get a big discount. Or your uncle may make furniture. But you can only wear so many pairs of shoes a year and your house will only hold so much furniture. And your cousin may work for an embalmers' wholesale supply house and do you no good at all.

Anyway, one small concession is nothing against the vast array of chisels sharpened against your little weekly salary.

Now as to how we are going to find these petty rackets, I can't say. Some people put their faith in crystal gazing, others in rabbits' feet or numerology or Republican or Democratic programs, but as I pointed out no candidate has yet mentioned the Common People's need for small rackets. Possibly some of the gentlemen who will soon be sounding off so noisily would like to incorporate a Small Rackets plank in their platforms. If so they are welcome to it. But we all know what campaign promises are worth. ⧺

Conversational Sample

Continued from page 47

be too sensible to go too far in speculation again?"

"There are always a few people who want something for nothing and will make fools of themselves."

"But aren't there enough people of that type to provide another wild period of speculation if they find similar opportunity again?"

"I suppose so. We've got to check too much speculation."

"Then if over-confidence leads to speculation, just how much confidence should we have?"

"You've got to have confidence that things are sound. The government should quit harrassing business with so much regulation."

"But you believe in the government doing something to check over-speculation?"

"Yes, the government should do that. But you know what Thomas Jefferson said—that government is best which governs least."

"Which of the things government does now should be eliminated?"

"Well, I don't believe in the government's entering the fields of private industry."

"But you're not opposed to public works?"

"No, public works are all right so long as they don't interfere with private industry."

"Just what kind of public works do you advocate?"

"Well, as we were saying, there's certainly a need for more housing. If they had practical business men down there at Washington behind a real housing program that would help business more than anything else."

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"But wouldn't new houses compete with existing houses on which mortgages are held by banks and insurance companies?"

"That's true enough. But if the government were to encourage private building, people who own obsolete buildings could afford to tear them down."

"How should the government encourage private building?"

"They could make loans, or guarantee loans at low interest rates."

"Wouldn't such low interest rates force banks to lower their rates and wouldn't that be government interference with private business?"

"Yes, but if we got a building boom started, that would help other lines of business and there would be more money borrowed for all sorts of purposes."

"But didn't you say that when business picks up and the capital goods industries are doing better, new labor-saving machinery will force less employment?"

"Oh, you run into complications. I'm not an economist; but as a practical business man I know we come out of these depressions if we let natural forces work."

"You mean you'd oppose government loans to railroads to support bond issues and let the bonds default regardless of their effect on insurance companies?"

"We couldn't have all the insurance companies go to pot, of course not."

"Then when you say you'd let natural forces work and cure the depression, you mean you would check certain natural forces, but would not check others. Would you let millions of people go hungry when natural forces have thrown them out of employment?"

"Of course not. We can't have people starving in America. But a lot of people on relief don't want to work. Why, I can tell you of people right here in this town who have been offered jobs and would not take them."

"How much wages did the jobs pay?"

"Not much, but at a time like this people ought to take what they can get."

"Did the jobs pay enough for a family to provide themselves with decent food and shelter?"

"Probably not, but if everybody took jobs that are offered, business would soon start to move. The trouble is they're encouraged by a lot of radicals to stay on relief.

"It's all these radicals talking un-American ideas that cause most of the trouble. I'd lock up or deport every one of them if I had my way."

"You'd stop free speech and free assembly?"

"I'd stop people from spreading un-American ideas. I believe in the Constitution of the United States and I wouldn't let anybody attack it."

"But wouldn't you be attacking it if you tried to stop free speech and free assembly?"

"I wouldn't stop it except when people attempt to carry on un-American activities. I still believe in the American ideals."

"What do you regard as the fundamental American ideals?"

"It's pretty hard to define, but you and I know what true Americanism is."

"Would you say democracy is an important part of it?"

"Of course it is. Didn't we fight the Revolution to obtain democracy?"

"Do you think we can have much real democracy when nearly one-third of the population has no opportunity to make a living?"

"No, but that's a temporary condition. It won't be remedied by letting the mob run wild. After all, the best people have got to rule."

"Who are the best people?"

"Why, the people who have the real interest of the country at heart."

"People with property?"

"Naturally those who have accumulated property have more interest in preserving sound American institutions."

"Would you favor a property qualification for voting?"

"It might be a good idea. People with property aren't the ones who take up with all these crazy un-American notions."

"But wouldn't a property qualification for voting be opposed to the American ideal of democracy?"

"It might be. But I'm not in favor of having people who don't pay taxes vote taxes on those who do."

"If you're not entirely in sympathy with democracy, which of the fundamental American principles do you think should still be maintained?"

"As I say, it's hard to define exactly what you mean by sound Americanism. But we know there is such a thing, and I think we ought to strive hard to maintain it."

"If we should go on for several years longer still unable to provide all the millions of unemployed with a chance to earn a living, would you favor any form of production for use?"

"Well, it doesn't seem right to be holding back production when we could produce so much more than we are now able to buy. But I don't want to see any scheme that will put the government into competition against private business. That would check free enterprise and discourage private initiative. We've got to do something, though. Fact is, we are doing something. Business is getting better. Haven't you noticed the reports of the steel industry—and look how many automobiles they're selling! Dividends are increasing. I look for big increases in wages, too. That's what we've got to do—raise wages all along the line. I'll bet you if we could just increase our foreign trade we'd have everybody back to work so fast you'd be surprised." ###

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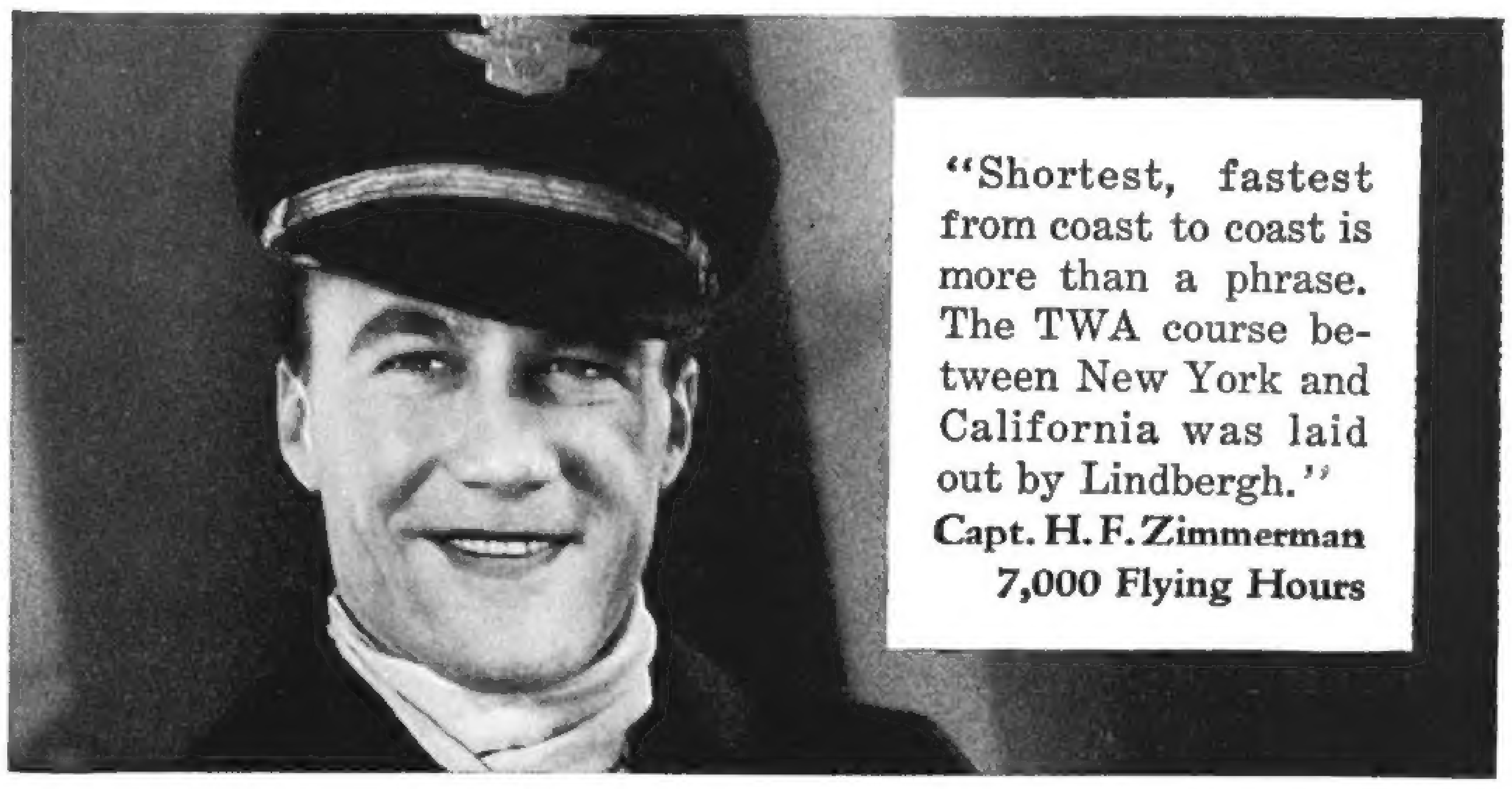

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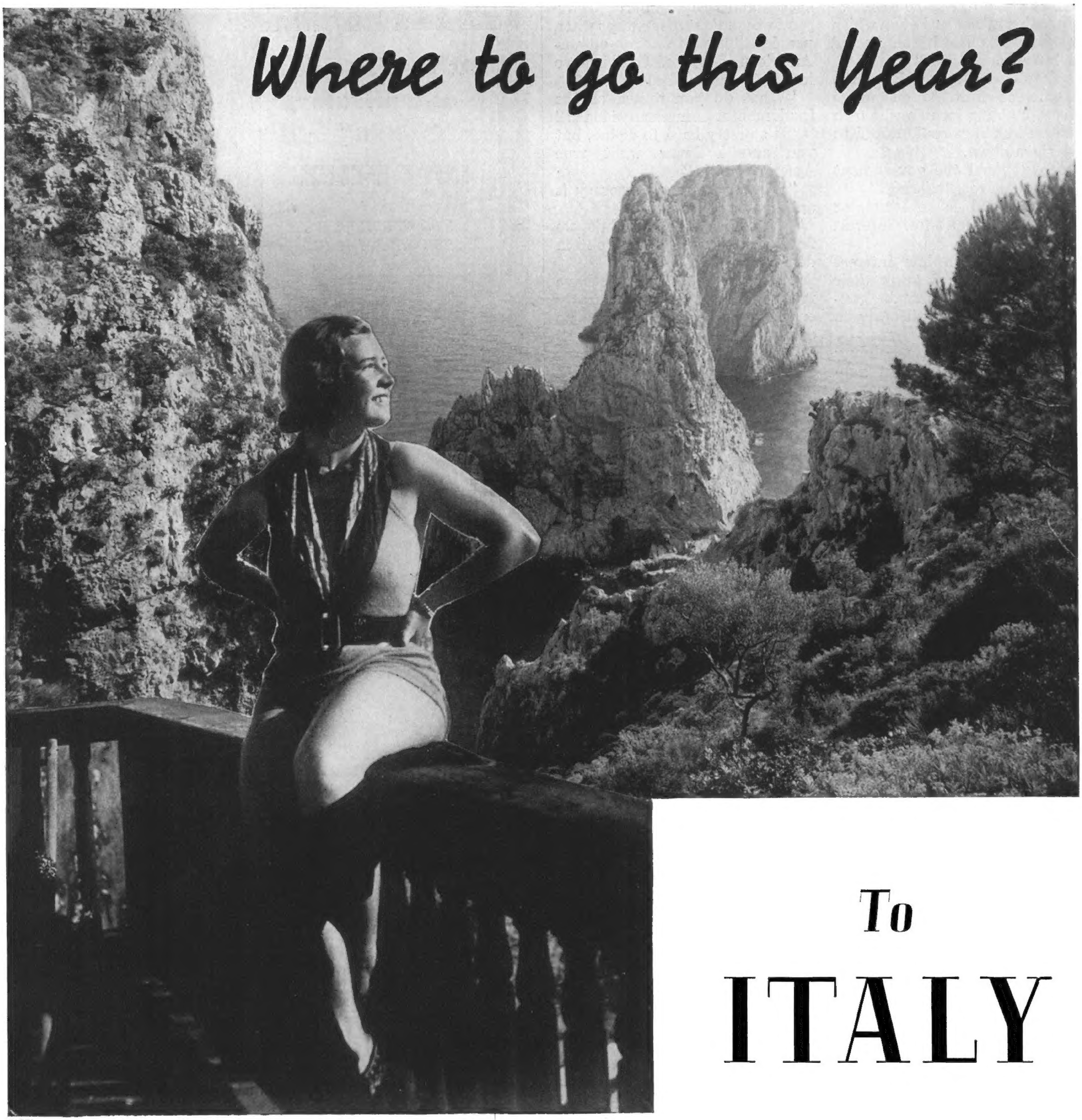
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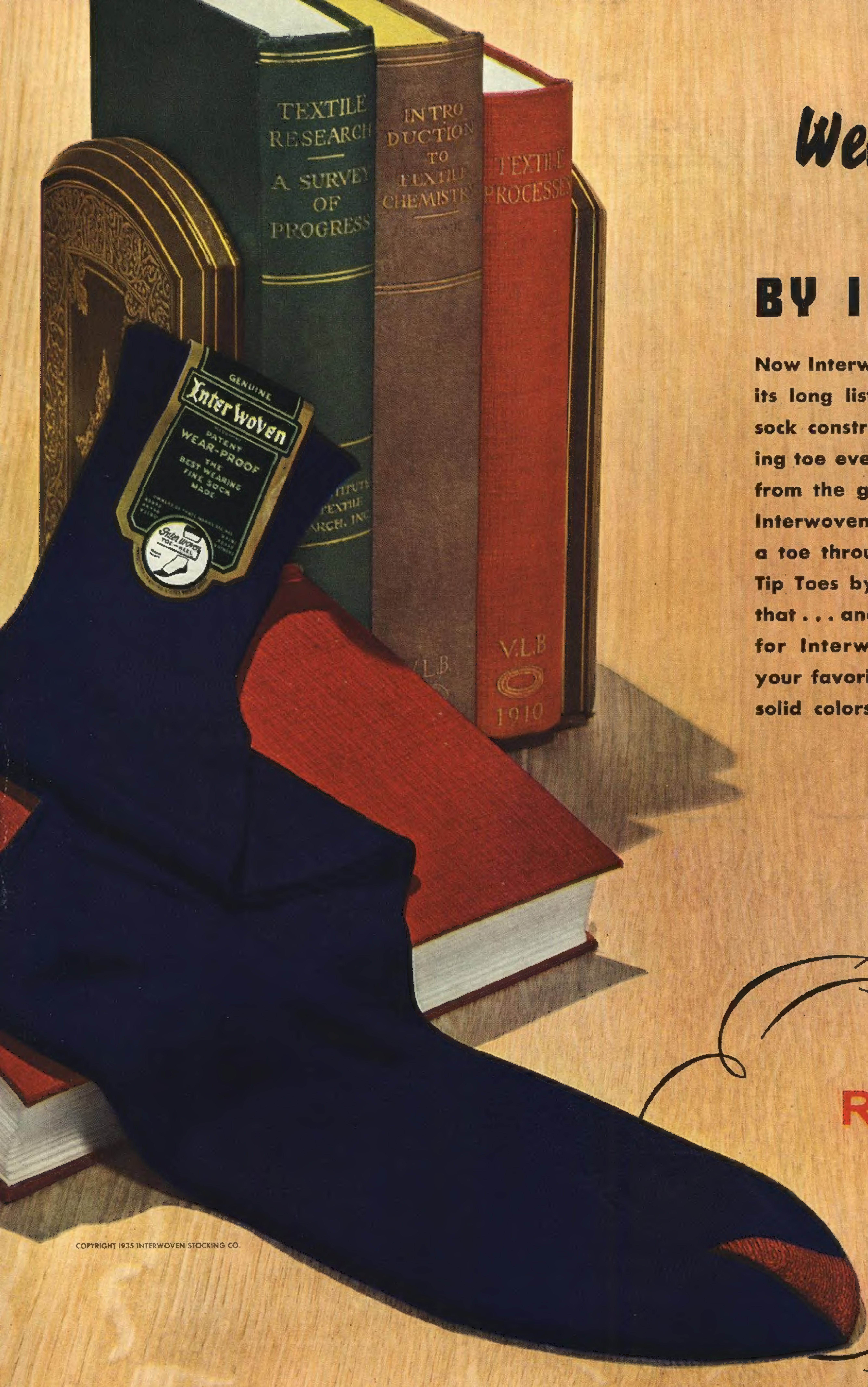
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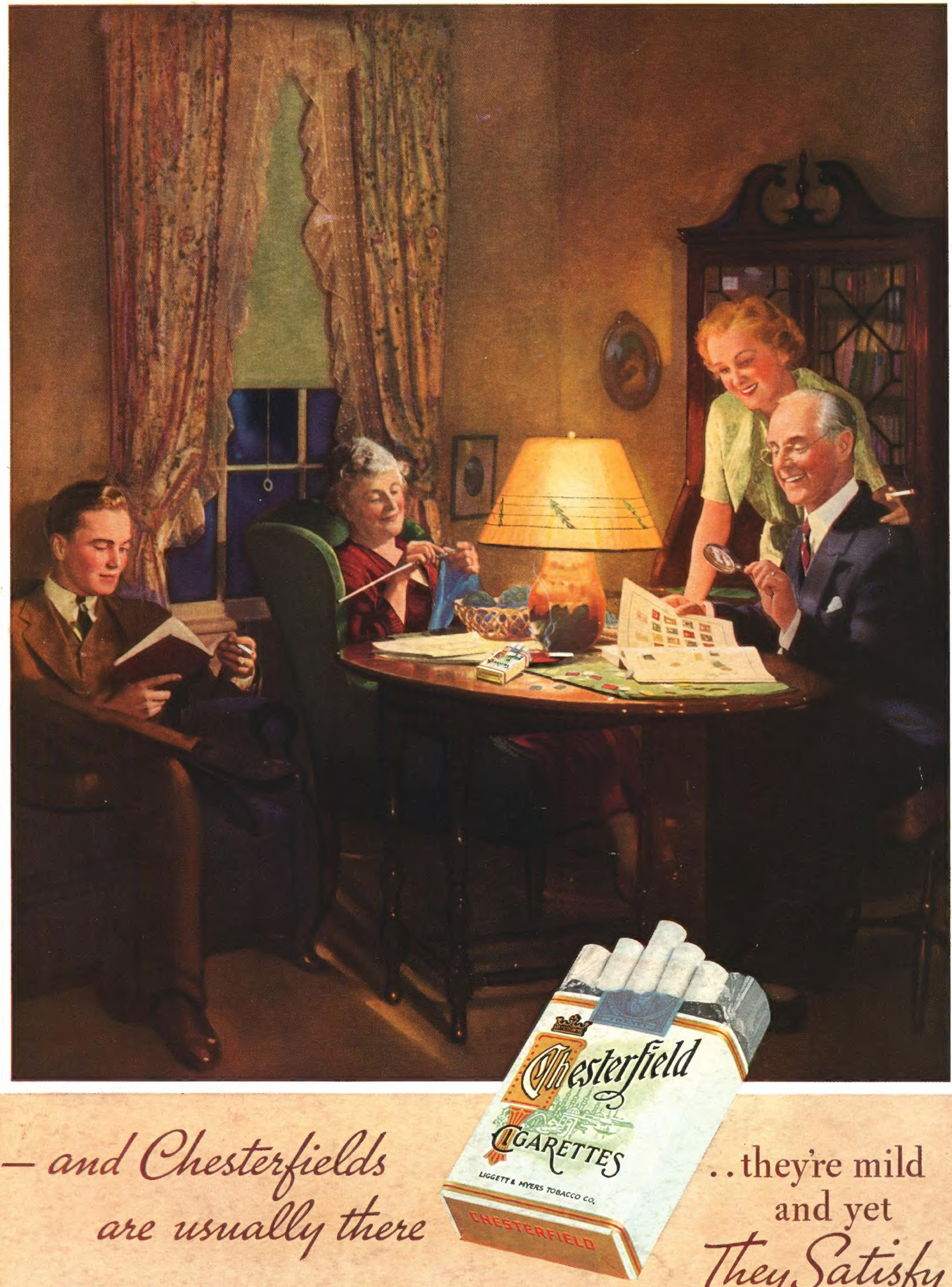
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